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THE
NATIONAL
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

EDITED BY

EDWARD I. SEARS, A. B.

VOL. V. NO. IX. JUNE, 1862.

"Pulchrum est bene facere reipublicæ, etiam bene dicere haud absurdum est."

NEW YORK:

EDWARD I. SEARS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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THE
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No. IX.

JUNE, 1862.

- ART. I.—1. *A Dissertation on the Characters and Sounds of the Chinese Language; including Tables of the Elementary Characters, and of the Chinese Monosyllables.* By J. MARSHMAN. Printed at Serampore.
2. *Dictionnaire Chinois, Français et Latin, publié d'après l'Ordre de sa Majesté l'Empereur et Roi Napoleon le Grand.* Par M. DE GUIGNES, Resident de France à la Chine, attaché au Ministère des Relations extérieures, Correspondant de la première et de la troisième Classe de l'Institut. A Paris. 1813.
3. *Wang Keaou Lwan Pih Neën Chang Hân, or the lasting Resentment of Miss Keaou Lwan Wang; a Chinese Tale, founded on fact.* Translated from the original by ROBERT THOM, Esq., resident at Canton. Canton. 1839. Printed at the Canton Press office.
4. *Laou-sing-wrh, or "An Heir in his Old Age," a Chinese Drama. Translated from the Original Chinese.* By J. F. DAVIS, Esq., of Canton. To which is prefixed a *Brief View of the Chinese Drama and of their Theatrical Exhibitions.* London.
5. *Hân Koong Tsew, or the Sorrows of Hân, a Chinese Tragedy, translated from the original, with notes.* By JOHN FRANCIS DAVIS, F. R. S., Member of the Royal Asiatic Society, and of the Oriental Translation Committee, &c. 4to. London. 1829.

It is still true of China that there is no civilized country in the world, of one tenth its extent or population, so little known in the West. There are different reasons for this;

but two facts will sufficiently account for it—namely, the cautious jealousy of the government against strangers, and the peculiarity of the language. The former has, indeed, been overcome to a considerable extent in recent years, by the persevering and energetic efforts of England, France, Russia, and our own country. Great concessions have been obtained, though not always in a fair and honorable way. But it is the end, not the means, we have now to consider. At the present moment, foreigners may visit several of the commercial cities of China; they are but tolerated, however, at best, certainly not encouraged. It does not seem that they are welcomed by any class of the people. Even traders who go with pockets full of money are looked upon with suspicion. Generally they have not much difficulty in purchasing the productions of the country, but if they attempt to secure extensive information relative to the institutions, the religion, the laws, or even the literature of the country, they meet with obstacles at every step. When questions are asked, answers are seldom refused; nor is it often that any reluctance is evinced on the part of the interrogated party. On the contrary, every intelligent Chinese wishes to be considered frank and communicative. But, unfortunately, he has little regard for truth in his intercourse with foreigners. He tells the latter, not what he believes true, but what he imagines will redound to the glory of China. This, we may observe in passing, is the more remarkable, because no people are more truthful to each other than the Chinese; none are taught to have a greater abhorrence of lying. This we may see from the works which they regard as their bible—those of Kon-Fu-Tse, called by Europeans Confucius, of whom it has been well and truly said:

“Without assumption, he explor'd the mind,
Unveil'd the light of reason to mankind;
Spoke as a sage, and never as a seer,
Yet, strange to say, his country lov'd him dear.”

If the learned men of China are asked why it is that their countrymen are so prone to making statements to foreigners, that in many cases have no foundation, their reply is that they have good reason for it, asking in turn, whether Christian moralists require their disciples to tell what may be injurious to themselves. This is in allusion to the torrents of blood shed both in Japan and China, by means of the interference of foreigners in the laws and religion of those countries.

But be the cause what it may, the effect is obvious enough ; those who remain longest in the country can obtain little information more than is afforded by personal observation.

Those who would be acquainted with China, as it was and is, must learn her language, and there are but few who like to undertake this. Even among linguists, it is pretty generally believed that it requires the greater part of a whole life to learn Chinese. Several Chinese scholars have asserted the fact ; and their assertion seems fully borne out by the written characters of the language, without any further evidence. Nor are those, who proceed so far as to be able to form an idea of its structure, much better encouraged ; for in Chinese, more than in any other language, the most formidable difficulties are those which present themselves at the outset of the student's labors. To learn the characters alone, requires no slight amount of study and perseverance ; at the same time, the system of writing is by no means so complicated as it would seem at first sight. Before proceeding any further, it is proper to say that the writer of this article is not sufficiently acquainted with Chinese to be able to translate any difficult passage. We have studied its grammatical structure and fundamental principles, but nothing further. This, however, we find to be quite sufficient to enable us to compare the language with the Greek and the Latin, with five or six of the principal modern dialects of Europe, and to some extent with the Sanscrit. All these have a general resemblance to each other ; but we cannot say that the Chinese has the least resemblance to any one of them. It belongs to that class of idioms called monosyllabic. There is no pure Chinese word of more than one syllable. The syllables are, however, sometimes combined, as in the English words *mankind*, *welcome*, *dayspring*, &c., &c. No language has so few consonants. Those found most useful in the Indo-European idioms are entirely wanting in the Chinese, namely, *b*, *d*, *r*, *v*, and *z*. Even the consonants used can seldom be pronounced without the interposition of *u*, or *shwa* ; so that, for example, if a Chinese is required to pronounce the Latin word *Christus*, he can make no nearer approach to it than *Kul-iss-ut-oo-suh*. Mr. Marshman was the first European who discovered that as words in other languages are formed by the combination of certain symbols, termed letters, so are Chinese characters constructed by the union of certain imitations of the objects of sense ; or, more strictly speaking,

imitations of natural objects. From this, it would seem, that those characters must be very numerous; and so indeed they are, when combined. But the number of elements, or mother characters (*Tsê-moo*), as they are called by the Chinese (*clefs* or *keys* by Europeans), are only two hundred and fourteen, certainly not more than two hundred and thirty. But these, when combined, form at least 80,000, though an acquaintance with less than half that number enables the student to read any Chinese book.

What time the present characters were invented, or first introduced, no one can pretend to determine with any degree of accuracy; but there can be no question of their being of high antiquity. Se-ma-tsien, the most reliable of all the Chinese historians, traces them back to the reign of Hoang-tse, about 2,500 years before Christ—2,000 years anterior to the time of Confucius; and his chronology is accepted as approximating nearest to the truth by such European scholars as Adelung, Bunsen, and Grimm. Other Chinese historians assign them an antiquity of nearly 4,000 years; nor is there any proof that they are not thus old, further than that the use of any written characters, at so remote a period of the world's history, would be inconsistent with the Mosaic chronology, or that generally believed by Christians. But the period of 2,500 years is no matter of mere conjecture. The characters are found not only in books that date nearly, if not quite, so far back, but also on porcelain vases, seals of agate, drinking cups, urns, sepulchral monuments of stone, copper, &c., &c. And, the more ancient they are, the more accurately do they represent natural objects. "They include," says Mr. Marshman,* "the most remarkable objects of nature, as the sun, the moon, a river, a mountain, fire, water, earth, wood, stone, &c.; the principal parts of a house, as well as those utensils most in use, as a knife, a spoon (or chopsticks), a seat, a box, a staff, &c.; nor are the grand supports of life omitted, grain, pulse, flesh, fish, &c.; nor the primary relations of life, father, mother, son, daughter, however difficult to be represented. We find not only characters to denote the body, but also the soul or spirit, as well as certain articles of worship. Qualities, though somewhat more difficult of representation, are not wholly omitted, although the elementary characters expressive of these scarce-

* *Dissertation*, pp. 12, 13.

ly amount to thirty; among which will be found, however, such as are most obvious to the senses, as straight, crooked, great, small, high, &c. To express *actions* by appropriate symbols would seem still more difficult; accordingly we find that this class is even smaller than the foregoing; a few, however, are admitted, which signify the most common actions of life, such as to see, to speak, to walk, to run, &c. Such, then, are the ideas represented by these elements, which, as they compose the other characters, may be justly termed the *alphabet of the Chinese language*, or imitative medium of communication."

At first view, it is difficult to understand how a language, every word of which is, more or less, a representative of some object in nature or art, can be learned without at least half a lifetime of unremitting application and study; yet the learned M. Rémusat, for many years professor of the language in the Imperial College of Paris, has proved by facts—by a dozen of pupils whom he had taught, not only to translate into Chinese any modern book, but to speak it quite as fluently as many of our best professors of Greek and Latin can speak the language of Homer or Virgil—that Chinese may be learned in as short time as almost any other idiom—in a much shorter time than the Sanscrit, the Greek, or the Latin. Mr. Marshman has asserted that it is much more easily learned than the German, and vastly more regular and artistic in its structure than the English. This will seem less incredible to those who judge of the Chinese by its seemingly unmeaning characters, when it is remembered that the linguists of China find it difficult to understand how it is possible for the outside barbarians to form, from twenty-four elements, or letters, void of meaning themselves, such an immense variety of expressive words as are to be found in our great poems, histories, &c. If we would only reflect on this ourselves, we should admit that it is no greater wonder to form the Chinese language from different combinations of two hundred and fourteen characters, each of which expresses an idea by itself, in its simplest form, than it is to form the English language from twenty-four letters, which, as already observed, have no meaning, except in combination.

Our readers need not be informed how letters are so combined as to express ideas; but there are not many of them, we presume, who understand how the elements of the Chinese are made to produce corresponding results, or in

what proportion are they used. A few examples, taken from Mr. Marshman's *Dissertation*, will give a sufficient idea of this for our present purpose: "*Chou*, grass, or vegetation in general; *soi*, water, and *mook*, wood, hold the first rank, the latter having 1,232 characters into which it enters; *soi*, water, 1,333; and *chou*, vegetation, no less than 1,423. The elements which, next to these, receive the greatest numbers of characters, are those which represent the hand, the mouth, the heart, the first standing at the head of 1,012; the second claiming as its quota 983; and the third, 956. *Nee*, the element for a woman, ranks next, standing at the head of 834; while *yun*, that for a man, includes only 729; but *wy*, the element intended to denote reptiles, has underneath it a class containing 804. After these follow *guin*, a word which includes in its class 734; and *kyam* or *kyun*, gold, under which are placed 719 characters. *Sec*, the character for silk, or anything fine and delicate, and *chok*, a bamboo, that notable instrument of government among the Chinese, claim each an equal number, namely 672. *Yok*, flesh, *san*, a mountain, *mook*, the eye, and *chok*, the foot, rank next, and include each of them somewhat more than 500 characters; as does *nieu*, the element expressive of a bird. The elements which represent earth, stone, disease, clothing, and jewels, contain each somewhat above 400 characters in their respective classes; as do *ma*, a horse, and *kkin*, a dog; while *yut*, a day, *ton*, a knife, *chee*, a place, *mie*, rice, and *chcok*, motion, stand each at the head of somewhat more than 300. Thus, *thirty* of these elements, expressive of the primary objects of sense, enter into the composition of nearly *twenty thousand characters* which probably constitute the better half of the characters included in the language. * * * *

If some elements, however, enter into the composition of a *very* great number of characters, others will be found to have so few as scarcely to entitle them to a place among the elements. The six characters which compose the class of one stroke, beside being all obsolete, except *yut*, one, include together only 95 characters, and one of them only two. Among those consisting of many strokes are to be found 40, the respective classes of which contain no more than 20 characters each, and some of them only ten; the whole 40 containing only 615. There are 20 others which contain from 20 to 35 each; the aggregate amounting to 557. Thus, *eighty-four* of these elements include, in the whole of their

classes, only 1,427 characters, which is but four more than the number placed under *chou*, vegetation," &c.*

In short, no grammar is more simple than that of the Chinese written language. This, indeed, may be easily understood from the fact that, as we already intimated, the characters are invariably the same, whether as verbs, substantives, adjectives or participles. Neither cases, genders, numbers, persons, moods, nor tenses make any difference in this respect. What may well seem stranger still, the same characters may be used alternately as a noun, verb, adjective and participle, without the slightest alteration in its form. The changes in meaning are made by means of auxiliary characters. But this characteristic the language possesses, to some extent, in common with our own. Thus, for example, the English noun *man* undergoes no change in declension, the nominative being *man*, the genitive, *man's*, or of a *man*, dative, to a *man*, accusative, *man*, vocative, O *man*, and ablative, with or by a *man*. In the illustration we have used the Latin forms, because they present more variety; although there are only three cases in English, the nominative, genitive and objective. In the Chinese there are numeral adjectives to express definite numbers; but when the numbers are indefinite they must be expressed, like other words, by auxiliary terms. As our genitive has *s* with the apostrophe after it, so the Chinese genitive has *tie* after it. The Chinese dative is formed by placing *cu* before the nominative, which corresponds with our *to* or *for*, and the Chinese ablative is formed by placing *tung* before the nominative, which corresponds with our *with* or *by*.

No European language has so many auxiliary verbs as the English; but no language in the world has so many as the Chinese, for in the latter all the tenses and moods have to be formed by auxiliaries. But there are only three tenses, the present, past, and future. These are expressed as follows: *ngo-lai*, I come, *ngo-lai-leao*, I came, did come, or have come, *ngo-pee-gai*, or *ngo-chau-gai*, I shall or will come. The qualities of the nouns are expressed in a manner equally simple. The adjectives are generally placed before the substantives, but often after them. We give an instance or two, thus: *ta jin*, great man, or *ye jin*, one man, is sufficiently explicit in writing, but in conversation either expression may be ambiguous. To obviate this difficulty,

* Dissertation, pp. 87, 88.

a particle is introduced in colloquial language, as *ye-ko-jin*, one man. Still more simple, if possible, are the personal pronouns; they are *ngo*, I, *ne*, thou, *ta*, he. In forming the plural from these, all that is necessary is to affix *mun* to each, as *ngo-mun*, we, *ne-mun*, ye or you, *ta-mun*, they; and when it is required to convert them into possessive pronouns, it is only necessary to add *tie* in a similar manner, as *ngo-tie*, mine, *ne-tie*, thine, *ta-mun-tie*, theirs, &c.

The limits of an article will not permit us to pursue this branch of our subject at greater length; if we did so, we should be able to devote no attention to Chinese literature; and the object of the present paper is, simply to give a general view of both the language and the literature, reserving more particular and extended remarks for a future occasion.

The missionaries, doubtless with the best intention, gave an erroneous estimate of what they considered the almost unlimited copiousness of the Chinese language; and their statements have still the effect of deterring the student from undertaking its study. But if the most copious Chinese dictionary be compared to the dictionary of any of the principal languages of Europe, ancient or modern, it will be found that the words, in almost any of the latter, equal, if they do not exceed, the number of characters in the former. Thus, in the dictionary of Kaung-shee, the best authority in China, there are not more than 35,000 characters; whereas, in Ainsworth's Dictionary, there are 48,000 words, in Scapula's Lexicon, 46,000, in Worcester's Dictionary, upwards of 50,000, in Ben-Allah's Arabic Dictionary, 65,000, &c. True, there are many characters used in writing and speaking not to be found in the Chinese dictionary; but is not the same true of many forms of expression in the Indo-European languages? For example, in no dictionary of the English language do we find all the tenses of the verb. The principal forms are given, but no more. If all were given, the size of the dictionary would be more than doubled. And similar remarks, but slightly modified, will apply to the Chinese. Thus, in the whole of the text of the *Ta-tsing-leu-lee*, consisting of more than 110,000 characters, the number of distinct characters is less than 17,000.

That class of writers disposed to regard all ages and nations as ignorant, save their own, affect to sneer at the high antiquity claimed by the Chinese; but facts cannot be set

aside by sneering. The Chinese are everywhere surrounded by evidences of a civilization extending over thousands of years anterior to our era. No fact, of which ocular demonstration cannot be given, is so well attested as that Fohi gave laws to China two thousand five hundred years before Christ. Among oriental scholars there is as little doubt on this point as that Lycurgus gave laws to the Spartans nearly nine hundred years before Christ ; or that Solon gave laws to the Athenians nearly six hundred years before Christ. The theory of those, who attempt to prove that China is a comparatively modern nation, is, that the country was a wilderness until after the downfall of the Pharaohs and Egyptian civilization. They tell us that the Chinese Ki is but the Egyptian Atres, so called by the Greeks, and that the Egyptian Menes is identical with the Chinese emperor or king, Yu ; but they might as well pretend that Zoroaster and Mohammed were one and the same personage. Not but they attempt to adduce arguments in favor of their hypothesis, at least what they call arguments ; such, for example, as that, because the Egyptians lighted torches after sunset, and that the Chinese light lanterns at about the same hour, it must follow that the latter commenced their existence as an Egyptian colony, the same as the Carthaginians were once a Phœnician colony, &c. The theory is not original, however, with our modern critics ; its authors are the early missionaries ; and it may be doubted whether they believed it themselves. The probability seems to be, that they invented it for the purpose of showing that, different as the Chinese language is from all others, and consequently inconsistent with the biblical account of unity of language, as well as unity of race, it is derived from the same roots as the Greek, the Latin, and the Sanscrit. In other words, it may be regarded as a pious fraud. There are others, again, who will have it that China is a comparatively modern country, if for no other reason than that it was the Jesuits who first made the world acquainted with the country, its language, literature, religion, manners, and customs. These belong to the same class who so long rejected Peruvian bark as an invention of Satan—a drug calculated alike to poison the soul and the body. But if some of these missionaries deemed it necessary to connect the Chinese with the Egyptians, lest it might be supposed that the former were a peculiar people, created, perhaps, at a different time

and under different circumstances from those of their neighbors, there were others of the same fraternity who stoutly defended the highest antiquity claimed by the Chinese themselves. And they were decidedly the most learned who pursued the latter course—those best qualified to investigate the subject. As an instance, suffice it to mention the name of the Abbé Perennin, who was perfectly familiar with the oral and written language of China. In reply to the champions of the Egyptian theory, treated with ridicule and contempt by the Chinese themselves, the learned abbé asks the following significant questions: “Your Egyptians,” he says, “when going to people China, must evidently have passed through India; was India, at that time, peopled, or not? If it was, would it permit a foreign army to pass through it? If it was not, would not the Egyptians have stopped in India? Would they have continued their journey through barren deserts and over almost impracticable mountains, till they reached China, in order to form colonies there, when they might easily have established them on the fertile banks of the Ganges?”

Its great wall alone would prove China to be an ancient empire, and one that enjoyed at a remote age a high degree of civilization. According to Voltaire and many other writers of eminence, even the pyramids of Egypt are puerile and useless masses compared with this gigantic work. Of thirty-two eclipses calculated by the ancient astronomers of China, twenty-eight have been verified by the mathematicians of Europe. There is no longer any doubt that the art of printing was understood and practised hundreds, if not thousands, of years before the Christian era. To the present day, their porcelain towers are the wonder of the world; and European art and science have hitherto striven in vain to equal them. The extent as well as the number of their libraries is enormous.* The dictionary from which Mr. Marshman has taken most of the materials contained in the first part of his *Dissertation* was compiled under the direction of an emperor of the Han dynasty, who mounted the throne more than two hundred years before our era. Seven or eight editions of this, each enlarged and improved, have since been published.† That

* Mr. Davis gives a list of two hundred volumes of Chinese plays in his preface, and Père Premare has translated into French the “Hundred Plays of Yuen.” These would show by themselves that there is abundant richness in this department of Chinese literature.

† Omitting the Chinese characters, but giving their equivalents, we quote two or three words from M. de Guignes’ Dictionary, with the meaning in French and Latin:

which is now regarded as a standard authority throughout China, as Worcester's is in our own country, is the dictionary of *Kaung-Shee*, in which we are told, by one well competent to judge of its merits, that "the forms, the names and the different senses of the characters are defined and supported with a fulness and precision which scarcely admit of improvement. The arrangement, too, is so simple and yet so perspicuous, that one totally unacquainted with the Chinese characters may, in a few hours, make himself master of it with perfect ease. The only *desideratum* to the study of Chinese is a translation of this dictionary; and in this nothing is necessary besides merely rendering it into English, in the order in which it lies; it being in my opinion almost impossible for any European to alter it with advantage."* What more could be said of the best dictionary of any European language?

A people, who can boast of many well compiled and copious dictionaries, must also be able to boast of a copious literature. This is certainly true of the Chinese. Even Germany is not so fertile in books, or book-making, as China. The catalogue alone of a Chinese library not unfrequently amounts to hundreds of volumes. The Emperor, Khian-Leung, who reigned at the close of last century, had a private library at Nankin, the catalogue of which extended to 122 printed volumes, which included every variety of works on literature, science, and the arts; and we are told by the Abbé Huc, and several other reliable travellers, that the principal public library at Peking surpasses all other libraries in the world in extent, as much as the great wall of China surpasses all other walls.

It may be said, that the books are not as valuable as those found in European libraries. This is probably true; at least, they would not be found as valuable to Europeans as their own; but could not the Chinese say the same of ours with equal truth? Those of them who have travelled, and are

* *Yen*—Faire un compliment de condoléance à quelqu'un, sur la perte de quelques parens, ou d'une dignité.

Aliquem, sive ob dignitatem amissam, sive ab consanguineos vitâ functos, invisare et consolari."

* *Quang*—Eaux profondes et étendues, débordement d'eaux, inondation, surnom.

Aquæ profundæ et amplæ aquarum exundatio, inundatio, cognomen."

* *Kao*—Clair, blanc.

Clarum, album, patens."

* *Tao*—Grand, obscur.

Amplum, obscurum, profundum," &c.

© Marshman's *Dissertation*, p. 108.

capable of judging, have said so more than once. Nor can their opinions, more than ours, be attributed to mere prejudice. They have, and always had, a different civilization from ours, and different civilizations presuppose different modes of thought. Even arts and sciences, that may be a source of wealth to one nation, may, for various reasons, be of very little, if any, use to another. For example, the science of navigation is of very little use to a nation that has no sea-coast, and that devotes no attention to foreign commerce; and what is not useful is not likely to be much cultivated. If, then, we find a nation ignorant of any particular art, or science, we should rather ask whether it is likely they would have been acquainted with it had they been placed in the same position and circumstances with ourselves, than pronounce them inferior in intellect. We ought to make the allowances for foreigners which we expect them to make for us, remembering that, however absurd, stupid, or ignorant they may appear to our travellers, we are likely to appear equally so to theirs. This has been well illustrated by Goldsmith in his *Letters of a Chinese Philosopher*, and still better, perhaps, by Montesquieu in his *Persian Letters*. But real Chinese and Persians have travelled and have given their views of the institutions, laws, religion, and manners and customs of the principal European nations. Thus, we have now before us a translation of a poem on London, written by a Chinese who visited Europe in 1813; and certainly no intelligent, unprejudiced person can read it without admitting that it gives as fair and truthful an account of the great English metropolis, at the time it was written, as any European would be likely to give of Peking, especially if he attempted the description in verse. We select two or three stanzas as a specimen, reminding the reader that it is but a prose translation, as nearly literal as possible; a mode of rendering which could not do justice to an author writing in the most universally studied language of Europe; but which does less to the Chinese than such could to any other:

7.

"The towering edifices rise story above story,
In all the stateliness of splendid mansions;
Railings of iron thickly stud the sides of every entrance;
And streams from the river circulate through the walls;
The sides of each apartment are variegated with devices;
Through the windows of glass appear the scarlet hangings,
And in the street itself is presented a beautiful scene;
The congregated buildings have all the aspect of a picture.

8.

"In London, about the period of the ninth moon,
The inhabitants delight in travelling to a distance;
They change their abodes and betake themselves to the country,
Visiting their friends in their rural retreats.
The prolonged sound of carriages and steeds is heard through the day;
Then in autumn the prices of provisions fall,
And the greater number of dwellings being untenanted,
Such as require it are repaired and adorned.

9.

"The spacious streets are exceedingly smooth and level,
Each being crossed by others at intervals;
On either side perambulate men and females,
In the centre career along the carriages and horses;
The mingled sound of voices is heard in the shops at evening.
During midwinter the accumulated snows adhere to the pathway;
Lamps are displayed at night along the street sides,
Their radiance twinkling like the stars of the sky."

The author is not so correct in speaking of the Christian religion. "The people of these realms," he says, "pretend to believe only in one God; but they invoke several Gods; nay, they have told me to my face, that three Gods and one God are the same. From these facts, I conclude that they must have borrowed their religion from our neighbors, the Hindoos. They have, besides, a grand lama, who is half priest, half emperor, dresses himself in women's clothes, and calls himself the representative of Heaven. There are a large number, however, who do not believe in the lama; but they make a lama of their Emperor, and pretend to interpret the sacred books for themselves. The principal difference, I have been able to see between the two leading sects, is that the members of one insist that they take the deity into their stomachs, just as he is in the ninth heaven; while the other claim to do so in a figurative or symbolical sense. The ministers of both sell their services the same as any other commodities; and they seem to value money more than heaven itself." To the bravery of Europeans, or, rather, of the English, the same author pays the following tribute: "They make light of their lives on occasions of personal contest, and, when two of them quarrel, the consequences may be serious. They stand face to face, and discharge firearms at each other on a given signal. If one falls, the survivor is not punished; if neither fall, there is an end of the quarrel. They do this," adds the poet, "to show that they are not afraid!" When a guest arrives, the host helps him with his

own hand to the juice of the grape; they welcome visitors with wine, not as we do, with tea; and perhaps this will account for their fighting propensities." Need we say, how few authors there are of the European race that have the talent to make shrewder observations than these. If Chinese authors commit errors, and are sometimes profane, the same may be said of our own. We should, then, rather take the advice of Horace, and make an allowance for the difference between the two civilizations, if we wish a similar indulgence to be extended to ourselves:

"Scimus et hanc veniam petinusque damusque vicissim."

But it is now time that we should make some observations on the general character of Chinese literature. There is nothing more common, even in this enlightened age, with all its boasted advantages of steamships, electric telegraphs, railroads, &c., &c., than "to harden ignorance into contempt," and to assume that whatever is unknown is not worth knowing. This, however, is a fault of nature; our self-love prompts us to depreciate what we do not understand. But it is much better, as well as fairer, to put everything that claims to possess value to the test, before attempting to pass judgment upon it.

No other literature contains a larger proportion of poetry than the Chinese; but it is equally true that no poetry is more difficult to be translated. For this reason, the best versions we have of Chinese poems are admitted to be vastly inferior to the original. This will be the better understood, when it is remembered that, complicated as the written characters appear, most of the poetry is in rhyme. Specimens of prose give a better idea, therefore, of Chinese literature than specimens of poetry; and, accordingly, we proceed to select a few of the former.

In China, as well as in our own country, novels are very popular; they are read by all classes; and, like our own, have a very extensive scope. Indeed, there seems to be no purpose, social, moral, religious, or political, for which a novel is written in Europe or America, but the same species of literature is used for in China. There, as well as here, the novel is expected to present a true picture of-whatever phase of life it undertakes to delineate. A novel, entitled "The Fortunate Union," will serve as an illustration. We select this all the more readily, because it serves to disprove the

allegation, so often made, as to polygamy having the sanction of the laws in China. That some Chinese marry two or more wives is not to be disputed; but do not Christians occasionally do the same? In China, concubinage is allowed, but not polygamy. The Chinese wife is recognized as of equal rank with her husband, and certain rights are guaranteed to her, while the handmaid, or concubine, is received into the house as a domestic, and generally with the consent of the wife.

The "Fortunate Union" is divided into chapters, like the Waverley Novels, each having some verses at the top, generally quotations, bearing some relation to its contents. Also, as in Scott's works, original stanzas are introduced here and there, in the progress of the narrative, to serve as embellishments, or to be sung by some of the characters. It will be seen that, in the specimen we are about to give, the dialogue is full of life and vivacity, and the delineation of character well defined and eminently natural. Passing over several chapters, each of which contains some incident, adventure, or situation, well calculated to interest the reader, we come to a scene in the ninth chapter, in which an intriguing and unprincipled uncle proceeds to tell his niece, the heroine, what horrible things he has heard of the hero, whose enemy he is:

" 'Niece,' said he, 'have you heard the strange news?' She pleaded the retired life of a female in her situation as a sufficient reason for being ignorant of what was passing abroad. 'Well, then,' continued her uncle, 'you must know that when I advised you to marry Teihehoongyu, I had the best opinion of his character: most fortunately, however, you refused steadily to give a hasty assent—your happiness would otherwise have been ruined for life! Can you guess what sort of a person he has proved himself to be?' 'I know nothing of his birth and family,' replied the young lady, 'but, from what I have observed of his conduct, it would plainly appear that he is a young man of extraordinary virtue.' 'Of extraordinary virtue, indeed!' exclaimed the other, impatiently; 'you used to have some share of penetration once, niece! what has become of it on this occasion?' 'But how has he belied his former character?' inquired Shuezpingsin. 'Why, he is nothing better than a practised seducer,' replied her uncle. 'I know not what schemes he might have had in view when he pretended sickness, and gained a lodging in this house; but you may consider it the height of good luck on your part that he was obliged, by the sound rating I gave him, to desist, and took his departure in an affected passion. *The earthen pitcher, however, gets broken at last*; and no sooner did he reach the neighboring village, than he betrayed himself.' 'Pray, what was it he did to betray himself?' asked the young lady."

In this there is nothing forced or overdrawn—no exag-

generation. The replies of the young lady are in perfect keeping with the characteristic generosity of woman. The more she hears against the hero, the more steadily does she cling to his cause, and seek to vindicate it. Seeing that no general assertion in regard to his conduct would have any effect on her, or tend, in the least, to alienate her good wishes from him, not to call them by a tenderer name, the uncle proceeds to enter into details as follows :

"Well," said his niece, smiling composedly, "let Teihchoongyu be what you say he is; it concerns myself no more than if the favorite disciple of Confucius had been really proved to be a murderer." "I know it does not concern you!" exclaimed he; "but this event shows how very difficult it is to be sure of a person's character on a short acquaintance, and that, to avoid the chance of being deceived, one's knowledge must be better founded than on a casual meeting." "In a matter with which I have so little concern," observed Shuezpingsin, "there is not much occasion to argue the point; but what you have been pleased to say seems intended to ridicule my want of penetration, in forming a wrong opinion of this young man. Did it apply to any person but himself, I should not think it worth while to say a word in reply; but, after the mutual services we have rendered each other, the slur you throw upon his character implies that our acquaintance was dishonest, and slanders my own reputation equally with his. I have, therefore, a good reason for repelling it." "I do not know," cried her uncle, "whether to be most angry or amused by what you say. I never had any cause of enmity towards this young man: what should make me slander him, then? He happens to be a libertine, and entices away a young woman. You live quietly at home, and know nothing about it; but the people near the magistrate's office report it to me—why blame me on their account? If you choose to say that you mistook his character, and that this was a thing you could not help, I can understand you; but if you attempt to maintain that he really is not guilty, I suspect all the water in the Yellow River will never wash him clean from the imputation." "If I think it worth while to maintain anything," replied Shuezpingsin, "it will be, that he is not what you call him, and that the whole is the slanderous invention of worthless people. You may then learn that I was not deceived in my good opinion. Any other point I do not think it necessary to argue." "My good niece, you are very obstinate," said Shueynn. "That he *is* guilty, has been proved by a number of witnesses. What is there for you to say on the subject?" "You assert that it has been proved by witnesses," answered she; "and until we hear something authentic, I will not debate the point with you; but, judging from reason and principle, I must still maintain that this young man cannot be what you say; and though such a report may have gone abroad (admitting that it be not a fabrication altogether), there must yet be something more in it than has come to light; for, should he really prove to be guilty of the charge, I will engage to forfeit both my eyes to you." "Why, the woman he carried off has been apprehended in his company," exclaimed Shueynn, "and taken before the village officer, who transferred them both to his superior. They are now on trial—there can be no fabrication in *this*. Your attempt to vindicate his character, after matters have reached this point, proves only that you are blinded by excess of love." "It is vain attempting to persuade you, at present, uncle," said the young lady; "but do not be too positive. Inquire a little farther, and you may arrive at the real truth."

The result is a happy one. The true character of the uncle is fully developed, and that of the hero is as fully vindicated. In the whole range of fictitious literature, foreign or domestic, there is, perhaps, no more agreeable example of poetical justice, than is presented in the case of this slanderer; and all the other characters, good, bad, and indifferent, receive their reward in a similar manner.

It would lead us too far to take any particular notice of the canonical and classical writings of the Chinese. We may observe, however, in passing, that the *Y-king*, or book of transformations, is admitted by those European scholars best acquainted with Oriental literature to be one of the most ancient books in the world—probably none are more ancient, save the writings of Moses. The general opinion, among those who have devoted most attention to the subject, including Sir William Jones, is, that it must have been completed 2800 B. C. Whatever was the date of its composition, it contains the most ancient specimens of Chinese poetry, philosophy, history, &c., &c.

The earlier missionaries greatly misrepresented the religion of the Chinese, though, doubtless, unintentionally; denouncing the people as atheists, or idolators.* It was owing to these representations, that the college of the Sorbonne, at Paris, issued one of its famous decrees, in October, 1700, declaring every proposition which maintained that the Emperor of China believed in God, to be heretical, "it being well known that the Chinese worshipped nothing but clouds," &c.

"Nil præter nubes et cæli numen adorant."

* M. Arnauld, in his address to the Jesuits on the sins of philosophers, has some curious remarks on this subject. He reminds them that the most learned and observant of their society had maintained that the Chinese *literati* were idolators only by dissimulation and hypocrisy; because it pleased the vulgar that they should be so—that what they called their gods were but active virtues of the natural body. "Les plus habiles missionnaires," he says, "de la Chine, dont il y en a qui font de votre société, soutiennent que la plus part de ces lettrés sont Athées, et qu'ils ne sont idolâtres que par dissimulation, et par hypocrisie, comme beaucoup de Philosophes Payens qui adoraient les memes idoles que le peuple, quoi qu'ils n'y eussent aucune créance; ainsi qu'un peut voir par Cicéron et par Sénèque. Ces memes missionnaires nous apprennent que lettrés ne croient rien de spirituel et que le Roy d'en haut que votre P. Mathieu Ricci avoit pris pour le vray Dieu n'est que le ciel matériel: et que ce qu'ils appellent les esprits de la terre, des rivières et des montagnes ne sont que les vertus actives de ces corps naturels," &c., &c.—*Cinquieme Denunciation du Peché Philosophique*, p. 35.

What proved in time to be the truth is, that of all the heathen—all who do not believe in the Christian religion—the Chinese have the purest and simplest religion—the freest from superstitions and absurd legends. In all their writings, ancient and modern, there is abundant evidence of their faith in a Supreme Being, who will reward the good and punish the wicked, as could easily be shown by extracts. But one extract will be sufficient for our purpose. We select one written nearly three centuries ago, because a more modern one might be said to have been influenced by our laudable efforts to convert the people. After a war between China and Russia, concluded in 1689, the emperor of the former caused a marble monument to be erected, in September of the same year, at Niptcho, then at the boundary line between the two empires, upon which the following inscription was engraved in the Chinese and Latin languages: "Should any ever determine to rekindle the flames of war, we pray the sovereign Lord of all things, who knows the heart, to punish their perfidy," &c.*

The poetical literature of China is chiefly dramatic, though a large portion of it is lyrical, consisting of odes, sonnets, ballads, &c. In no country is an author more honored; but one who does not write verses of some kind is compared to a flower without fragrance.† The principal pro-

* *History of Russia under Peter I. founded on memorials communicated by the Empress Elizabeth*, vol. v., p. 87.

† It may well seem incredible that the Chinese, even of the present day, have many sentiments which coincide exactly with those of the ancient Greeks in regard to corresponding subjects. This is particularly true of their views in regard to intellectual culture. Thus, in a volume entitled *Chinese Moral Maxims*, consisting of translations, and published in London in 1839, the following passage occurs: "The highest order of men (called *Shing*, PERFECT or inspired) are virtuous or wise independently of instruction; the middle class of men (*He-en*, good or moral) are so after instruction; the lowest order (*Fu*, stupid or worthless) are vicious in spite of instruction." All the earlier Greek works now extant are pervaded by similar sentiments—they are to be found alike in those of the poets and philosophers. We quote one example from the *Works and Days* (*Ἔργα καὶ Ημέραι*) of Hesiod:

Ὀύτοῦ μὲν ΠΑΝΑΡΙΣΤΟΣ ὃς αὐτοῦ πάντα νοηθεῖ,
ΕΞΘΛΟΣ δ' αὖ κακείνος, ὃς ἐν εἰποντι πιθήται,
Ὅς δὲ κε μὴτ' αὐτοῦ νοεῖ, μὴτ' ἄλλου ἀκουῶν
Ἐν θυμῷ βαλλήταί ὁδ' αὐτ' ΑΧΡΗΛΟΣ ἀνῆρ.

(He, indeed, is the Best of all men, who himself hath known all wisdom: though he is Good, who hath obeyed a good instructor; but he is the Worthless man, who hath neither possessed spontaneous wisdom, nor acquired it by listening to another!)

duction in the collection now before us is a tragedy in five acts, entitled *The Sorrows of Hân*, of which the translator says in his preface: "The unity of action is complete, and the unities of time and place much less violated than they frequently are on the English stage. The grandeur and gravity of the subject, the rank and dignity of the personages, the tragical catastrophe, and the strict award of poetical justice, might satisfy the most rigid admirer of Grecian rules." The object of the tragedy is to expose the evil consequences of luxury, effeminacy and indolence in the sovereign. The plot is so complicated, that to give any definite idea of it would require much more space than we can devote to it on the present occasion. We may observe, however, that it turns principally on love and perfidy. The piece opens with the entrance of the Tartar Khan, making a soliloquy, commencing thus:

"The autumnal gale blows wildly through the grass amidst our woollen tents.

And the moon of night, shining on the rude huts, hears the lament of the mournful pipe:

The countless hosts, with their bended bows, obey me as their leader;
Our tribes are the distinguished friends of the family of Hân."

The villain of the play is the king's minister. He suggests to his master that he cannot better serve his majesty and his country at present, than by going on a selection tour through the country, in order to add to the imperial harem all that is most beautiful in womanhood, from the ages of fifteen to twenty. What Eastern monarch would not be pleased at so agreeable a suggestion? But the minister is more intent on making money than in gratifying the imperial wishes; and accordingly receives bribes for recommending as beautiful those whose charms, if they ever had any, have faded; whereas the really beautiful are rejected, if they cannot pay. An instance of this kind is related by himself as follows:

"The brightness of her charms was piercing as an arrow. She was perfectly beautiful; and, doubtless, unparalleled in the whole empire. But, unfortunately, her father is a cultivator of the land, not possessed of much wealth. When I insisted on an hundred ounces of gold, to secure her being the chief object of the imperial choice, they first pleaded their poverty; and then, relying on her extraordinary beauty, rejected my offers altogether. I therefore left them. (*Considers a while.*) But no! I have a pretty plan. (*He knits his brows, and matures his scheme.*) I will disfigure her portrait in such a manner that, when it reaches the emperor, it shall secure her being doomed to neglected exclusion. Thus I shall contrive to make her unhappy for life—base is the man who delights not in revenge!"

He had to take her to the palace; but he disfigured her portrait. This, he hoped, would make her unhappy for life; because, once admitted within the precincts of the palace, she could no more leave it than a nun can leave the cloister to go abroad again in the world. But we quote another extract, which explains itself, and shows that in the palace of a Chinese emperor, as well as in the cottage of a Hebrew shepherd, "the way of the transgressor is hard:"

"(*Enter Emperor, preceded by a eunuch, carrying a lute.*)

"*Emp.* Since the beauties were selected to grace our palace, we have not yet discovered a worthy object on whom to fix our preference. Vexed and disappointed, we have passed this day of leisure roaming in search of her who may be destined for our imperial choice (*hears the lute*). Is not this some lady's lute?"

"*Attend.* It is; I hasten to advise her of your Majesty's approach.

"*Emp.* No, hold! Keeper of the Yellow Gate, discover to what part of our palace that lady pertains, and bid her approach our presence; but beware lest you alarm her.

"*Attend.* (*Approaches in the direction of the sound and speaks.*) What lady plays there? The Emperor comes; approach to meet him! (*Lady advances.*)

"*Emp.* Keeper of the Yellow Gate, see that the light burns brightly within your gauze lamp, and hold it nearer to us.

"*Lady.* (*Approaching.*) Had your handmaid but known it was your Majesty, she would have been less tardy; forgive, then, this delay.

"*Emp.* Truly, this is a very perfect beauty! From what corner of the earth come such superior charms?"

A dialogue ensues. The perfidy and avarice of the minister are revealed. He is ordered to be beheaded, but makes his escape. Procuring a true likeness of the lady, now a princess, he makes his way to the Tartar camp, and invents a tale by which he induces the khan to demand her. After considerable negotiation, hastened, on the part of the barbarian, by threats, the emperor is prevailed upon, by his servants, to surrender her, rather than endanger his throne. It seems to him like parting with his life, and the princess, who fully reciprocates his affection, is equally overwhelmed with grief and despair. The parting scene is finely drawn—well calculated to touch the heart. The princess is carried away to the Tartar camp. There she takes part in other scenes, of painful interest. The khan tries in vain to win her affections. The result is thus shown:

"*Princess—(to the Khan).* Great King I take a cup of wine, and pour a libation towards the south—my last farewell to the emperor (*pours the libation*). Emperor of Han, this life is finished; I await thee in the next (*throws herself into the river*)."

A tragedy, entitled the "Orphan of Tchao," forms the groundwork of one of the best tragedies of Voltaire, although, as then translated by Premare, it was little more than the skeleton of the original. In short, the best parts of the Chinese drama were omitted—those compared with the Greek chorus—a fact of which the author of the *Henriade* and *Alzire* was not aware, being entirely ignorant of the original, but which is now known to all who have paid any attention to Chinese literature. "Our countryman, Doctor Hurd, in his 'Discourse on Practical Imitation,' " says Mr. Davis, "formed a very different opinion of this tragedy from that of Voltaire. He conceived that it embraces the two essentials of dramatic poetry—unity and integrity of action, and a close connection of the incidents of the story; for, 'first,' he observes, 'the action is strictly one; the destruction of the house of Chao is the single event on which our attention turns from the beginning; we see it gradually prepared and brought on; and with its completion the tragedy finishes. Secondly, the action proceeds with as much rapidity as Aristotle himself demands.' And having noticed its resemblance in many points to the *Electra* of Sophocles, 'let me add,' says he, 'an intermixture of songs in passionate parts, *heightened into sublime poetry*, and somewhat resembling the character of the ancient chorus.' Had Premare translated more of these lyrics, he would probably have found the resemblance still more complete."*

Comedies are much more popular among the Chinese than tragedies; but the former are often so immoral and licentious, that no respectable European or American woman could witness their representation, although they are attended by Chinese women whose character is irreproachable. According to the author of one of the books whose titles stands at the head of our article, a Chinese audience is not satisfied with the mere relation of a criminal act or indecent story; the eye must be gratified by a sight of every process of the transaction:

"The history of husbands deceived by their mistresses," says M. de Guignes, "being frequently the subject of their comedies, there occur therein sometimes situations so free, in which the actor exhibits so much truth, that the scene becomes extremely indecent." And he mentions an instance of which he was an eye-witness, where the heroine of the piece, 'devint grosse et accoucha sur le théâtre d'un enfant.' The piece was called the *See-hou* Pagoda, being the history of the destruction of the Pagoda, now in ruins, on that famous lake described by Mr. Barray, under

* Mr. Davis's *Brief View*, p. 34.

the name of *Luifung-ta*—the Temple of the Thundering Winds. Several genii, mounted upon serpents, and marching along the margin of the lake, opened the scene; a neighboring bonze shortly after made love to one of these goddesses, who, in spite of the remonstrances of her sister, listened to the young man, married him, became pregnant, *and was delivered of a child on the stage*, who very soon found itself in a condition to walk about. Enraged at this scandalous adventure, the genii drove away the bonze, and finished by striking the pagoda with lightning, and reduced it to the ruined condition in which it now appears.”—Mr. Davis’s *Brief View*, p. 29.

In the works of Confucius, there are specimens given of the songs and ballads of all the provinces of China. Four large books are devoted to these specimens, the largest and most interesting of which is entitled *Kwofoong*—“the manners of different states,” and the compiler tells us that the object of collecting these songs and ballads was to enable the emperor to form a correct estimate of the sentiments and dispositions of the people, for whose gratification they were composed; so that Fletcher of Salton was not the first, after all, who suggested the idea that the popular songs of a people exercise more influence upon them than the wisest or best administered laws. It would be a fruitless task to attempt to classify these various kinds of lyrics. We must, therefore, content ourselves with selecting a short poem here and there, endeavoring to present as much variety as possible. Among the most ancient poems collected by Confucius, are effusions which give evidence of a high degree of refinement and culture. The following from the *Seouya*, though admitted to be only a feeble paraphrase, will serve as an example; it seems to be a remonstrance on the part of the poet, addressed to a former friend, who had wronged him or who had proved ungrateful:

“Now scarce is heard the zephyr’s sigh
To breathe along the narrow vale;
Now sudden bursts the storm on high,
In mingled rush of rain and hail;
While adverse fortune low’ring frown’d,
Than ours no tie could closer be;
But lo, when ease and joy were found,
Spurn’d was I, ingrate—spurn’d by thee!

“Now scarce is felt the fanning air
Along the valley’s sloping side,
Now winds arise, and lightnings glare,
Pours the fell storm its dreadful tide:
While fears and troubles closely press,
By thee my love was gladly sought;
But once again, with quiet blest,
Thou viewest me as a thing of naught!

"The faithless calm shall shift again,
 Another gale the bleak hill rend;
 And every blade shall wither then,
 And every tree before it bend;
 Then shalt thou wail thy lonesome lot,
 Then vainly seek the injured man,
 Whose virtues thou hadst all forgot,
 And only learn'd his faults to scan!"

Much of the earlier poetry of China is of the plaintive kind. A large number of swains bewail the hard-heartedness or faithlessness of their mistresses, and the superior influence of their rivals; and, in doing so, fill the imagination with the boldest, often the most beautiful imagery. We have now before us an ode of this character. A beautiful girl is courted by two youths; one the heir of a large estate, the other the heir to nothing except poverty and love for the Muses. The former, as is too often the case in the West as well as the East, succeeds; and the only consolation of the latter is to pour forth his grief in song, comparing his successful rival to the *Kieu*, or robber-bird of China, the emblem of all that is rapacious and cruel:

"The nest yon winged artist builds
 The robber-bird shall tear away:
 So yields her hopes the affianced maid,
 Some wealthy lord's reluctant prey.

"The anxious bird prepares a home,
 In which the spoiler soon shall dwell:
 Forth goes the weeping bride constrain'd,
 A hundred cars the triumph swell.

"Mourn for the tiny architect,
 A stronger bird hath ta'en its nest:
 Mourn for the hapless stolen bride,
 How vain the pomp to soothe her breast!"

Compilers of hand-books of literature often tell us that the Chinese have neither satires, pastorals, nor epics. We could not prove here that they have each; but that they are not altogether strangers to the first will sufficiently appear from an extract which we take from a novel, entitled "*Dreams of the Red Chamber*," the verses being a specimen of those poetical embellishments introduced into prose works, as intimated above. We need only premise that the piece is translated line for line, and almost word for word—being as nearly literal as the radical dissimilarity between the two languages would admit:

"The paths of trouble heedlessly he braves,
 Now shines a wit, and now a madman raves;
 His outward form by nature's bounty drest,
 Foul weeds usurp'd the wilderness, his breast;
 And bred in tumult, ignorant of rule,
 He hated letters, an accomplish'd fool!
 In act deprav'd, contaminate in mind,
 Strange, had he fear'd the censures of mankind!
 Titles and wealth to him no joys impart,
 By penury pinch'd, he sank beneath the smart;
 Oh wretch, to flee the good thy fate intends,
 Oh, hopeless to thy country and thy friends!
 In uselessness, the first beneath the sky,
 And eurst, in sinning, with supremacy!
 Minions of pride and luxury, lend an ear,
 And shun his follies, if his fate ye fear!"

But a few brief extracts, in the form of translations, taken at random, can give no adequate idea of the true characteristics of Chinese poetry. As our space will not admit long passages, we may as well, therefore, confine ourselves to the above for the present, especially as we have more to speak of, besides, than we can find room for. A few general observations are as much as we can add now. First, let us remark, that of nothing, which we cannot see, do we feel more certain, than that the day will yet come when the literature of China will prove a rich mine, and attract more attention than any other literature has done, with, perhaps, the sole exception of that of Greece. We are well aware that many will smile at this—remembering only the sneers which they have so often heard against the civilization of the "Celestial Empire," &c., &c. But let those who will indulge in self-complacent ridicule of a people whom they cannot understand, say what they will, it is not the less true that the Chinese have a series of well-connected annals, that extend back, without interruption, at least 4,000 years. None who have paid due attention to the subject venture to deny this; but, even those who do, admit that at least the records of 2,000 years are authentic and reliable. This is more than can be said of Hindoo annals; although it is so much the fashion, just now, to represent the antiquity of Hindoo civilization as far higher than that of China. But the truth is, that the former can hardly be said to have any authentic annals; since the Vedas can only be regarded, when duly put to the test, as a series of fables. Even the genealogies of the Hindoos are without date. The earliest books of the Chinese refer to their cycle of sixty years, which they retain to the present day, and which serves to regulate

the inequalities between the lunar and solar year. The Hindoos have the same cycle, but make little use of it, and there is no account of it in any of their books, which can be said to be more than a thousand years old. The former are acknowledged on all hands to have been acquainted with the art of printing more than two thousand years ago; they were the first to make paper, as well as to print books; whereas, the latter were unable to do either, until within a comparatively recent period. As long as the Hindoos were governed by their own sovereigns, or had what might be called a native government, quite as little was known in Europe, about their language and literature, as there is now about those of the Chinese. But it is known that the latter have an excellent code of laws; a code founded on good sense and practical wisdom—one that treats all according to their capabilities and deserts; while the former adhere, to the present day, to the *caste* system, the most unjust and odious that has ever existed in any civilized country.

ART. II.—1. *The Demon of Socrates. Plato's Works.* London. 1854.

2. *Demonology and Witchcraft.* By JAMES N. WELLES. Edinburgh. 1829.

3. *The Koran.* Translated by GEORGE SALE. London. 1861.

A BELIEF in the existence of angels and demons—that is, of two intermediate orders of spiritual intelligences,—on the one hand, between the Supreme Highest and man, and, on the other, between man and the Evil One, distinctively termed, in its two phases, angelology and demonology, is by no means peculiar to the Jewish or Christian religions; it has been inherent in the minds of every nation from the birth of human intellect. In fact, such a belief seems to be the inseparable adjunct of even a partial discrimination between good and evil. It is enwrought, with countless modifications, in the Egyptian, Roman, Grecian, Brahminical, Persian, Mohammedan, and all the other false systems of theosophy; and hence the fantastic stories

of ancient mythology, and the many sentimentalities and gross absurdities of modern mysticism. In them all,

"Millions of spiritual beings walk the earth,
Both when we wake and when we sleep."

Of the origin of the first-born sons of God, or the purpose or data of their creation, nothing is revealed to us. Whether they were the inhabitants of by-gone worlds, which, long antecedent to the birth of our earth, had completed their destined orbits, and been resolved into rudimental chaos; or whether, myriads of ages back into eternity, ere the chronometer of Time had been set in motion, or the revolving spheres had sounded the key-note of their celestial hymn, the All-Wise had created them to be the attendants upon His own illustrious state, the recipients of His bounty and love, and the executants of His decrees—are secrets no better known to the wisest *savant* than to the simplest student of revelation.

Origen, Bede, and various other reverend fathers of the early Christian Church, maintain that the creation of angels was coeval with that of the heavens and the earth; others, of equal authority, conjecture that they are intended by the term *light*, created on the first day; that at the fiat of God, "Let there be light!" this glorious order of creatures sprang at once into vigorous existence. Some Hebrew writers suppose them to have been created on the first day, others on the fifth. To none of these theories, however, do the verses succeeding the third of the first chapter of Genesis afford sufficient support; and also conflicting with them, are those of as wise and more experienced commentators, who contend for the high antiquity of angels, and aver that their birth was long previous to the creation of this terrestrial sphere. That this latter assumption is grounded upon Scripture, distinct proof is given by the Lord himself, in the book of Job, when, out of the whirlwind, He demanded of the patriarch where was he, "When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." This passage implies that the angels were interested spectators of the quickening into teeming life of the rude and shapeless mass of matter; although it gives us no inkling as to whether, as alert ministers, they were allotted any participation in the mighty work; whether, at the command of their King, they reared the luminous sapphire dome that spans the heavens;

rolled the bright luminaries of the firmament—the sun, the moon, and the stars—into their circumambient orbits; confined the rushing waters within their prescribed boundaries; constructed the superb aisles of the pillared forests; painted the flowers and foliage in all their lovely diversities of hue and tint; planted, for natural observatories, the purple masses of mountain and promontory; margined lake and rivulet with emerald mosses and sparkling crystals, and sanded their beds with granulated gold and gleaming gems; or laid out the surface of the land in picturesque undulations of vale and hillock. All this we know not. But, as this article is not designed to treat on true or orthodox pneumatology, we will limit ourselves to a flying tour through the empyrean of heathenism, alighting now and then on some jutting point of truth.

The gods of Greece, as they would not deign to signify their presence to the uninitiated and profane multitude, were believed to choose the oracles as their media of communication with earth-dwellers; although, whether any of the ever-dreaded evil deities, who infested those classic precincts and atmosphere, also availed themselves of the vehicles provided for the accommodation of the good spirits, the priests seemed to take no pains to ascertain, but, with superb indifference, delivered each oraculum as the genuine revelation of a holy divinity. It would tend little to edification, to attempt here an enumeration of the legion of gods of the semi-civilized heathen, or the uncouth idols of savages, which are all but incorporations of spirits—before which so many hundred millions of our deluded fellow-mortals bow down in blind homage. In spite of all the arguments that boasted rationalism can advance, in refutation of the existence of spiritual beings, skepticism, as regards the belief in them, is the *exception*, not the rule; the soul instinctively recognizes their secret influences, both good and evil. A clinging faith in the supernatural is an implanted attribute of the mind, whether it be illumined by the light of revelation, or submerged in the darkness of sullied nature. In the two classes of believers, however, the effects resulting from their belief are vastly dissimilar: in the one case, it is an overflowing source of peace and pleasure; in the other, of slavish doubt and dismay.

The worship and tributes of pagan devotees to their deities were never the spontaneous offerings of love, but rather bribes, extorted to propitiate merciless tormentors, of

whom they always stood in mortal terror. "The moaning demons who flit along the Stygian morass" received more sincere and earnest worship than did the spirits of love and beauty. The untutored aborigines of Africa and America, in common with the more classical heathens, believe that their dim caverns, their mighty forests, and their fathomless waters, are haunted and peopled by both kind and inimical deities—local spirits—who, having once passed through a human probation, love to revisit and hover around the favorite spots of yore, and, as occasion offers, perform good or bad offices to their successors in the procession of life. The histories of even the purest of the heathen divinities display attributes of such shocking depravity as must necessarily have eradicated the plainest principles of inherent morality. From Monsieur Jupiter, who, ensconced on the summit of Mount Olympus, brandishes his sceptre with imperious air, down through the innumerable hordes of lesser divinities who throng his court, there are but few of the gods and goddesses whose personal characteristics and antecedents are not of a disreputable order; the exceptional cases being the Muses, those eminently strong-minded females, Minerva and Diana, Apollo, and, perchance, a few others.

To those nations who paid divine honors to separate spirits, the doctrine of the transmigration of souls was a fruitful hot-bed of idolatry; for, as it was conjectured that the soul, on its dismissal from its own human body, passed into that of some inferior animal, although it was not known what—as they were favored with no revelation on the subject—the objects of worship were, consequently, multiplied to an incredible degree. Nor did that suffice, for, not content with the living animals which they surmised might possibly be the tabernacles of departed souls, they carved their images in wood and stone, and silver and gold, and placed them on high altars as recipients of divine honors. Before these shrines they poured forth their griefs for those recently deceased, who had just commenced the weary process of expiation, and returned thanks for the nearly completed metempsychoses of others just returned to earth as new-born babes.*

* Why the Evil One is generally represented, especially in old nursery pictures, with a cloven foot, horns, and tail, and why, in all our associations of him, he is thus marked, is accounted for by De Foe, who assumes that the idea originated with the Golden Calf, under which form the Hebrews worshipped him, and proceeds thus: "And some think, also, in this shape the Devil most

It was generally believed that angels and demons are immortal and indestructible, excepting a certain class of fallen spirits, called Astral, the offspring of forbidden unions between mortals and immortals, who were supposed to have their dwellings in the four elements, over which they individually preside, and who, being less culpable than others of their aerial brethren, were granted the boon of annihilation, and doomed to perish, with their respective elements, at the end of the world. The cabalistic writers distinguish them as sylphs, who disport in the air; gnomes, who inhabit the earth; salamanders, who revel in fire, and naiads, or undines, who float in the water. These deities probably belong to the same romantic class as the fairies of Ireland and Scotland, and the various mountain, water, and household sprites, that impart such a weird-like air to the popular traditions of Germany and Scandinavia. By their partisans, they are worshipped as lesser divinities, who, although not possessed of divine powers, are, nevertheless, able to bestow good or evil luck upon a household. It is a rather amusing fact, that while Europeans represent evil demons as *black*, the negroes of Africa suppose them to be *white*!

The ancient Greeks and Romans had a profound faith in the existence of angels or demons, and cherished a lively sense of their communion with mankind. Plato, in the ensuing terse words, explains their views: "Every demon is a middle being between God and man. All the commerce and intercourse between gods and men is performed by the mediation of demons. Demons are reporters and carriers from men to the gods, and again from the gods to men; of the supplications and prayers of the one, and of the injunctions and rewards of devotion from the other." He furthermore asserts that every person has two demons, or genii, to attend him through life, one of whom is a prompter of good thoughts and actions, the other of evil. Hesiod, also, one of the earliest of the Hellenic authors, and in whose writings is said to appear the first distinct religious recognition of demons, maintains that good angels are frequent visitors to earth on errands of love. Thus he describes their authority and ministrations:

ordinarily appeared to the Egyptians and Arabians, from whom it was derived. Also, in the old writings of the Egyptians, I mean their hieroglyphic writing, before the use of letters was known, we are told this was the mark that he was known by; and the figure of a goat was the hieroglyphic of the Devil."

"Aerial spirits, by great Jove design'd
 To be on earth the guardians of mankind;
 Invisible to mortal eyes they go,
 And mark our actions, good or bad, below;
 The immortal spies with watchful care preside,
 And thrice ten thousand round their charges glide;
 They can reward with glory or with gold,
 Such power divine permission bids them hold."

Plutarch asserts that the holy angels are the overseers and auditors of divine worship, of all acts of which they are watchfully observant; and alludes to a very ancient belief in the existence of certain wicked and malignant demons, who, prompted by envy, endeavor to hinder good men in the pursuit of virtue, lest finally they should become partakers of greater happiness than they can hope to enjoy. Speaking of spirits, Apuleius says:

"These the Greeks call by name *dæmons*, and being placed as messengers between the inhabitants of earth and those of heaven, they carry, from the one to the other, prayers and bounties, supplications and assistance, being a kind of interpreters and message carriers for both. Through the same demons, as Plato says in his Symposium, all revelations, the various miracles of magicians, and all kinds of presages, are carried on. For especially appointed individuals of this number administer everything according to the province assigned to each; either by framing dreams, or causing ominous fissures in entrails, or governing the flights of some birds, or instructing others in song, or inspiring prophets, or by launching thunders, or causing the lightning to flash in the clouds, or other things to take place by means of which we obtain a knowledge of future events. And we have reason to believe that all these particulars are by the will, the power, and the authority of the celestial gods, but through the obedience, aid, and services of demons; for it was through the employment, the services, and the care of these, that dreams forewarned Hannibal of the loss of one of his eyes; that inspection of the entrails foretold to Flaminius a perilous carnage; and that auguries assured to Attius Navius, the miracle of the whetstone. Nor, indeed, would it be conformable to the majesty of the celestial gods that any of them should either frame a dream for Hannibal, or withdraw the victim from Flaminius, or direct the flight of the bird for Attius Navius, or form in verse the predictions of the Sibyl. It is not becoming that the gods of heaven should condescend to things of this nature. This is the province of the intermediate gods, who dwell in the regions of the air, which are adjacent to the earth, and on the confines of the heavens, just as in each part of the world there are animals peculiarly adapted to it, those which fly, living in the air, and those which walk, on the earth."

The Emperor Julian, the Apostate, whose head must have been enlightened, though his heart was untouched by the sublime and liberal truths of Christianity, became a zealous slave of paganism, and attempted to revive even its most antiquated orgies and superstitions. In Neander's *History of the Christian Religion and Church* is found a set of in-

structions, which, it was supposed, he drew up for the direction of his heathen priests. In them he advocates and defends the use of images in the temples of his deities. He says :

"Out of the Supreme Unity emanated first the pure world of intelligence, embracing the gods, who are exalted above all contact with sensible things, and who live only in pure spiritual intuition; the intermediate link between these and the partly spiritual, partly sensual race of mankind, is formed by the eternal living images of those invisible gods in the heavens, viz. : the divine souls veiled under the resplendent heavenly orbs, which visibly represent the former, and by which their influence is diffused down to the earth. But since these great heavenly beings are still too far removed from the sensual race of man, and since, moreover, no sensual worship, such as is adapted to man's sensual nature, can be paid to these, images of the gods have been invented on earth, in order that, by paying homage to them through these, we might thereby obtain their favor; just as those, who pay homage to the emperors' images, obtain thereby the favor of the emperors, not because the emperors stand in need of such homage, but because, by showing our willingness in whatever it is possible for us to do, we evince the true piety of our dispositions. * * * So, whoever loves the gods, looks with pleasure on their images, penetrated with awe towards those invisible beings that look down upon him."

Olympiodorus, the Egyptian historian, observes that there is one special demon, who, on the departure of the soul from the body, conducts it into the presence of the judges; another who puts into execution the sentence which by them is pronounced; and a third, to whom is allotted the guardianship of life. This latter he considered to be conscience, which he styles, *the Supreme Flower of the Soul*. Socrates, the most enlightened and excellent of the heathen philosophers, publicly professed that he was always attended by a demon, or invisible conductor, to whose government he entirely committed himself, and whose warning voice frequently arrested him in the contemplated commission of an injurious or rash action. This demon, or genius, which he did not designate by any particular name, he declared, had often by its divine voice saved him and others from imminent peril and sin. After the disastrous battle of Delium, it rescued him from certain death or captivity. By the more astute and shrewd of his compeers, this familiar spirit was, however, believed to be nothing more preternatural than an illumined judgment, tempered by long experience and an invincible love of virtue.

It was the opinion of Hesiod that, when good men die, they attain great honor and dignity, and become demons. Plato gravely declares that he himself *saw* the souls of the

departed flitting about like shadows. The pre-existence of the soul in heaven was a notion cordially entertained by Plato, and derived by him from the East; it has been prevalent at various periods since, and was among the heresies of Origen. It was thought that, upon the fall of the rebel angels, a probationary course was ordained to those remaining, in order to fully test their integrity. Pythagoras regarded the body as a penitentiary, in which erring spirits were incarnated, as a punishment for sins committed in a prior state. In accordance with this conceit, which is invested with a spice of awful sublimity, every human form was regarded as the vehicle of either a good angel or an evil demon. And, indeed, somewhat of the spirit of the superstition remains to this day, for it is not unusual to hear it remarked, "Such a one is my good angel," or, "my evil genius."

The Romans had their penates, their lares, and their manes, under whose supposed influence that war-loving people lived and acted. These divinities, who were both national and domestic, were believed to be all-puissant; augurs invariably invoked their aid on all important occasions. The penates were lesser divinities, celestial and infernal; the lares and manes were the souls of ancestors, more especially those of such as had rendered themselves famous or illustrious during their mortal career. These latter exercised a guardianship over their descendants, and the place of their own sepulture, it being customary among the Romans to bury the dead within their life-time dwellings. When these were mischievously inclined, they were called larvæ and lemures. The term demon, although in Scripture phraseology it invariably signifies an evil spirit, had more frequently, in heathen vocabularies, a favorable meaning.

The worship of the gods and demons was inseparably interwoven with the politics of Rome; and although the religion of the Romans was not so beautifully æsthetic as that of the luxurious Greeks, it was of a far purer nature, and conduced to a more virtuous state of society. Seneca, in his essay on Superstition, observes: "The whole of the vulgar crowd of gods, which, for ages past, a Protean superstition has been accumulating, we shall worship in *this* sense, viz.: that we ever remember the worship we pay them is due rather to good manners than to their own worth. All such rites the sage will observe, because they are commanded by the laws, *not* because they are pleasing to the gods!" Good

Seneca, didst thou flourish in our day, verily would we dub thee a cruel wag, or the prince of satirists!

The belief in a purgatory was another dogma entertained by many of the heathen, as can be abundantly proven by reference to Hellenic and Oriental authors. Virgil, in his account of the visit of Æneas to the infernal regions, intimates his faith in private purgatories, or expiatory sufferings, though on a smaller scale than those pictured by the luridly-glowing pencil of Dante. He says:

"We have each of us a demon, from whom we suffer, till length of time, after the fixed period is elapsed, hath done away the inherent stains and hath left celestial reason pure from all irregular passions, and the soul, that spark of heavenly fire, in its original purity and brightness, simple and unmixed; then are we conveyed into elysium, and we who are the happy few possess the fields of bliss."

The Koran, that curious intermixture of Pantheism, Judaism, Christianity, and the ravings of an unprincipled charlatan, commands an implicit and unquestioning faith in the ministry of angels; it is interfused through the whole of its teachings. The Koran holds that the angels are endowed with pure and subtle bodies, composed of ethereal fire; that they are of a diversity of forms, and devoted to divers offices. Some are employed in adoring Allah, in various postures; others, in chanting his praises; and others in offering up intercessions for mankind. Not a few are occupied as recording angels, carefully noting down every thought, and word, and action, of each probationer of time; and upon some of the most highly favored and noble devolves the transcendent honor of bearing the august throne of the Deity. Mohammed further taught that, among the hosts of spiritual beings, there are four mighty tetrarchs, angels who are pre-eminently distinguished by the favor of the Supreme, and who, by virtue of the suppositious offices assigned them, are to be held in extreme veneration. The first of these celestial potentates is Gabriel, on whom, among other lofty titles, is conferred that of the *holy spirit*, and the angel of *revelations*, he being believed to be the prime minister of heaven, and the one to whom is committed the writing of the divine decrees. Next in order comes Michael, the friend and protector of the Jews; then Azrael (or Raphael), the angel of death, who dissolves the union of soul and body; and, lastly, Israfil (or Uriel), who has the most melodious voice of all God's creatures, and is the Angel of Resurrection, his princi-

pal office being to sound the trumpet at the last day. The offices of the four chief angels are described in almost similar language in the apocryphal gospel of Barnabas, a forgery of some nominal Christians at an early day of the Church, and partially adopted as a text-book by the Mohammedans. Therein it is stated that Gabriel reveals the secrets of God; Michael fights and vanquishes his enemies; Raphael receives the departing spirits of mortals; and Uriel is to summon every soul to judgment in the day of account. The Mohammedans believe that, to every child born into the world, there are allotted attendant guardian angels, one stationed on the right hand, to note down on a tablet his good deeds, and another on the left, to record his evil; and that they are changed every day, and therefrom entitled *Al Moakibat*, or, the angels who continually succeed one another. The one who notes down a man's good actions has command over him who notes the evil ones; and, when a person performs a praiseworthy deed, the angel on the right hand writes it down *ten* times; and when he commits an evil one, the kind angel says to the angel on the left: "Forbear setting it down for seven hours; peradventure he may pray, or may ask pardon!" The angel to whom is committed the final summing-up of human actions is named *Al Sifl*. There are likewise two most terrible angels, *Munkar* and *Nakeer*, the Searchers of the Tomb, who, immediately after interment, visit the grave, and with fearful voices arouse the newly buried, whose soul is supposed to linger some days, or until decomposition sets in, and question him straightly respecting his faith. Should his replies not be satisfactory, they torment him cruelly, beating his head with huge maces of iron, until he yells with agony; but, if completely assured of his orthodoxy, they recompose the dead to rest, and leave him until the final visitation of the day of doom. This comfortable article of faith is certainly borrowed from the Jews, for it is nearly similar to that one of theirs which bears on the same point. They have also another tradition, that at the last day, Hell, with its entire population, will be dragged towards the tribunal of God by seventy thousand halters, each halter being hauled by seventy thousand angels.

Of the cause of the expulsion from heaven of the rebel angels, and the subsequent fall of man, Alkoran gives the following history:

"I had no knowledge of the created princes (the angels), when they disputed concerning the creation of man (it hath been revealed unto

me only as a proof that I am a public preacher), when the Lord said unto the angels, 'Verily, I am about to create man of clay; when I shall have formed him, therefore, and shall have breathed my spirit into him, do ye fall down and worship him.' And all the angels worshipped him in general, except *Eblis*, who was puffed up with pride, and became an unbeliever. God said unto him, 'O, Eblis, what hindereth thee from worshipping that which I have created with my hands? Art thou elated with vain pride, or art thou really one of exalted merit?' He answered, 'I am more excellent than he; thou hast created me of fire, and thou hast created him of clay.' God said unto him, 'Get thee hence, therefore, for thou shalt be driven away from mercy, and my curse shall be upon thee until the day of judgment.' He replied, 'O Lord, respite me, therefore, until the day of resurrection.' God said, 'Verily thou shalt be one of those who are respited until the day of the determined time.' Eblis said, 'By thy might do I swear, I will surely seduce them all, except thy servants who shall be peculiarly chosen from among them.' God said, 'It is a just sentence, and I speak the truth. I will surely fill hell with thee, and with such of them as shall follow thee altogether.'

This elucidation of the very abstruse mystery, the origin of evil, and the fall of Satan and his adherents, has, to quote the words of Irenæus, "some affinity with an opinion which has been pretty much entertained among Christians, viz.: that the angels being informed of God's intention to create man after his own image, and to dignify human nature by Christ's assuming it, some of them, thinking their glory to be eclipsed thereby, envied man's happiness, and so revolted." The devil, whom Mohammed, from his utter despair, names *Iblees*, or Eblis (perdition or refractory), was, according to the same authority, in his original state, *Azazel*, one of the grand dignitaries nearest the eternal throne; whence, according to the passage from the Koran, already cited, he was banished for refusing, at the command of God, to pay homage to Adam. The book concerning the assumption or death of Moses calls this demon Samael, prince of the devils, and states that when he advanced towards the conductor of God's people, with a design of forcing his soul out of his body, he was so struck with the lustre of the saint's countenance, and the virtue of the name of God written on his rod, that he retired in trepidation. Some of the Rabbins gave a very fanciful account of the manner in which the same Samael prevailed on Eve to eat of the forbidden fruit. They assert that the Tempter took great advantage of her not repeating to him the divine prohibition in the precise terms in which the Creator prescribed it. He had distinctly forbidden them to eat of that tree, or even to touch it. Nevertheless Eve, in a spirit of proud self-trust, ventured near it, when Samael, in the guise of a serpent, seizing the opportunity, laid hold of

her and pushed her against it ; and, having thus made her sensible that death did not ensue from the contact, from that persuaded her that neither would she die did she partake of its fruits. The existence of an intermediate order of aerial beings, between angels and fiends, is another of the extravagances of Mohammedanism. These they believe to be, like the superior spirits, created of fire, but of a grosser and inferior material than angels ; for, like mortals, they require physical aliment, and, like mortals, they are liable to physical death. They are both good and evil, and shall be judged in regard to their actions, and shall, even as men, receive future salvation or damnation. Some of them are called *jins*, or genii, some peris, or fairies ; others, divs, or giants ; and others *tocwnis*, or fates. These fanciful sprites are a prolific source from whence is drawn the legendary lore, the romances and poetry of the Persians, Arabians, and Turks ; and on their histories and marvellous adventures is founded the greater portion of the current literature, profane as well as sacred, of those imaginative people.

The ministry of angels, and their supervision over human affairs, was a favorite and firmly believed in doctrine of the ancient Persians. They supposed that the eternal throne was situated in the sun, which, for that reason, became the chief object of their adoration ; and that through the stars were distributed the various orders of angels that encircled it. In common with different other orientals, they held that the stars are either themselves spirits, or vehicles of spirits, and that the falling stars are firebrands, which the good angels hurl after the bad who dare to encroach upon their territories. They considered that, in the direction of human affairs, particular angels had different provinces and posts assigned them, with which their brethren interfered not ; and in honor of them they bestowed their names upon the months and days. How these names were ascertained is a nice question, and one not very likely to be answered. For the days of the month they had thirty angels, and twelve greater ones for the year. With them, as well as the Moslems, Gabriel was the favorite angel. His reputed gifts were many and great. They believed him to possess the power of making the voyage from heaven to earth in an hour, and of being able to overturn a mountain with a single feather of his wing. Him they called *Sorúsh* and *Reván Cakhsh*, or the *Giver of Souls*, in contradistinction to the office of the Angel of Death,

to whom, among other appellations, they gave that of *Mordâd*, or the *Giver of Death*. Michael, who was believed to be the provider of sustenance for human kind, they named *Beshter*. Besides these formidable angels, the Persians have two antagonistical head genii, one good and the other evil. These twain, who are respectively named Ormuzd (spirit) and Ahriman (matter), divide the government of the world between them. "One of these guides (says Didron) presides over virtue, and reigns during the day; the other one over evil, and governs the night. Ormuzd, the good genius, is luminous, sparkling, resplendent, as pure as the light which is subject to him; Ahriman, on the contrary, is dark and funereal as night and hell, over which he has dominion." Ormuzd was the highest of the seven bright and holy Arushapands, the other six being created by him for coadjutors in the dissemination of light; and, not to be outdone by his great rival, Ahriman also exerted his power, and called into being six coequal arch-devs, to countermine the beneficent designs of the pure spirits. Ormuzd then created twenty-eight amiable gentry, named Izeds, and Ahriman follows suit with an equal squad of devs, unwholesome imps whose province it was to produce trouble and discord. After these, spirits on both sides sprang into being in such flocks as to defy enumeration, and dire was the strife which waged betwixt them, from the moment of espying one another. This reprehensible Ahriman shall, we are happy to be assured, be ultimately overpowered, purified, and forgiven, having first, as strict poetical justice demands, been handsomely tortured.

The Chaldeans held that the soul was originally endowed with wings, which, on its descent from its native element to commence its trial, or probation, on this comparatively darksome sphere, fell off, rendering impossible its returnward flight, until they should have been restored in full vigor and beauty. How to reproduce these celestial pinions became, as a matter of course, the all momentous question to every votary of the creed. To the inquiry of some of his disciples, by what means the wings of the soul might be made to grow again, Zoroaster replied:

"By sprinkling them with the waters of life."

"But where are those waters to be found?"

"In the garden of God," replied the sage.

Basilides, chief of a sect of Gnostics, who flourished in the second century, constructed, with clever ingenuity, a

celestial empire of superb magnitude. The first rank of intelligences, consisting of seven illustrious princes, or *dions*, who were divinely created, occupied stations in the highest sphere, within the effulgent attraction of the throne of Abraxas, the Supreme Lord. These princes, who, in their exuberance of bliss, were unwilling that such happiness should be restricted to a few, by permission of their sovereign, created a lower world, and an inferior class of beings to inhabit it; who, in their turn, created other and immense multitudes of angels, until the number of successive orbs and orders of aerial beings amounted to 365. Hence the superstition of the Basilideans in associating the angels with the days of the year, as they considered that each day bore upon it the impress of a grand work, the creation of a distinct order of celestial beings. The residents of the lowest sphere, coming in proximity with the rude mass of chaos, which sullenly rolled in gloom, conceived the project of shaping it into order and beauty, and of filling it with a new race of creatures, different from any heretofore made. This design they carried into execution, conferring upon man his physical nature, to which the Beneficent Supreme added the crowning endowment of a reasonable soul. Basilides also communicated to his disciples the history of the fatal rivalry and ambition which introduced fell discord among the heavenly harmonies, and forever untuned the silver music of the spheres. Space forbids us to more than allude to the angelic system of Dionysius, who enumerates nine orders of the angelic hierarchy; or to the theories of other worthies, who stoutly contend for an equal number of evil angels.

The Syrians, whose belief was fashioned very much after that of the Persians, pretended to have in their possession a testament of the patriarch Seth, in which was unfolded a complete theory of spirits, and an elaborate account of their several orders and offices. According to Kirsscher, the Syrians have the most regularly graduated theory of angelology of any nation of heathens. In the order of their several ranks, they distributed the celestial hierarchy through the planetary system, from the body nearest to the earth to that at the summit of light. The sphere of the moon was the home of the angels; that of Mercury contained the arch-angels; Venus and the sun the principalities and powers; and Saturn the thrones. The cherubim dwelt in the fixed stars, and the seraphim, the holiest and most exalted of all

the intelligences, in those luminous orbs which are so high up as to be almost imperceptible to human vision. The Kurds pretended to equal erudition on the subject. The Sabæans had seven star-spirits, and twelve star-spirits of the zodiac, who were ever active in evil. To them they charged the origin of Judaism and Christianity, which they alike detested.

The entire theory concerning the existence and ministry of angels, Mohammed borrowed from the Hebrews, who themselves freely confess to having learned the names and offices of the superior intelligences from the Persians—the illuminati of the East—who pretended to vast and almost exclusive knowledge in medicine, astronomy, and the occult sciences; for, previous to the Babylonish captivity, there is neither angel nor archangel mentioned by name in Scripture. Many of the rabbins concur in the olden belief, that the holy angels were created of fire, in proof of which is adduced the passage in the 104th psalm, "Who maketh His angels spirits: His ministers a flame of fire." Some of the most eminent rabbies considered Michael and Gabriel to be endowed with eternal duration, but the vast multitudes of heavenly inhabitants to be merely ephemeral, being born every morn and dying every evening. The Talmudists, in their fertility of theoretic fancies, likewise hold to an inferior order of angels, whom they style *Shedim*, and who are of a similar kind with the Iris and Peris. The Jews, always in quest of forbidden novelties and devices, adopted the heresies of the East, and not only countenanced the speculative and specious fantasies there inculcated, but outrivalled them in absurd vagaries.

Many of the Talmudical legends outvie in puerility and folly the wildest rhapsodies of Alcoran. One of these is the story of the three angels, who are ceaselessly employed in weaving and making fragrant garlands out of the prayers of devout Israelites. The name of the first is Achtiariel, that of the second Metatron, and that of the third Sandalphon. Metatron was esteemed to be the most illustrious of the angelic host, some believing him to be the second person of the Trinity; other learned rabbies identify him with the prophet Enoch; and one informs us, that when this eminent saint was in a course of translation to heaven, the numerous ranks of angels smelled the scent of him at the distance of five thousand three hundred and eighty miles, and mani-

fested some dissatisfaction at the introduction of a human creature into their august assemblage, until God deigned to pacify them by an explanation of His benign purposes. The olfactories of those angels must have been delicately susceptible. Although Scripture mentions but one archangel, Michael, to whom is assigned the guardianship of Israel against its fierce antagonist, Samael, the cabalists pretended to domicile among the planets a heptarchy of mighty archangels, or angels of the Presence; and Kirsscher has favored the world with their respective titles and order of precedence. Schvetgen, a writer of ripe oriental learning, describes, in another wise, the heavenly disposition of the holy angels. "Four troops of ministering angels praise the holy, blessed God; the first is Michael, at the right hand; the next is Gabriel, at the left; the third is Uriel, before; and the fourth is Raphael, behind Him." Each of these puissant generals, be it understood, is accompanied by his subalterns and legions. The angel of death is named Duma, a terrible spirit, depicted by the superstitious Jews as covered all over with eyes; and it is asserted that in the closing hour of life he plants himself at the foot of the dying person's couch, and summons him by his full name. This formidable deity wields a naked, glittering sword, at the extremity of which hang suspended three drops of gall. When the sick person perceives his presence, he opens his mouth to cry out, when the poison falls in. The first drop produces death; the second, paleness and lividness; and the third causes the dissolution of the body in the grave. There exists among the Jews a singular custom, derived from this superstition. When a death occurs in a house, the water contained in every vessel is carefully poured out; the belief being, that the Angel of Death may have washed his sword therein, and left some of the fatal poison. The Talmudists likewise believe in the terrible inquisitorial visits of the Angel of the Grave, who tortures his victims with implacable cruelty. Nor is it sufficient to render the last hours of dissolving nature thus agonizing—dread horror pursues the hapless victim even to the silent precincts of the tomb. Accredited expounders of the Law teach, that when a Jew is buried, "the Angel of Death seats himself upon his grave, and, at the same time, the soul of the deceased returns to his body, and sets him upon his legs. Then the angel, taking an iron chair, one-half of which is as cold as ice, and the other half burning hot, strikes the body with it, and separates all

the members; he strikes it a second time, and beats out all the bones; then he strikes it a third time, and reduces the whole to ashes. After this, the good angels reunite the parts, and replace the body in the grave." Would they not have done better, had they prevented the necessity for their kindly offices? In the bondage of so sad a belief, it is no marvel that one of the Hebrew funeral prayers entreats the Lord to have compassion on the departed one, and to command the Angel of Death to stay his hand.

The ancient religious systems of the inhabitants of India resemble, in divers respects, those of the Egyptians and Romans. Like them, they had swarms of topical deities, some say 330,000,000, both benevolent and evil, whom, with fear and trembling, they worshipped, and to whom they ascribed their misfortunes, accidents, and afflictions. According to popular opinion, these gods were supposed to be the spirits of deceased mortals, who carried with them, into the spiritual world, the same dispositions that they had in this, whether amiable or malignant—whether inclined to serve their favorites or injure their enemies. The Vedas, or sacred books of the Brahmins, on the contrary, assign to these numerous deities a more elevated position than mere sons of Adam, as well as a priority of existence. In the Vedas it is stated, that the Eternal, or Infinite Spirit, Bramh, first called into being the god Brahma, and then "created an assemblage of inferior deities, with divine attributes and pure souls, and a number of genii, exquisitely delicate." Those text-books, likewise, inculcate, that the tribes of inferior deities have unlimited control over human affairs, interfering with them whenever they choose, without regard to the content or discontent of those most concerned, and that against their unjust acts there is no appeal whatever; for "the Supreme Spirit has nothing to do with creatures, nor they with him." All the inspirations and favors of these gods are granted in answer to prayers and religious ceremonies and *costly offerings*. Ah, cold, cold and dreary is the creed which deprives its adherents of faith in a superintending Providence! To such hopeless orphanage, "Our Father" is an unknown expression. The Angel of Death has ever, by all classes of false religionists, been regarded as an inexorable monster, as a being whom it is impossible to conciliate. Homer averred that he was the only god who refused to be moved by the charms of music, and in whose honor no hymns were ever sung.

What can be more shocking to the mind than the dread ordeals of the grave, taught by Mohammed and other angel worshippers? What a fearful bondage to endure through life! What a deadly blight upon every fruit and blossom that bordered even the most delightful pathway to the unknown future! Even the most virtuous man, it mattered not how firm his consciousness of rectitude, must have shrunk appalled from the prospect of death, expecting, as he did, the moment after he was deposited in his narrow dwelling, the inquisitorial visits of the Judges of the Grave, who, if his faith swerved in the minutest point from their stern and unrevealed requirements, would inflict upon him unimaginable torments. After the tempests of life, the languors of decay, and the agonies of dissolving nature, the prospect of undisturbed repose for the worn-out frame is, to the waiting believer in "life and immortality," most soothing and grateful. He closes his eyes on time, joyfully participating in the sentiment of the Apostle—"O, Death, where is thy sting? O, grave, where is thy victory?"

ART. III.—1. *More's Latin Works*. Louvain. 1566.

2. *The Life of Sir Thomas More*. By WILLIAM ROPER. London. 1822.

3. *Tres Thomæ*. By THOMAS STAPLETON. Coloniae Agrip. 1642.

ALL earnest, truthful lives possess a genuine human interest, and wield a magical influence over the heart. Nothing false or unreal can lastingly enchain the sympathies of the soul; no sham can permanently fill the void in the human breast. The age most strongly characterized by earnestness and truth will consequently possess in the greatest measure the elements of vitality, and will, not only live longest in the world's memory, but will be also invested with the highest degree of interest. Thus, the sixteenth century, which was especially distinguished for the restless energy of its thousand hearts and brains, will always occupy the most prominent page in the earth's history. Wherever we gaze throughout that stirring period, we per-

ceive that men were leading real, earnest lives. There were then, as Carlyle would say, genuine men and no shams. Julius II., arrayed in the warrior's panoply, leading forth his fearless host against the foes of Rome, was in earnest. Luther, proudly raising the standard of revolt at Wittenberg, and rousing men, by his stirring eloquence, to spurn the authority they had never before questioned, was in earnest. Munzer was in earnest, when he collected swarms of infuriated zealots around his banners, and, in the name of religion and liberty, went forth on his iconoclastic career, strewing the earth with death and ruin. Calvin, too, was in downright earnest, when he broached his startling doctrines at Geneva, and, defiant of the world's blame, burned Servetus for conscience' sake. Bluff King Harry was in earnest, when he ignored the papal authority, which he had so zealously defended against the first reformer, and assumed ecclesiastical supremacy as the right of the crown. Thousands of others, whose names are inscribed on the records of fame, or, mayhap, written only on the Book of Life, lived, suffered, and passed away in those days of fervid earnestness; but the history of none is so charming, sad, and instructive, as that of Sir Thomas More.

Truly enchanting is his story, not only because his life was more earnest than that of his cotemporaries, and his character shone with superior brilliancy, even amid the dazzling spirits of that age of giants, but chiefly because there is a sweet air of home about his person; there is a kindliness in his nature, a sympathy in his soul, a simplicity, yet, withal, dignity, in his conduct, that resistlessly win a way to our hearts. It is not altogether More's greatness that charms us, for, in our ideas of great, perfect men, there must be a certain vagueness, that the sentiments of awe and admiration may be duly engendered; whereas, no character possesses stronger marks of individuality than Thomas More's. His household goodness, that clings to him even on the scaffold; the unrefined benignity that marked his intercourse with his fellow beings; the homeliness that co-existed with his genius and learning, his eloquence and fame; these are the qualities that command both our respect and love. Mournful, too, is the tale of his wrongs, trials, and sufferings, to all save the glorious sufferer himself, for no cloud can overshadow him, without being brightened by the steady radiance of his lightsome spirit. And if ever there lived a

man, who conveyed instruction not only in his words and writings, but also in every action of his life, that man was Sir Thomas More. All men may derive benefit from the contemplation of his life. Protestants ought to be taught humility and charity from the instance of one of the wisest and best of men, remaining in what they deem the most fatal errors; Catholics should see in More's example, that meekness and candor are the true ornaments of all modes of worship; while both may laudably unite in imitating his magnanimity, fortitude, and integrity.

It is impossible to peruse More's story without becoming infected with enthusiasm in his cause, and it is equally impossible to write his history without being seemingly tinged with the zeal of a partisan. Thus, not only More's son-in-law, Roper, Rastell,* his nephew, and Cresacre More, his grandson, speak of their venerated relative in the burning words of love; but even Macdiarmid and Mackintosh cannot shield themselves from the mysterious enthusiasm which almost the very name of Sir Thomas begets. Affection and admiration change his biography into eulogy. And it is only right. There can be no grander panegyric than the plain, unvarnished story of a good man's life. There is so little drawback to perfection in More, that one cannot think of him without loving him, or speak of him without praising him. Indeed, praising him would be a work of supererogation, if justice had its due. But, in these latter days, some have arisen, who do not scruple to lavish censure upon the man that antiquity chose to honor, and what has hitherto been eulogy must now become apology. We respectfully suggest that the animosity of those modern detractors arises from envy, prejudice, ignorance, and perhaps in some instances from wilful misrepresentation. Merle D'Aubigné† does not hesitate to regard More as a fanatic, vibrating between "two opposite poles, worldliness and asceticism, and addicted to jesting in the daytime, and expiating his gayety by scourgings at night." Christopher Anderson‡

* The life of More, in Dr. Wordsworth's "Ecclesiastical Biography," was most probably written by William Rastell, for he is known to have prepared a biography of his uncle, though it was never printed by him. What strengthens this opinion is, that the author of the aforesaid life speaks of himself as "having collected the works of More for publication," a task which Rastell performed in 1557.

† *History of Reformation*, B. 17, c. X.

‡ *Annals of the English Bible*, Vol. I., p. 438.

boldly asserts that More was a freethinker; and Fronde* deliberately charges him with intolerance and "illegal acts of tyranny."

It is not, however, strange, that those three personages should view More with bitter prejudice, for, in exalting their own heroes, they are only too much interested in lowering the character of More in the estimation of their readers. D'Aubigné, in elevating his own gods in the temple of Fame, must needs cast down the statue of Sir Thomas from its time-honored niche, for it would in sooth ill-become the persecutor and the sufferer, the tyrant and the victim, to stand side by side in the sight of the idol worshippers. More, the victim of Henry, would detract from the glory of Calvin, the persecutor of Servetus; and so the effigy of the English Chancellor is burnt before the sacred fane of the Genevan Reformer, and his image is left in the sublime solitude which is meet for heroes. Anderson has a very good reason to disparage the merits of More, for he cannot but recollect the rude handling which Tindale (*he* is Anderson's idol) received from the sage of Chelsea. And Fronde would make but a poor fist of his hero's cause, if he did not depreciate as much as possible the worth of the noblest victim that was sacrificed to the hatred of the "second Phalaris," as Paulo Jovio calls Henry the Eighth. All hero-worshippers are iconoclasts. D'Aubigné and Anderson, being religious hero-worshippers, and opposed with their demigods to the creed of Sir Thomas, are inclined, if not absolutely to attribute new faults to him, at least, to exaggerate the imperfections he possessed. Fronde, a hero-worshipper of the deepest dye, prostrate before the image of his idol, Henry VIII., cannot allow any excellence whatever to have its dwelling-place in any other mortal frame, and so does his best to make out a case against the poor Chancellor. But truth will be the best vindicator of More. He lived and died in support of its interests; it will not now fail to espouse the cause of the sufferer. During his whole life, he never feared to subject his actions to the strictest scrutiny, and it is not to be expected, now that he has passed away, that his conduct will suffer aught of detriment from the most searching investigation. Facts are the best refutation of false charges, and, as they cannot be alleged in support of any accusation

* *History of England*, Vol. II., 73, *et alibi*.

brought against him, we need not tremble for the reputation of Thomas More. For, if, even during his life, men, whose hatred would have shamed Lucifer by its intensity, were baffled in their attempts to malign him, we may well smile at the efforts of those who now seek to throw dishonor upon the escutcheon which has hung untarnished over his honored grave for three centuries. Alas! how true of himself is that saying of More: "Men use, if they have an evil turn, to write it in marble, but a good turn we write in the dust."* His censurers find so little that is blamable in him, that they are compelled to make up in virulence what their charges lack in truth. But, despite his cavillers, let us reverently and lovingly disinter the remains of the departed knight, and tread our way through life's storms and calms in his blithesome company.

Thomas More, the only son of Sir John More, was born in London, in the year 1480. His father, according to the testimony of the affectionate Sir Thomas, was a man "courteous and pleasant in his manners, harmless, gentle, full of compassion, just and incorrupt;"† and all these noble qualities he bequeathed to his brilliant son. After receiving the rudiments of education at the school of St. Anthony, in Threadneedle street, young master More became an inmate of the house of Cardinal Morton‡ (for it was the custom, in those days, for youths to engage in the service of some nobleman or church dignitary), and under that powerful patron he had unusual facilities for acquiring vast stores of information, and for fitting himself for the high station which, in after years, he attained. In his seventeenth year he quitted

* Shakespeare, we presume, had this sentence from More's Richard III., in his mind's eye, when he makes Griffith say to Queen Catharine :

—*Noble madam,*
Men's evil manners live in brass ; their virtues
We write in water."

† *More's Epitaph.* Sir John had besides a strong mixture of whimsicality in his composition, of which his son largely partook. The old gentleman (as Camden relates in his Remains) had an original idea about matrimony ; for he said that "a man choosing a wife was like one dipping his hand into a bag containing twenty snakes and one eel—"twas twenty to one that he caught the eel." But, "*viles meliora, proboque, deteriora sequor,*" he had the courage to take three dips himself and the luck to avoid the serpents each time.

‡ In his Utopia, More shows his grateful appreciation of this prelate's favors, by bestowing upon him a glowing and just eulogium. The Cardinal foresaw and predicted More's future eminence, for he is reported to have said : "This child here, waiting at table, whoever shall live to see it, will prove a marvellous man."—ROPER.

the retinue of the churchman, and went to Oxford, where he was entered as a member of Christ Church, then called Canterbury College. The period of his sojourn at the University (1497-1499) was peculiarly fortunate in the brilliant array of its celebrated classical scholars; for at that time, not only Colet, Gracyn, and Linaere, but also Lilly and Erasmus were inmates of the academy halls.

This is the most eventful period of More's life, for during this time his character was formed. Associating on terms of the strictest intimacy with such men as Dean Colet, Linaere, Lilly and Gracyn, he could not but imbibe their peculiar spirit. The unformed mind of the susceptible student could not help being biased by the example, conversation and tastes of those elder associates. They had all recently returned from the shrine of literature, Florence; and there they had not only taken a mighty interest in the cause of the revival of learning, but had also drunk in the spirit of reform from the burning words of Savonarola himself. To have heard the impassioned orator of San Marco hurling his wild philippics against those in high places, was to become, almost in one's own despite, enamored of the cause of the Reformation. Yet it was not such a thorough reform as Luther and Wickliffe urged, that Savonarola with a giant's might sought to effect. He only called for a reformation of morals, not of doctrine; he wished for no infringement of the Church's authority, but aimed at a thorough purification in every direction. Savonarola has been considered by many as the precursor of the reformers; he is regarded as the aurora, as Luther is viewed as the sun, of the Reformation, but there is no real ground for this assumption. Savonarola never in reality rebelled against the Church, as did the monk of Wittemberg. He believed devotedly in all her dogmas; he participated in her sacraments; he had himself taken the solemn vows of the religious profession, and had even urged Pico to become a monk.* He only demanded a reform in practice, not in dogma, and in the name of the Church, which he venerated till death, he called with Isaiah's fervor that she should be purified from her many defilements.

And such a reform as he labored to realize, More's English friends strove to inaugurate at home. And he, with all

* Savonarola's sermon on the death of Pico.—*More's Life of Pico*.

the ardor of a youthful enthusiast, espoused the sacred cause, and never till death deserted its interests. He wished his beloved England to rival Florence, not only in the revival of learning, but, chiefest of all, in the work of reform. Some pretend, from certain passages in More's writings, that his fidelity to the Catholic Church may in a measure be questioned, but his whole life disproves such a supposition. No act or word of his can be construed as implying the least disbelief on his part in any essential dogma of the Catholic creed; though he may have had his own opinions on matters *extra fidem*. Some maintain that in early life he did not place implicit credence in the dogma of the Pope's supremacy; but it is clear that in after years he modified his creed on this point, for at his trial he affirmed that "no temporal prince may, by any law, presume to take upon him the supreme government of the Holy Church, which rightfully belongs to the see of Rome, as a special privilege granted by the mouth of Christ himself to Peter and the bishops of Rome, his successors."* Nothing that he ever said or wrote can materially conflict with his faith as a Catholic; for, however he may sigh, pray and labor for a godly reformation in morals, he would consider it a daring tempting of the Most High to meddle with the established dogmas of the Church. As More always ridiculed and rebuked superstition and immorality,† many churchmen, as a consequence, smarted as sorely beneath his lash as ever did Barnes or Tindale; yet never, withal, was he lacking in respect and obedience to the clergy as a body; no matter in what wise he chastised the corrupt members, he ever cherished a deep-seated reverence for the corporate hierarchy. True, he was a reformer, but only of the Savonarola type; and it is necessary to bear this in mind, in order to explain satisfactorily many seeming anomalies in his writings. His biting sarcasms against monkish corruptions, and his defence of Erasmus's *Moria*, in which clerics are most unmercifully belabored, must consequently be viewed as bitter denunciations of flagrant abuses, and not as pleas for innovations in matters of faith.

* Roper, 83.

† As an instance of the severe manner in which More handled the vices and errors of the religious orders, vide "*Epistola Thomæ Mori in qua refellit rabiosam maledicentiam monachi cujusdam juxta indocti atque arrogantis.*"—Latin Works.

But now Master More must quit the quiet academic shades of Oxford, the cradle of the dearest friendships of his life, and betake himself to the dim apartments of New Inn, there to pore silently over solemn tomes of legal lore. His assiduity is ere long rewarded, for he is soon admitted as a member of Lincoln's Inn. Glance we now, for a moment, at the youthful advocate, as he sits in his solitary chamber, deeply immersed in his studies. There is nothing of classic elegance in his figure or features. His frame, low, yet well proportioned, seems neither capable of continued exertion nor great endurance. His chestnut* hair falls unheeded over a brow already impressed with the pale cast of thought. The natural expression of deep earnestness and habitual seriousness, that so well befits his fine Saxon face, is relieved by the bright sparkle of his clear, gray eye, which contains within its depths worlds of humor and kindness. There is an air of unaffected carelessness about his gait and dress, which would at first seem at variance with his solemn profession.† Piles of Greek and Latin books, with some French works, with a lyre, lie scattered around the lonely apartment, showing that the dry technicalities of the law had not transmuted the refined tastes of Erasmus' friend. But other furniture there is too in that unadorned room, which bespeaks another purpose than that of charming the imagination or ravishing the ear; for a hair shirt, a scourge of knotted cords, and a rough log are to be seen in the domicile of young Thomas More. He feels that, even amid the bustle of business, his spirit will not escape the contagion of vice in the vast world of London, and so he afflicts his body with the direst severities, that it may learn to be meekly subject to the mandates of his iron will. His Saviour for his sake bore on His godly head a cruel crown of thorns—More wears beneath his lawyer's cloak a "sharp shirt of hair;" his Saviour was inhumanly scourged at a pillar—More freely uses the discipline on his delicate frame; his Saviour fasted long in the wilderness, and had not even a stone whereon to lay His head—More

* Crescero, from whom we take our description, says that his grandsire's hair was "neither black nor yellow."

† Erasmus tells us that More, especially in his latter years, wore his lawyer's gown awry, which gave him the appearance of having one shoulder higher than the other. His peculiarity, of course, found numerous imitators, who, though they contrived to ape his singularity of manner, "were withal," says old Ascham, "most unlike him in the more essential things of wit and learning."

thinks himself happy if he can in a measure imitate his Divine Master, by keeping rigorous fasts and betimes resting his weary head on a rude billet of wood. What would M. D'Aubigné have him do? Alas! poor Sir Thomas is in a dire difficulty: if he innocently makes merry, he is charged with laxity of morals, or worldliness; if he chastises his body and reduces it to subjection, he is accused of fanaticism. Which horn of the dilemma would the poor knight, were he alive, choose to be gored on, for M. D'Aubigné charitably presents a pair?

Four years pass away while More dwells near the Charterhouse, practising all the austerities of the Carthusian rule, though he has bound himself by no vow. Still he has had a serious notion of becoming a monk, Franciscan or Carthusian, but his pure mind shrinks in abhorrence from the open contaminations of the monastic institutions, and finally he discards the wish of entering the so-called religious state. Then he had a purpose, as Roper states, together with his friend Lilly, to become a priest; but, fearing that he did not possess the holiness requisite for so sacred a profession, he definitively decided on following a laic's more humble calling.* With Pico's life as a pattern for him, he will seek to attain as a layman his ideal of the highest perfection.†

Almost at the very moment that More turns his back forever on the cloister, impulsive Luther is binding his soul with the solemn vows at the Augustinian convent in Saxony. More's delicate spirit recoils with disgust from a lifelong imprisonment in those dark cells, where corruption so often held sway; but Luther impetuously rivets on the fetters, which, in after years, when he shall feel their thralldom, it will not cost him a thought or effort to rive. Thus seclusion within an abbey's walls begets effects so opposite in their natures. More returns to the world, from the very threshold of the sanctuary, a more devoted son of the Church; while Luther goes forth from his cell with the zealous spirit of the religious revolutionist stirring in his heart and throbbing in his brain, and with the strength of a giant he shivers the mighty fabric of the papal religion, that had stood for ages, and lives free and triumphant amid its colossal ruins.

* Erasmus says of More, in a letter to Hutton: "Maluit igitur maritus esse castus quam sacerdos impurus."

† *Letter to Joyence Leigh, Stapleton.*

And now that More has resolved to pass through life as a layman, thus closing a sure, and in those days almost the sole, avenue to preferment, according to the recommendation of his Church, he seeks a spiritual director, whose advice in all matters religious he will implicitly follow; and Dean Colet is chosen as "the cunningest physician for his soul that he can find." And truly the choice was most creditable to his good sense. Following the counsel of his ghostly father, More entered the marriage state in the year 1505, and Roper records a curious fact, that exhibits, in a striking light, the peculiarity of More's character. Inclination, it seems, directed his affections to the second daughter* of Mr. John Colte, of Essex, and, "yet when he considered within himself that this would be a grief and a kind of underrating to the eldest to see her younger sister preferred before her, he, out of a kind of compassion, settled his fancy upon the eldest, and soon after married her, with all her friends' good-liking." Few, we think, in any age, stretched self-renunciation to such an extreme point. The year after his marriage, More entered Parliament, and there his bold speech and vote against a subsidy claimed by the king, Henry VII., was an earnest of the youthful statesman's upright course throughout life, as well as a rebuke to the cringing minions of an unjust sovereign. Had he been content that his conduct should be determined by convenience, instead of equity, he might have basked in the sunshine of royal favor as cosily as the very happiest court moths; but he could never act against his convictions of right; and, as he held that "the service of our country is not a mere chimerical obligation, but a real and solemn duty, which a good man will exert all the means in his power to perform," he could not give his voice to a measure that clashed with the interests of his native land. His opposition had the effect of exasperating the king, who,

* To this young lady, More's beautiful poem, "Ad Elisam," is most generally surmised to have been addressed. It is considered one of the most elegant lyrical productions of the sixteenth century, and not without reason, as the following extracted lines will attest:

"Jam subit illa dies, quæ ludentem obtulit olim
Inter virgineas te mihi prima choras;
Lactea cum flavi decuerunt colla capilli,
Cum genæ par nivibus visæ, labella rosæ;
Cum tuæ perstringunt oculos duæ sidera nostros,
Perque oculos intrant in mea corda meos;
Cum, velut tactu stupescens feminis, hæsi
Pendulus a vultu tempora longa tuo;
Cum sociis risum exhibuit nostri-que tuisque
Tam rudis et simplex et male tectus amor."

to punish him for his presumption, detained Sir John More, his father, in the Tower, on a frivolous charge, until he paid one hundred pounds into the royal exchequer, and eventually obliged his youthful opponent to retire from public life. Thus early did Sir Thomas discover the emptiness of the world's honors, and learn to regard the objects of man's ambition only as "gay, golden dreams, from which we cannot help awaking when we die."

In his seclusion he perfected himself in the liberal sciences, besides composing his *Life of John Pico of Mirandola*, and publishing a volume of poems and epigrams;* while, in the intervals of relaxation from severer studies, "recreating his wearied spirits on the viol," as Cresacre states. But his retirement did not continue long; for, in the second year after Henry the Eighth's accession, he was appointed under-sheriff of London; and, during the six or seven years that he held the office, his strict impartiality and untiring assiduity in the exercise of his judicial functions secured for him the confidence and good-will of the citizens. Employed with Bishop Tunstal on a mission to Flanders, Sir Thomas acquitted himself so creditably of his trust, that, on his return, he was offered a pension; but, though "it was in point of honor and profit not to be slighted, still he declined it, lest in any question between the king and the citizens he should be influenced in his decisions by the royal gold."† Filling a prominent public position in London, More's diplomatic talents, legal acquirements, and literary renown could not fail to attract the king's notice; and, accordingly, Henry, appreciant as he always was of merit, sought to entice him from his happy retreat at Chelsea to the splendid halls of the palace at Woodstock. But the domestic happiness, which the under-sheriff enjoys in his quiet home, is far more highly esteemed by him than the glittering, but inconstant, favor of the court. And surely if Erasmus, who was far more inclined to smile than to sigh at the concerns of men, could not help being charmed by the picture of sweet family bliss in More's domicile, how dearly must Sir Thomas himself, who was a man of far more exquisite sensibility than the *Encomiast of Folly*, have prized his do-

* Among the English pieces is "A Merry Jest how a Sergeant would learn to play the Friar," which some maintain suggested to Cowper the idea of the famed "John Gilpin."

† *More to Erasmus, Thomæ Mori Opera*, 470.

mestic felicity. Indeed, it is in his household relations, more especially at this particular season, the happiest of More's life, that his character shines with peculiar lustre. Whether he is arresting, by a good-humored jest, the ill-temper of Dame Alice, who, he tells Erasmus, was "*nec bella nec puella*," or discoursing gravely with sober-minded Roper; or indulging the flights of his fine fancy in the company of imaginative Margaret; or imparting instruction to his beloved school, which Erasmus did not think unworthy of being commended in some of his dedications; or fulfilling the rites of hospitality toward the great satirist or the other guests, whom his increasing fame drew around his person; or acting the unassuming patron of genius; or cultivating peace and kindness, and establishing a meek equality among the many inmates of his dwelling; we ever behold in him the same admirable union of simplicity and greatness, plainness and learning, homeliness and dignity, unaffectedness and piety. He is the veritable *φίλος ἄνθρωπων*; showing his love of humanity by his benevolence to individuals, and shedding the sunlight of his kindness on all with whom he had intercourse; for he held, that "it is a part of the business of life to be affable and pleasing to those whom nature, chance, or choice has made our companions."

But Henry, who admired More's wit and learning, and was, perhaps, piqued by his obstinate independence, urged more and more warmly his attendance at court, and at last he was obliged to assent to his preferment.

His natural simplicity of heart made him disrelish the constraints, splendors, and frivolities of court life, while his high sense of honor and scrupulous honesty disqualified him for stooping to the low intrigues and mean servility of the courtier; and so, if Master More consented to wait upon the person of majesty, it was only in obedience to the king's command, and not from any passion for grandeur or power. "He had resolved," says Erasmus, "to be content with his private station; but, having been successful on more than one mission abroad, Henry, not discouraged by so unusual a thing as the refusal of a pension, did not rest till he had drawn More into the palace; for, why should I not say *drawn*, since no man ever labored with more industry for admission into a court than More to keep out of it."

But if Sir Thomas yields at length to the repeated royal solicitations for his services, it is not without protest, or

without a distinct avowal of his own particular political creed. Indeed, if we consider the age, the occasion, and the character of the sovereign, we must acknowledge that bolder or more startling views, social and political, than those contained in *Utopia*, were never broached by any statesman upon his entrance into the precincts of the palace. Regarded simply as a literary production, *Utopia* possesses uncommon merits; but, viewed, as it should be, as a political treatise, it cannot fail to excite our surprise and admiration. It is the bold expression of his public sentiments, by a man who engages against his will in the king's service, and whose strict principles of honesty will not allow him to conceal his position from the world. In this political romance, as More styles it, he declaims, in the very teeth of the king's continental wars, against the injustice and brutality of contentions between nations, and dwells on the impropriety and impolicy of maintaining large standing armies. In the face of a baseless title to the French throne, urged by the English princes ever since the days of Edward III., More asserted that "a monarch, distracted with the care of two kingdoms, was unable to apply his mind to the interests of either;" and recommended his royal master "to stay at home, the kingdom of France being already too great to be governed by one man." In view of the multitudinous grinding exactions that oppressed the country, he maintained, that not only the king's interest, "but also his honor and safety, consisted more in his people's wealth than in his own;" that "the nation chose a king for their own sake and not for his; and that, therefore, he ought to take more care of his people's happiness than of his own, as a shepherd is to take more care of his flock than of himself." In opposition to the cruel enactments in force against thieves, Sir Thomas held, that "it is unlawful, as well as absurd, and detrimental to the commonwealth, that a thief and a murderer should be punished alike;" and that the laws, by permitting wholesale ejections from estates, first made the thieves and afterwards punished them, all the while offering a premium for the commission of darker crimes, by the harsh penalties which they inflicted for a trivial offence; for, terrifying thieves too much provokes them to greater wickedness."

In defiance of the intolerant spirit of the age, even when the first upheavings of the mighty religious earthquake were beginning to be felt throughout Christendom, he openly

avowed that "no man should be punished for his religion," and that "every man might follow what religion he pleased, and might endeavor to draw others to it by the force of argument, and by gentle and unassuming means, without bitterness against those who held a contrary opinion; but that he should use no other arms than those of persuasion, never having recourse to reproaches or violence."*

Thus did his mighty intellect overleap the narrow boundaries of thought, in his own time, and grasp the great principles of religious freedom and sound equity, which only years afterwards were revealed to the minds of Penn and Romilly.

But, despite the novelty and antagonism of More's views, Henry, whose character still possessed those manly and noble traits that promised such a glorious future for England, persists in making him his follower. Once attached to the royal retinue, the knight has no cause to complain of the niggardliness of his master, for honors are rained fast upon him. He is knighted, made Master of Requests, Privy Councillor, and Treasurer of the Exchequer, in rapid succession; all those favors being thrust upon him without any solicitation on his part, in a manner that showed the anxious solicitude of the King to secure his attachment. Under every new advancement, however, More retains the same modesty, naturalness, and integrity that adorned his private life; each superior station he attains only calling forth superior talents, without imparting a single blemish to his character. He truly verified the saying of Lord Verulam, that "there is no surer sign of a worthy and genuine spirit, than when honors amend a man: for their natural tendency is to corrupt;" for the possession of the very highest offices chastened, instead of tainting, his heart. On various occasions he is sent on missions to Bruges and Calais;† but, as his mind was not ambitious,

"For close designs and crooked counsels fit,"

he tires of those ceaseless arts of royal gamesters to overreach each other, and writes in bitterness to Erasmus: "I approve of your determination never to be involved in the busy trifling of princes; from which, as you love me, you must wish that I were extricated. You cannot imagine how painfully I feel myself plunged in them, for nothing can be more odious to me than these legations."‡

* *Utopia*, B. ii., cap. 11. Also, *Apology*, &c.

† Roper, 47.

‡ *Erasmii Opp.*, iii., 589.

By the king's special direction, More is appointed (1523) Speaker of the House of Commons; his sincere plea of incapacity, alleged in order to shirk the new dignity, being overruled by the Chancellor, who replied that "his Majesty, by long experience of his services, was well acquainted with his wit, learning, and discretion; and therefore he thought the Commons had chosen the fittest person to be their Speaker."^{*} However, he does not, as is customary, assume the garb of servility with the mantle of office, but pursues steadily the upright and independent course which is consonant with his character. In his first speech, under color of profound awe and veneration for majesty, he administers a severe rebuke to the sovereign for his arbitrary restraint on the freedom of parliamentary debate, and demands that every man "might fully discharge his conscience, and boldly in every thing declare his advice without fear of the king's displeasure;"[†] and thus he contributes greatly to establish the liberty of speech which should prevail in the legislative hall. On one occasion, when the Commons hesitated to grant a subsidy required by the government for carrying on the war against Charles V., not on the ground of its expediency, but lest thereby all the specie might be drained from the realm, Sir Thomas maintained "that there was no fear for a penury and scarceness of money, since the intercourse of things was now so well established throughout the world, that there must be a perpetual circulation of all that was necessary for mankind; and that consequently their commodities would ever find money;"[‡] his keen-sighted mind thus anticipating a primary principle in modern political economy.

When, however, afterwards the Chancellor himself presents a request for further supplies, More, with quiet steadiness, refuses to make any answer to the demand, alleging that "though all the members had with their voices trusted him, yet except every one of them could put into his own head their several wits, he alone in so weighty a matter was unmeet to make his grace reply."[§] And his silence in this

^{*} Roper, 49.

[†] The Journals of Parliament of those times are lost, or have never been printed; but Roper records the speech.

[‡] Herbert's *Henry VIII.*, 112.

[§] Roper, 13 *et seq.* In after times his example was closely followed by Speaker Lenthall, when Charles I. came to the House of Commons to arrest the five members who had incurred his displeasure.

instance was more politic than open refusal of the king's claims, for though the Commons already wielded great power, by the control of the nation's purse, yet any direct resistance to the crown would be an unreasonable exertion of immature authority, and would only retard the growth of the House's strength. As the Speakers hitherto had been reckoned supporters of government measures, More's real, though not formal, opposition, in so important a matter, was at once singular and vexatious; though, as he had given no pledges to the ministry, he could be accused of no dereliction of duty. "I wish to God you had been in Rome, Mr. More, when I made you Speaker," said Wolsey to the unyielding statesman in his gallery at Whitehall. "Your grace not offended, so would I," replied Sir Thomas, "for then I should have seen the place I long have desired to visit."*

But such a bold disregard of the royal behests shows more independence and rectitude than is at all agreeable or convenient in the councils of kings, and so Sir Thomas must needs vacate his seat, that it may be occupied by some more pliant tool of power. Erasmus remarks that Wolsey, who was mainly instrumental in procuring More's resignation, was jealous of his great abilities, and "feared him more than he loved him;" still, however, if he did really seek to awaken the king's resentment against him, he failed, for promotion still comes unasked upon More, he being made Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and being sent at different times on embassies to France and the Netherlands.

Yet, during all this time, More is not the least elated by his continued flow of good fortune. For each new favor he receives he manifests a real thankfulness to his liberal prince; but he does not make the slightest exertion to secure further preferment, and has, in fact, to be pushed, in his own despite, up the ladder of power. He is neither dazzled nor captivated by the king's increasing fondness for his society, for at length "Henry would scarce ever allow the philosopher to quit the palace; for, if serious affairs are to be considered, who can give more prudent counsel? or if the king's mind is to be relaxed by cheerful conversation, where could be a more facetious companion?"† There was a waywardness in Henry's very favors, and a tyranny in his friendships, that made his kindnesses seem more like the caresses of a beast

* Cresacre, 53.

† Erasmus to Hutton, *Opp.* II., 137.

of prey than the genuine demonstrations of human affection; and More, who penetrated his real character, felt that to be trusted and loved so confidently by such a sovereign was, in reality, "*être à cheval sur le dos du tigre.*"

"When I saw the king," says Roper, "walking with him for an hour, holding his arm about his neck, I rejoiced, and said to Sir Thomas, how happy he was whom the king had so familiarly entertained, as I had never seen him do to any one before, except Cardinal Wolsey. 'I thank our Lord, son,' said he, 'I find his grace my very good lord indeed, and I believe he doth as singularly favor me as any other subject within this realm: howbeit, son Roper, I may tell thee, I have no cause to be proud thereof; for, if my head would win him a castle in France, when there was war between us, it should not fail to go.'"

But, during the whole period that he is serving the public in so many different capacities, he does not in the least remit his literary labors. In his beloved Alma Mater, a senseless, and therefore violent, conspiracy has arisen against the study of the Greek classics, and in defence of this noblest of earth's languages, More addresses a powerful letter to the "Fathers, Procurators, and other Members of the Senate of Oxford;" and so eloquently does he plead the cause of the celebrated historians, philosophers, orators, and poets of Greece, that Greek learning again comes into as great repute at the old university as it ever was at Cambridge.* A spirit of worldliness pervades the whole nation, and More strives to check its growth, by recalling men's minds to the shortness of life, in his "Treatise on the words of Scripture, 'Remember thy last end.'"

Hitherto in his writings he only sought to amuse, instruct, or improve his readers, but now he enters the ranks of religious controversy. A wild revolution has broken forth in the north of Germany. Luther at first assails only the doctrine of indulgences, but he afterwards attacks more vital points of the Church's belief: the Pope's supremacy, the invocation of saints, the mass, and the sacraments. With a prophet's clear vision, More foresees the fearful tempest that will burst from these dark clouds. "I perceive," said he, with a seer's solemnity, "the signs of the coming evil, like as, before a great storm, the sea swelleth and hath unwonted motions, without

* Wood's *Oxford Annals*.

any wind stirring." The blaze, which Luther enkindles at Wittenberg to consume the papal bull, is the signal fire, which, like the beacon of Agamemnon,* speeds on its fiery course, from hill to hill, over the whole earth, not like that transmitted flame which flickers at the termination of a ten years' war, but the outburst of a conflict whose consummation no prophet can foretell. The new doctrines spread with startling rapidity, and men began to array themselves in the hostile ranks of Protestant and Catholic. Some oppose the new opinions with the sword; thousands with the pen. Henry VIII. himself, whose scholastic education inclined and qualified him for the task, does not think it unbecoming his royal person to enter the field of disputation, and accordingly he sets his lance in rest, and opens a polemical joust with the bold German monk.† Luther cares not one jot for the royalty of his opponent, and so does not scruple to cast dirt upon the kingly robes. The reformer's intemperate reply, which Hallam‡ says would almost justify the supposition that there was a vein of insanity in his very remarkable character, elicits an answer from More, written in the same reprehensible tone as his adversary's letter, giving occasion to the just reproach of Bishop Atterbury, that those two combatants had the greatest knack of any men in Europe at calling bad names in good Latin. It may be pleaded as an excuse for More's undignified style of invective, that as Luther had chosen "the figure of rhetoric called sauce-malapert" for his weapon of defence, it would not be discreditable for him to employ the same implement of warfare. The great blame undoubtedly rests with the one who inaugurated such an uncharitable mode of warfare. More repeatedly asserts that he resorts to such language only as a retaliative measure. "Since all the question between me and the heretics is of the faith, instead of reasoning, let them forbear railing. If they will not—which were the best—revoke their heresies, nor—which were the next best—be heretics themselves only, holding their tongues and being still, but will

* Vide opening of *Æschylus' Agamemnon*.

† The *Vindicatio* is Henry's, at least in style, for it is written with the sceptre; but there can be no doubt that the matter was mainly contributed and arranged by Wolsey, Fisher, and More. The latter says "he was only a sorter-out and placer of the principal contents of the book."—*Letter to Cromwell, Appendix to Keper*.

‡ *Constitutional History*, i., 64.

necessarily be babbling, and corrupt whom they can, let them at least be reasonable heretics and honest, writing reason, and leaving others alone, then let the brotherhood find fault with me if, after that, I use them not in words as fair and mild as the matter will bear."* The virulence of his response may also in a great measure be attributed to his zeal in the king's cause, and not to any feeling of personal rancor against the Father of the Reformation; for he says: "As for myself, let them use their words against me at their pleasure, as evil and as villainous as they list; I am content, and give them no worse words again. But as to their railing against my brethren, I purpose not to bear that so patiently as to forbear to let them hear some part of the like language as they speak."†

But controversial wrangling can oppose no barrier to the onward course of the new opinions. Through Germany, Switzerland, and Scandinavia, sweeps the wild revolutionary torrent, and that Church, which was supposed to be the Rock of Ages, is overwhelmed beneath the mighty waves. Even in the very realm, whose king was but lately styled Defender of the Faith, many swerve from their allegiance and acknowledge the new suzerainty. To them is addressed Bubenhausen's famous letter, "To the Saints in England," and More's answer, written in a calm, sad, and earnest tone, shows that his heart is not so full of lightness as of yore. Barnes, Tindale, and Fisher publicly uphold the new doctrines, and More defends the Church against them in two tracts,‡ whose controversial spirit is adroitly veiled beneath a garb of humor and satire. Still the reformer's tenets gain strength by opposition, and at length they find entrance into the very household of their strongest opposer. More's son-in-law, William Roper, who has dwelt for years beneath his roof, from reading Luther's books, becomes a partisan of the new faith, and is seized with a zeal for proselytism.§ Sir Thomas reasons with him with all his power, but his arguments are of no avail. Then he ceases to combat the young convert's views, exclaiming, in pity and sorrow: "In sober sadness I see, son Roper, that disputation will do thee

* *Apology.*

† *Ibid.*

‡ "Refutation of Barnes and Tindale," and "Supplication of Souls," in reply to Fisher's "Supplication of Beggars."

§ "He had an itching publicly to preach, thinking he should be better able to edify the people than the best doctor that comes to St. Paul's Cross."—*Rastell.*

no good. From henceforth I have done ; I will dispute with thee no more. But this will I do—I will pray for thee, and implore that God may be favorable to thee, and touch thy heart.”* Then, with a holy trustfulness in Heaven, he betakes himself to that self-same chapel, where he had before prayed for his daughter’s life, and there he pours forth his orisons for his son-in-law’s welfare, in fervor and humility. And not long after, for better, for worse, Roper returned to the religion in which he had been nurtured, and “lived and died a valiant champion of the faith.”†

At times, in the heat of polemical strife, More’s zeal outruns his mercy, but the fault must be chiefly attributed to the spirit of the age and the violent asperity of feeling which religious rivalry is so apt to beget. No means that could be employed in annihilating an antagonist were, in those days, thought unfair ; and churchmen, the supporters as well as the opponents of the new doctrines, did not scruple to relieve the gravity of their dogmatic writings with choice morsels of satire, invective, personal abuse, and, oftentimes, vulgarity. Luther, Cochläus, Hutton and Erasmus‡ did not consider their controversial conflicts as gentle passages of arms, in which all imaginable courtesies should be shown to each other, but, rather, as rude battles with infidels, in which every possible advantage might be lawfully taken. If we, then, will recollect that the times sanctioned, and the best men employed, the most unfair modes of warfare, we cannot but wonder at the very little leaven of bitterness that sours More’s polemical works ; and, as it is, we must rank him, in dignity and charity, next to gentle Melancthon. Besides, what wonder if drops of gall should sometimes fall from his pen, when his heart is so cruelly afflicted ? All the utopian dreams which, since boyhood, he has cherished, are at last dispelled. Europe is convulsed by a violent war between the Emperor and Francis I. The daring Bourbon, with his army of Lutherans, beleaguers the Holy City and compels Clement VII. to fly in terror from his palace. Saxon boors, infuriate with religious enthusiasm, devastate the fruitful fields of Germany. In England, the king’s unrepressed passion for Anna Boleyn and the boldness of the Protestant

* Cresacre, 135.

† *Ibid.*

‡ For in *Hyperaspistes*, written in reply to Luther’s *De Sero Arbitrio*, Erasmus lays aside his usual dignity, and uses a style wholly uncongenial with his tastes.

refugees and their adherents are tracings of a mysterious hand portentous of doom.* War, rapine, discord and death are holding a revel over the globe. A fearful blight has come over the ripening harvests of the world. The earth had just awakened, from a night of barbarism and ignorance, to a grand morning of enlightenment and learning. The wondrous printing press sows knowledge broadcast over the land; the arts and sciences rejoice in another golden age in the days of Leo—the Moors are expelled from beauteous Spain—new worlds are discovered where the Gospel light must penetrate—feudalism is extinct, liberty rises from its grave—there is new life in the veins of men, healthful beatings in their hearts, earnest workings in their brains; the morrow will be glorious. Fair is the promise, never was there fairer; but suddenly a German monk comes and spoils all. So thinks Master More. He would have a reform too. All his life he has striven with Gracyn and Colet to effect a reformation, such as Basil, Chrysostom, Athanasius and the Gregories in the early days of Christianity sought to realize. But now he must give over his labor of cleansing the Church and bear a hand to support the tottering structure. Is it strange, then, that amid the universal bitterness, the milk even of his kindness should become curdled, and that he should not at all times spare those whom he considers the authors of all the wild commotions that trouble the earth? Ah! let us pardon the occasional faults of that mighty pen, and rejoice that its powers were not oftener diverted from their proper course.

But turn we now, forever, from More's controversial character, and view him again in public office, occupying the highest station which a subject may attain. Wolsey, the mighty—the pet child of fortune—who ventured,

"Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders,
For many summers in a sea of glory,"

who sought to leap from York to Rome, and, to aid him in

□ " 'Now would to our Lord, son Roper, upon condition that three things were well established in Christendom, I were put into a sack, and were presently cast into the Thames.' 'What things are those,' quoth I. 'In faith, son, they be these,' said he. 'The first is, that, whereas the most part of Christian princes be at mortal war, they were all at universal peace. The second is, that, whereas the Church of Christ is at present sore afflicted with many errors and heresies, it were well settled in perfect uniformity of religion. The third is, that, as the matter of the King's marriage is now come into question, it were, to the glory of God and the quietness of all parties, brought to a good conclusion.' "—Roper, 27.

his rise, had Cardinals for his pensioners, the French King for his friend, and the German Emperor for his client, even he at last fell,

"Like a bright exhalation in the evening."

The great seal is tendered to Sir Thomas, and his natural reluctance, to accept a post so exalted and dangerous, is only overcome by the reiteration of the noble command given him by his sovereign, on his first entrance into his service, "to look first to God, and after God to the king." In his reply to the eulogium, pronounced by the Duke of Norfolk, upon his talents and virtues, on occasion of his installation as Chancellor, the good knight exhibited a modesty, boldness, honesty of purpose, and sense of the precariousness of his position, that win our respect and admiration.

"The weight," said he, "is hardly suited to my weak shoulders; this honor is not correspondent to my poor desert: it is a burden, not a glory; a care, not a dignity; the one, therefore, I must bear as manfully as I can, and discharge the other with as much dexterity as I shall be able. * * * But when I look upon this seat, when I think how great, and what kind of personages have possessed this place before me, when I call to mind who he was who sate in it last of all—a man of what singular wisdom, of what notable experience, what a prosperous and favorable fortune he had for a great space, and how, at last, he had a most grievous fall, and died inglorious, I have cause enough, by my predecessor's example, to think honor but slippery, and this dignity not so grateful to me as it may seem to others; for both it is a hard matter to follow, with like paces or praises, a man of such admirable wit, prudence, and splendor, to whom I may seem but as the lighting of a candle when the sun is down; and also the sudden and unexpected fall of so great a man as he was, doth terribly put me in mind that this honor ought not please me too much, nor the lustre of his glittering seat dazzle mine eyes. Wherefore I ascend this seat as a place full of labor and danger, and void of solid and true honor; the which by how much the higher it is, so much the greater fall I have to fear, as well in respect of the very nature of the thing itself, as because I am warned by this late fearful example. This, therefore, shall always be fresh in my mind, this will I have still before mine eyes, that this seat will be honorable, famous, and full of glory unto me, if I shall, with care and diligence, fidelity and wisdom, endeavor to do my duty, and shall persuade myself that the enjoying thereof may be but short and uncertain: the former my labor ought to perform; the latter my predecessor's example may easily teach me. All which being so, you may easily perceive whether I take great pleasure in this dignity, or in this most noble Duke's praising me."*

Still, though his high position brings little satisfaction to the heart of the Chancellor, his appointment is hailed

* Roper, 38.

with gratification by the inhabitants of the realm, and all the European celebrities. Erasmus writes to John Fabius, Bishop of Vienna: "Concerning the new increase of honor lately happened to Thomas More, I should easily make you believe it, were I to show you the letters of many famous men, rejoicing with much alacrity, and congratulating the king, the realm, himself, and also me, for More's honor, in being made Lord Chancellor of England."

Still, even amid the honors of his new employment, his simplicity and piety cling to him as closely as his independence and integrity; for "each day, before he sits on his own seat, he asks the blessing of his aged father upon his knees." Wolsey had been accustomed to make his daily visits to the Court of Chancery, with the combined pomp of the Cardinal and state official;* but More comes to the judgment-hall attended only by his eight sturdy oarsmen, and clad in the simple attire which he retained through every accession of power. In the days of the churchman's domination, judgment was tardy in coming to those whose suits were not backed by gold; but now all men are treated with the strictest impartiality, and justice cannot be purchased.

With such energy and zest did Sir Thomas perform the duties of his office, that the suits, which had been for twenty years accumulating, were at length all disposed of, and when one day he ended a case and called for the next, litigation was at a discount, not a single cause remained to be heard. This extraordinary circumstance gave occasion for a truthful epigram:

"When More sometime had Chancellor been,
No *more* suits did remain;
The same shall never *more* be seen
Till More be there again."

His integrity was as extraordinary as his application to business. No unjust sentence can be procured by entreaty or bribery. When Heron, More's son-in-law, relied upon his relationship for a favorable judgment, he was undeceived by an adverse decree. When Dauncey, another of his sons-in-law, expostulated with him for his churlish integrity, the Chancellor made known that "if his father, whom he revered dearly, were on one side, and the devil, whom he hated with all his might, on the other, the devil should have his right."†

* *Vide Cavendish, passim.*

† Roper, 41.

More's impartial and honest conduct, viewed by itself, would do honor to the brightest period of Spartan purity; but, when it is contrasted with that of his predecessors and successors in office, it becomes doubly admirable; for not only does he faithfully perform his duty, but does it when it is the fashion to act in a manner directly the opposite. If we consider that the pressure of bribery, power, fear, family interest, servility, or entreaty, had more influence in shaping a decree than any consideration of justice or duty; that Wolsey, when he was forced to resign the seals, possessed palaces and estates as valuable as the king's own; and that Audley, who succeeded More, was, as the French Ambassador Marillac, called him, *un grand vendeur de justice*;* we cannot help admiring the soundness of a heart which could not be in the least tainted by the prevalent corruption and venality, and must agree with the old writer, who said that More, coming between Wolsey and Audley, was like Christ placed between two thieves. The best evidence of his uprightness in the administration is, that none of his decisions were ever thought deserving of being reversed.

Having raised More to the first station in the realm, Henry naturally supposed that the increase of dignity would beget an augmentation of subserviency on the part of his servant, and accordingly he presses him for his opinion concerning the divorce. More, as he had done on former occasions, seeks to avoid the question, but the king becomes still more importunate to know his thoughts on the matter, and he reveals them with his customary candor and ingenuousness.

"To be plain with your Grace, neither your bishops—wise and virtuous though they be—nor myself, nor any other of your council, by reason of your manifold benefits bestowed on us, are meet counsellors for your Grace herein. If you mind to understand the truth, consult St. Jerome, St. Augustine, and other holy doctors of the Greek and Latin Churches, who will not be inclined to deceive you, either of respect for their own worldly interests, or by fear of your princely displeasure."[†]

Again urged by his sovereign to give further consideration to the subject, he tells him, that he cannot agreeably serve him in the matter, without violating the regal injunction he received on his acceptance of office, "Look first to God, and after God to the king."[‡] Throughout his whole

* Le Grand, i., 224.

† Roper, 48.

‡ *Ibid.*

public life, we see that he avoids not only unconscientious compliance with the king's will, but also unnecessary disobedience in all matters where his conscience did not actually require opposition; and this submission in him does not arise from slavishness, but from a true sense of duty, most creditable to his heart.

But now the situation of the Chancellor becomes daily more and more embarrassing. His grateful feelings for the many favors bestowed on him, his affection for Henry as his friend, his love for him as his sovereign, and his natural gentleness and amiability of disposition, disinclined him to resist the wishes of his royal master; whereas his delicate sense of right, his reverence for ecclesiastical authority, his sympathy with an innocent queen, made him view with alarm the conduct and designs of the king, which seemed to forebode a rupture with the Church of Rome. Besides, not only the distaste for public business, which these conflicting feelings naturally engendered, but also ill-health, resulting from ceaseless literary and judicial labors and family misfortune (for Sir John had but recently died), afforded powerful inducements for the knight to retire from the Chancellorship. Furthermore, preparations were already being made to ignite those fires at Smithfield, which were to consume in their blaze both Lutherans and Catholics, and Sir Thomas, though he had at last been brought to accept intolerance, to a certain extent, as a theory, was unwilling to cast a single fagot upon the funeral pyres of the adherents of orthodoxy or heterodoxy. He accordingly frequently begged to be relieved of the great seal; but Henry, though fully aware of his opposition to his favorite measures, would accept his resignation only after repeated solicitations.

When "Lord Chancellor More was Lord Chancellor no more," he retired to his Chelsea home, not bettered, by a single penny, for having held, during nearly three years, the most lucrative office in the kingdom. Having never been dazzled by dreams of ambition, he resumed his private station with heartfelt joy, hoping, now that he was aloof from forensic tumult, "to devote the evening of his days to letters and philosophy."

But his expectations of enjoying undisturbed his poverty and repose are doomed to disappointment, for he is pursued even into his retirement by the persistent animosity of unrelenting enemies. He is accused of bribery, and is cited to

answer the charge before a council presided over by Lord Wiltshire, Anne Boleyn's father. The ex-Chancellor freely acknowledges that he had accepted a large silver-gilt cup as a new year's gift from a litigant, some time after the decree had been given; and just as the Earl shows his exultation at such an admission of guilt, Sir Thomas coolly adds, that he had ordered the cup, filled with wine, to be returned to the donor. Again, he admits, that he had accepted a glove from another suitor; and, when it is proved that it contained money, he quietly replies that he had rejected the lining.*

Foiled in their attempt to substantiate against him charges of venality, his enemies bruit it abroad that he had been most severe to heretics, and Sir Thomas, to clear himself of this and other imputations, publishes his famous *Apology*. In this last of his voluminous works he rebuts, with a quietness and circumstantiality that are the surest marks of truth, the accusations preferred against him. He boldly affirms, that only in two instances did he use severity towards heretics: once he caused a boy, who had taught another to speak against the sacrament, to be whipped before his household; and again, a half-witted person, "who insulted women, and was guilty of gross indecencies in church," was publicly chastised by his order. "As regards heretics, save only their good-keeping, I never caused anything to be done to any of them, in all my life, except only to these two."† Though he was at the time defenceless and obnoxious, no one was hardy enough to question the truth of his declaration. It was only thirty years afterwards that Foxe ventured to oppose this ingenuous defense by a vague and inaccurate counter-statement, and on this authority alone rests the imputation on More's veracity. Strype and Burnet re-echoed the honest but inexact martyrologist's charge, without examining the contrary evidence; and now Mr. Fronde, with great flourish, and, no doubt, sincere exultation, reproduces the baseless accusation. Any one, however, who considers More's character for probity and veracity, his opposition to intolerance, and the avidity with which his statement, if untrue, would be confuted by his enemies, will be unwilling to accord credence to any impugnation of the knight's humanity. But we have positive cotemporary evidence, which disproves More's alleged want of toleration. Erasmus, who is a witness, at

* Cresacre, 221.

† *Apology*, chap. 36.

least, as reliable as Foxe, says: "It is a sufficient proof of his (More's) clemency, that, while he was Chancellor, no man was put to death for these pestilent dogmas, while so many have suffered capital punishment for them in France, in Germany, and in the Netherlands."

And More himself repeatedly asserts, that he was averse to all harshness in the case of dissenters:

"And yet, as touches heretics, let me not be misunderstood; I hate their errors, not their persons, and very fain would I that the one were destroyed and the other saved. And that I have towards them no other mind than this—how loudly soever these blessed new brethren, the professors of verity, belie me—I ask to be judged by my conduct. If all the favor and pity I have used among them to their amendments were known, it would, I warrant you, plainly appear; of which, if requisite, I could bring forth more witnesses than men could ween."*

Again, he says, in his usual humorsome manner:

"Of all that ever came into my hands for heresy, not one of them, so help me God, had any stripe or stroke given him; nay, not so much as a flip on the forehead. All I had to do was the sure keeping of them—and yet not so sure either, but that George Constantine found means to steal away from me. And some said, that, when he got away, I fell into a wonderful rage. Now, surely, though I would not have suffered him to go, if it would have pleased him to tarry still in the stocks, yet, when he was neither so feeble for lack of meat, but that he was strong enough to break the stocks, nor was he so lame with lying, but that he was light enough to leap the walls, nor so mishandled in the head, but that he had wit enough, when well out, to go his way; so, neither was I so heavy at the loss of him, but that I had youth enough left me to get the better of it; nor so angry with any man of mine, that I spake any evil word for the matter, other than to my porter, to whom I said: 'John, see the stocks mended, and locked fast, lest the prisoner should return and steal into them again.' And as for Constantine, how can I do other than give him credit for what he did. Never will I be so unreasonable as to be angry with any man, who, when he finds himself sitting ill at his ease, shall change his position for a better. * * * And when men say that Master Chancellor would rejoice, and had a cruel desire of the death of heretics, I will venture to say, knowing him as well as I do, that, in this respect, they grossly belie him."†

Viewed in the face of these declarations, stamped as they are with the seal of truth, Mr. Fronde's four distinct cases of prosecution, alleged against More, would reasonably disappear, but, examined even in the light of facts, they are found wholly groundless. Philips, the first victim of "More's philosophical mercies," owed his three years' imprisonment, as Mr. Fronde allows, to Bishop Stokesley; and More, as Chancellor, was bound to arrest the heretic,

* *Apology*, chap. 49.

† *Ibid.*

and deliver him for trial to the ecclesiastical authorities, who were the proper judges in religious matters. If he was present at the trial, and sought to induce the accused to retract, it was most likely through motives of humanity; at all events, he had no hand whatever in the sentence, for his judicial authority ceased with his delivery of the culprit to the spiritual tribunal. We must bear in mind that laws then existed against heretics, and, however much More might be opposed to them, he was bound, by virtue of his office, to execute them, exactly as other severe or unjust enactments of the criminal code, of which he just as strongly disapproved. He is as much bound by law to issue the writ "*de heretico comburendo*" against Lollardists and Lutherans, as to pronounce sentence of death upon those guilty of theft. The act is proper legally, though morally unjust.

Fields, who is also claimed by Mr. Fronde as a sufferer for justice' sake, was not tried for heresy, as is apparent from his memorial to Audley, for he was sentenced by the Star Chamber to imprisonment in the Fleet. Bilney, another of the unhappy victims, whose fate excites the sympathies of the paradoxical historian, was first tried before Wolsey, not in the capacity of Chancellor of England, but of Bishop of York; afterwards he recanted, at the instance of the Bishop of London, and having relapsed he was sent to the stake by the Bishop of Norwich. More maintains* that Bilney died a Catholic, and Foxe furiously vituperates him, not (as Mr. Fronde probably supposed) for having sentenced one more martyr to die in the cause of truth, but for seeking to erase a name from the Protestant martyrology. Baynham, the last sacrifice to More's bitter hatred of orthodoxy, was not condemned, as Foxe himself admits, by Sir Thomas, but by Braford, the vicar-general of London diocese; and he was not chained to a tree in More's garden and whipped, for More distinctly disclaims having used violence in any cases but those already mentioned. When Fronde furthermore charges More with a disregard of the statutes of the Fourth and Fifth Henries, limiting to a certain time the period of imprisonment, he evidently forgets the proclamation of 1529, granting power to the bishops to hold heretics in custody at their discretion.† The king's

* Preface to *Refutation of Tindale*.

† Given in Foxe, iv., 677.

proclamations, according to the concessions of the Parliament, had the validity of law, and, consequently, to act in contravention to the authority thus conferred upon the bishops, would be illegal, and at the same time hazardous to the heretics, for they would then exchange the prison for the stake.

If, then, we recollect that More's administration occurred during a season of violent persecution ; that intolerance was the creed of the age ; that he himself finally had been drawn, though with the greatest reluctance, to adopt it as a theory ; that he was filled with horror at the excesses of the Anabaptists in Germany and the Lutherans in Italy ; we must acknowledge that, abstaining as he did from any personal share in the detestable practices of the times, he gave stronger proofs of charity, humanity, and enlightenment than any other man of his day.

Now come the days of More's trials and glory. Anne Boleyn, who had been previously privately married to Henry, is crowned on the first of June, 1533 ; but More, who is not one of those glow-worms that shine in the summer of their friends' good fortune, and crawl away in the adverse storm, shows his attachment to the unfortunate Catharine by absentsing himself from the imposing pageant. This silent rebuke to

"The minions of splendor, shrinking from distress,"

is made known to the king by officious courtiers, and Henry, probably prompted by his new queen, only seeks a pretence to visit More with his displeasure. The affair of the Nun of Kent furnishes an opportunity, and the names of More, Fisher and others are placed together on a bill of attainder, for having given credence to the ravings of the religious enthusiast. More clears himself of the charge, in a letter to Cromwell, but is examined by a deputation, and counselled to change his opinions concerning the divorce. He persists in maintaining his former convictions, and when he is threatened with the king's displeasure, if he is obstinate, he calmly replies: "These terrors be arguments for children, not for me."^{*} And he went home rejoicing, and said to Roper: "I will tell thee why I am so merry, son Roper ; it is because I have given the devil a foul fall, and that with these lords I have gone so far as without great shame I can never go back again."[†] With nothing foolhardy or reckless in his disposi-

^{*} Roper, 70.

[†] *Ibid.*

tion, that inclined him to court danger for its excitement, More passes through the trial, when it comes, with quiet steadiness, heartily rejoicing that he had, at the hazard of his life, resisted a strong temptation and escaped the seductions of a corrupt court. The Duke of Norfolk is afterward dispatched to exert every means, persuasion, entreaty, and threats, to induce the ex-Chancellor to acknowledge his concurrence in the decisions on the divorce pronounced by the universities and bishops. "By the mass! Master More, it is perilous striving with princes; the anger of a prince brings death." "Is that all?" rejoined More. "Then the difference between you and me is but this—that I shall die to-day and you to-morrow."* On account of his opposition to the king, Lord Manners charges him with ingratitude for the royal favors, saying bitterly: "Even so the old proverb is, '*Honores mutant Mores*.'"[†] "The proverb is most apt, my lord, if rightly translated," retorted Sir Thomas, "Honors change manners."[‡]

The statutes are then passed, conferring spiritual supremacy upon the king, establishing the succession, and legalizing Henry's second marriage; and it is made high treason to slander said marriage, or to seek to prejudice the rightful succession, if the offence is committed by writing, printing, or deed, and misprision, if by words only. More is commanded to proceed to Lambeth, to take the oath before the four commissioners. He knows the consequence of a refusal to subscribe to the test. He has pondered the matter deeply and weighed the cost. "If I have to choose between my conscience and the scaffold, shall I take the oath against my conscience and live, or shall I refuse it and die?" "As the city of London could not make a law against an act of Parliament, which bound the whole nation, neither could this realm make a particular law, incompatible with the general law of Christ's Universal Catholic Church."[‡] And so he chooses. It was clearly beyond the jurisdiction of Parliament to make the king head of the Church, and More's conscience will not allow him to acknowledge authority which Henry himself had, in former days, disclaimed. Parliament may lawfully settle the succession, and More is

* Roper, 73.

† Cresacre; also Sir Richard Balstrope's *Essays*, 1715.

‡ Trial, given in Roper.

willing to swear to it as established, but he cannot consistently take the oath.

He is then sent to the Tower,* and, until the moment of his death, his fortitude and vivacity do not forsake him. At the gate of the Tower lodge the porter demands the customary perquisite of his office, the prisoner's upper garment. "Marry, good Master porter, here it is, and sorry am I that it is no better,"† said Sir Thomas, as he proffered the officer his cap. He meets Bishop Fisher in the Tower-yard, and accosts him: "Well met, my lord; I hope we shall meet in heaven." And Fisher, as he enters the archway, answers: "This should be the way, Sir Thomas. 'Tis a very strait gate we are in."‡ As the gay knight enters his apartment in that famed Bastile, he observes gravely to the keeper: "Good Master Lieutenant, methinks I shall have no reason to dislike my fare; but, whenever I do, do not, I pray you, spare me, but thrust me out of your doors at once."§

New trials await him still, for his daughter and wife seek, by tears and entreaty, to shake his firmness. Worldly Alice upbraids him with the folly of biding in a filthy prison, when he might be, if he willed, in his right fair home at Chelsea. "Yea, in God's name, I muse what you mean by still fondly tarrying here?" "Why, good Alice, tell me one thing," answered her gentle husband, "is not this house as near heaven as mine own?"|| But Alice insists on the madness of resisting the test, when, by taking it, he might be free, and "lead a happy life in his home, perhaps, for twenty years to come." "Well, now, good Alice," replied he, "if you had said some thousand, nay some hundred years, it had been somewhat; and yet he were a very bad calculator that would risk the losing of an eternity for some hundred or thousand years."¶

He remains firm as a rock; no solicitations can affect his resolution; no influence that can be brought to bear upon him causes him to swerve in the least from the strict path of rectitude. When duty points the way, he cannot choose but follow its directions. Though others, remarkable for wisdom and piety, freely take the oath, their example does not move More, for he intends not "to pin his soul to any man's back,

* April 17th, 1534.

† Cresacre, 134.

‡ Bailey's *Life of Bishop Fisher*.

§ Rastell.

|| Roper, 79.

¶ *Ibid.*

not even the best at that day living, for he knows not whither he might hap to carry it."* He stands, amid the universal back-sliding, almost the only bright example of adherence to principle and obedience to conscience.

It is useless to dilate on his prison life, though it is the most interesting portion of his eventful career. His irrepressible cheerfulness, his calm resignation, his trustfulness in God, his diffidence in his own strength, his mental activity, expending itself in the composition of his touching letters and devotional works—the noblest legacy of his genius to mankind; his ingenious devices to maintain the communication with his relatives and friends, and his continual practices of piety, evincing the depth of his religious feelings, are all matters of history. With Lovelace, who was afterwards confined within the same dark walls, he could feel that

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage."

Neither need we linger over the records of his trial in that very court, where he himself had, in former days, presided with such honor. Never was there a nobler prisoner arraigned before any bar in a nobler cause, and never did one deport himself more nobly. His respectfulness, simplicity, calmness, dignity, and adherence to legal forms, won the unwilling admiration of his judges, though his unanswerable defence did not procure him justice. Audley pronounces against him sentence of law for treason—hanging, drawing, and quartering—but immediately informs him that the king, in consideration of his former high station, commuted his punishment to decapitation. "I thank his grace for his kindness," said the unnerved prisoner, "but I pray God to preserve all my friends from favors such as these."

Now, indeed, was the field at last won. The dread ordeal was passed, and he, who had so much mistrusted his own fortitude, bore himself with more calmness, strength, and cheerfulness than those who were tasked with depriving him of life. Fronde, with a fidelity and grace wholly his own, describes the last wonderful scene in his life :

"The four days which remained to him, he spent in prayer and in severe bodily discipline. On the night of the 5th of July, although he did

* *Margaret Roper to Alice Allingham.*—Rastell.

not know the time which was fixed for his execution, yet, with an instinctive feeling that it was near, he sent his daughter Margaret his hair-shirt and whip, as having no more need for them, with a parting blessing of affection. He then lay down and slept quietly. At daybreak he was awake by the entrance of Sir Thomas Pope, who had come to confirm his anticipations, and to tell him that it was the king's pleasure that he should suffer at nine o'clock that morning. He received the news with utter composure. 'I am much bounden to the king,' he said, 'for the benefits and honors he has bestowed upon me; and, so help me God, most of all am I bounden to him that it pleaseth his Majesty to rid me shortly out of the miseries of this present world.'

"Pope told him the king desired that he would not use many words on the scaffold. 'Mr. Pope,' he answered, 'you do well to give me warning; for, otherwise, I had purposed somewhat to have spoken, but no matter wherewith his Grace should have cause to be offended. Howbeit, whatever I intended, I shall obey his Highness' command!'

"He afterwards discussed the arrangements for his funeral, at which he begged that his family might be present; and, when all was settled, Pope rose to leave. He was an old friend. He took More's hand and wrung it, and, quite overcome, burst into tears. 'Quiet yourself, Mr. Pope,' More said, 'and be not discomfited, for, I trust, we shall once more see each other full merrily, when we shall live and love together in eternal bliss!'

"So about nine of the clock he was brought by the lieutenant out of the Tower, his beard being long—which fashion he had never before used—his face pale and lean, carrying in his hands a red cross, casting his eyes often towards heaven. He had been unpopular as a judge, and one or two persons in the crowd were insolent to him; but the distance was short, and soon over, as all else was nearly over now.

"The scaffold had been awkwardly erected, and shook as he placed his foot upon the ladder. 'See me up safe,' he said to Kingston; 'for my coming down, I can shift for myself.' He began to speak to the people, but the sheriff begged him not to proceed; and he contented himself with asking for their prayers, and desiring them to bear witness for him that he died in the faith of the holy Catholic Church, and a faithful servant of God and the king. He then repeated the *Miserere* psalm on his knees; and when he had ended and had risen, the executioner, with an emotion which promised ill for the manner in which his part in the tragedy would be accomplished, begged his forgiveness. More kissed him. 'Thou art to do me the greatest benefit that I can receive,' he said; 'pluck up thy spirit, man, and be not afraid to do thine office. My neck is very short; take heed, therefore, that thou strike not awry, for saving of thine honesty.' The executioner offered to tie his eyes. 'I will cover them myself,' he said; and, binding them in a cloth which he had brought with him, he knelt and laid his head upon the block. The fatal stroke was about to fall, when he signed for a moment's delay, while he moved aside his beard.

"'Pity that should be cut,' he murmured; 'that has not committed treason.' With which strange words—the strangest, perhaps, ever uttered at such a time—the lips most famous throughout Europe, for eloquence and wisdom, closed forever.

"This was the execution of Sir Thomas More; an act which was sounded out into the farthest corners of the earth, and was the world's wonder, as well for the circumstances under which it was perpetrated, as for the preternatural composure with which it was borne. Something

of this calmness may have been due to his natural temperament, something to an unaffected weariness of a world which, in his eyes, was plunging into the ruin of the latter days. But those fair hues of sunny cheerfulness caught their color from the simplicity of his faith, and never was there a Christian's victory over death more grandly evinced than in that last scene."²

The sensation caused by his death throughout Christendom was as great as that created not long before by the outburst of the Reformation. Emperors,[†] kings, statesmen, poets, Protestants and Catholics, united heartily in testifying their love and admiration for his memory, and execrating the blood-thirstiness of the tyrant who wrought his destruction. Still, to this day, one is almost tempted to rejoice at the cruelty of Henry, for it was the means of proving the capacity of human nature. More, in all the relations of life, had approached, as nearly as any man that ever lived, to relative perfection.

His life, if ever one was, is worthy of imitation. No matter from what stand-point we view him, his conduct is ever marked with nobility and rectitude. In his private relations, as a dutiful son, affectionate husband, loving father, kind master, faithful friend, conscientious man, and true Christian, we contemplate his character with reverence and delight. In his public capacity, literary and official, he wins our admiration. A genuine poet, yet no visionary; a true philosopher, inculcating kindly precepts; an earnest controversialist, with somewhat of the acerbity of the times; a constant author, yet continually busily engaged in public affairs; a successful pleader, yet always on the side of right; an able statesman, without the cunning arts of the diplomat; an honest courtier, never guilty of improper compliance; an assiduous judge, unapproachable in uprightness; he played his varied rôle on the world's stage as simply, honestly, and nobly as ever man that lived. "For learning and probity, for justice, contempt of money, humility, and true generosity of heart, he is one of the glories of the English nation;"[‡] while for integrity of soul, soundness of heart, the consistency between his convictions and his life, and his glorious champion-

² *History of England*, vol. ii., 380 *et seq.*

[†] Charles V. said: "This will we say: If we had been the master of such a servant, we would rather have lost the best city in our dominions than such a counsellor."—Roper, 95.

[‡] Burnet, iii., 356. The Bishop of Salisbury translated *Utopia*.

ship of the cause of conscience, his image will ever be gratefully cherished in the warm heart of humanity.

" Like Cato firm, like Aristides just,
Like rigid Cincinnatus, nobly poor,
A dauntless soul, erect, who smiled on death,"

More passed through life, seeking to be good rather than great or wise,* loving, as few ever loved, *his country, his king, his fellow-men, and his GOD*; and on this account, while there is a spark of love on earth for virtue, greatness and honor, his name will ever be among the brightest on the roll of fame.

ART. IV.—*Maud*. By ALFRED TENNYSON.

MANY poets have held to our lips cups filled with divine nectar, albeit flecked, sadly we confess it, with stains of earth-dust. Brave and fair is that "high companie," but strongest of all, of our time, is Tennyson. Half in the shadow he stands, holding a beaker; to what shall we liken it? Ruby, Bohemian glass veined with white—a sullen white, not lighting the glass by a bright contrast, but, rather, giving it a weird, ghostly hue. These ghostly veins of white are shaped and wreathed into wonderful figures, and on the goblet is engraven "*Maud*." That cup has been filled at the fountain of passionate human life: yet, watch awhile, see how at intervals the dull white becomes clear, and towards the rim even gleams through the dark red with a hidden luminousness.

Let us look for a few moments at this puzzling *Maud*. Very slight indeed is the outward action of the poem. A man, rendered morbid by circumstances only dimly hinted at, which crushed fresh life out of him when young, lives alone in a little house in the woods, nourishing blindly his bitterness. He sees *Maud*, whom he knew when both were children; he loves her and she loves him. But she has a brother who wishes to marry her to a lord. Once, after a festal evening, *Maud* steals out into the garden to meet her "true lover." They are surprised by her brother and the rich suitor; words

* "For I had rather pass for a good man than a wise one."—Letter to Peter Giles, prefixed to *Utopia*.

follow, her lover becomes angry, a duel is fought, her brother falls, and the lover flies to the coast of Brittany. Then follows delirium. Of what becomes of Maud we are not fully informed. Finally the curtain falls on her lover hastening to the war in the Crimea. Not only is the action slight, but the connection is dimly traced: wherefore does *Maud* take such deep hold on people, and, especially, *morbid* people?

Humanity! thy heart lies bare to the poet. As thou art, as thou longest to be, yea, more, as thou wert made to be, so speaks he, standing the expresser of what thou thyself only faintly discernest in thyself. Not in one single human being doth the poet appear unto us; for the perfection of an individuality, as of an idea, is found alone in God. But he, in very deed and truth the perfect poet, has not left himself, at any time of the world, without a witness to that part of his character. As the need of any particular era arose, he supplied it. As each succeeding age stood on the battleplain of earth, better panoplied for that warfare—reaching out more eagerly for that ever-recurring warfare of man's mind with spirit and matter—so also was the poet sent, with clearer insight, deeper passions, and stronger cognitions. Afar off, through the troubled murmurs of the past, come clarion rings of poesy swaying the souls of nations—as a wind sways the crested palm-trees, because of their appointed mission. Cymbals and trumpets always mingle with the song of the poet in those far-off regions which stretch in misty crimson magnificence, fascinating and yet oppressing us with an undefined feeling of uncertainty and dissimilarity. But as years roll on, each one pressing its stamp on the pages of earth's history, these surroundings are laid aside, and the unaccompanied voice of the poet reverberates through men's souls, speaking, heart bared to heart, mind bared to mind, by virtue of that grand spiritual consanguinity knitting us together, so that, “as in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man.” This mode of unaided expression prevails more than ever in this age, even to an unnatural degree, tending, in fact, to neglect of all musical rhythm in the earnest attempt to decipher the records burned upon our souls. And this tendency (unnatural, for as, in the sunbeam, light is wedded to heat, so, in poetry, rhythm is wedded to truth) is in direct accordance with the spirit of this age.

This marvellous age! Various titles have been given to it. We, too, claim the right of baptism, and call it the *morbid* age.

In so naming it, we do not blind ourselves to its daring in reachings to the heart of things, its noble action, its ceaseless search for truth: no, for it is in these very things that the justice of the name is found.

In the first, or barbaric age, mankind, like overgrown children, wrangled for slaves and petty crowns; yet amidst their littleness were traces of a strength, uncouth, indeed, but prophetic of future development, while flashes of keen spiritual intuition shone, though rarely, over the barren waste of a civilization which took direct cognizance only of the physical nature of man. Then came the youth age of the world, when people lived freely, frankly; the freshness and impetuosity of young life brightened the earth. This was in the palmy days of Greece. The Greeks chatted of wonders, ran from house to house in search of new wonders, laughed about them when found, and divided them into classes, sometimes startled by a brief vision of the intensity and mystery of these wonders: as in fairy tales boys build palaces in the happy sun-light, and under the luminous stars, only sometimes gazing with a vague awe busy at their hearts, as trails of lustrous purple splendor slowly pass over their skies. Whence do we know this? From their own records of that child-like reverence shown to the "prophetic, the poetic and the love-madnesses," and of the wonder excited by Socrates and Plato—Plato, whose philosophy, unperfected and unsounded even by himself, must have been to their clear, transparent natures very much like the symbol of chaos. For they (as is said in the *Phædrus* of the rhetoricians who "knew the things before tragedy, but not tragedy itself") knew the things before the soul, but not the soul itself, nor dared to enter in, only passed around it. Plato broke from their quibblings and hair-splittings, and pressed into the holy of holies, seeking to know even the One himself.

That, too, passed away, and the transition age came, when men, fairly awakened to the truth of the awful spirit-world—awful because infinite in its capacities—became blinded to the reality of the matter-world. Demons and genii, imps and angels, Sathanas and Jehovah, surrounded them on every side: still, although awakened, they failed to turn to the only sure clue of knowledge; the mystery of their own being they left unsearched, referring all that baffled them to supernatural influences. But the daring inquiry of ripening humanity suddenly startled this ghostly phantasma

goria: one by one beautiful veils were torn off, and the soul fell back upon its own naked self. What did this inner search reveal? Heights of goodness, reaching up unto God; depths of wickedness, falling down to the devil; a fierce struggle, shaking the mind by its intensity; fine, clear intuitions, piercing even to the knowledge of God; dull bluntnesses, hindering when the spirit-sword had almost cut its way to the goal. Out of this analysis of the facts of man's soul grew a morbid development of his mind. Among all these discordant elements could there be any harmony? And, more, did not the continual violation of truth and good, discernible in the world, tend to show that there was no all-good or all-truth? Back, back the reasoners were driven, till face to face they were with their own souls; and, oh! the utter horribleness of that; for within ourselves we find no peace, only a perpetual uproar of discords, hinting at capabilities of harmony, but not yet in harmony. Listen to the dirge of a mind so tossed about:

"We are puppets, man in his pride, and beauty fair in her bower;
Do we move ourselves, or are mov'd by an unseen hand at a game
That pushes us off the board and others ever succeed?"

* * * * *
The man of science himself is fonder of glory, and vain,
An eye well practis'd in nature, a spirit bounded and poor;
The passionate heart of the poet is whirl'd into folly and vice,
I would not marvel at either, but keep a temperate brain;
For not to desire and admire, if a man could learn it, were more
Than to walk all day, like the sultan of old, in a garden of spice.
For the drift of the Maker is dark, an Isis hid by the veil.
Who knows the ways of the world, how God will bring them about?"

The valley of the shadow of death had darkened around Maud's lover, whoever we were; God pity all who walk therein. Then, faith and trust are almost dying out; then, as he says of himself,

"A morbid hate and horror have grown
Of a world in which I have hardly mixt"—

then God seems falling from his pedestal, and the soul's despairing cry is, "If thou *be* God, let not the waters prevail against me!"

This morbidness is the characteristic of this age; men and women pass by us, who daily drink of the bitter cup filled from the charnel-house of hypochondria—hypochondria, which is but the final result of morbidness. What shall

make whole a human being thus diseased? "A course of natural science," say the chemist and astronomer, "will restore peace to his soul, by showing him the exquisite harmony in the motions of invisible atoms and ponderous spheres; also, the unwavering affinities in the elements of material existences. Surely, an investigation of these facts will calm him." "A thorough knowledge of both the inductive and the deductive method," says the metaphysician, "will show him his errors and how to overcome them; for he shall then see clearly the distinction between the known and the unknown; also, the grounds on which all belief should be logically founded." Ye be blind leaders of the blind; great as those means are, they are not great enough. Sisters! brothers! lay bare your hearts one to another; draw tenderly near to each other, for it is only throbbing, human love that shall break the spell. Yes, a love—whether between man and man, or man and woman, or woman and woman—but a love, that in strength and glory shall be a type of God's, will lead us back repentant, wearied children to the bosom of our Great Lover. Understand, however, all words have their own proper significations, which significations should not be distorted or violated any more than the characteristics of human beings should be; therefore, by love do not suppose that sentimentality, or passion degraded into lust, is intended. Far from us all be either idiocy or sensuality.

Let us see how Maud exorcised, by slow degrees, the spirit of bitterness and selfishness from the heart of her knight. Here is a simple, child-like acknowledgment of the fact. He speaks of her brother—

"Peace, angry spirit, and let him be!
Has not his sister smil'd on me?"

And, again—

"I have climb'd nearer out of lonely hell."

Won from that living death, life becomes doubly fresh and glowing. More, still, he knows that Maud loves him. There is no need of enlarging on that topic; you are referred to any quantity of yellow-covered publications for edification as to the orthodox manifestations of so-called love; this one piece of information is volunteered, that not one out of a hundred know what love is; perhaps, because we have never had a chance—perhaps, because our souls are not great

enough. Howsoever that may be, this was a pure fire, burning out all dross of selfishness, so that he

"Would die
To save from some slight shame one simple girl.
Not die, but live a life of truest breath,
And teach true life to fight with mortal wrongs."

It developed reverence and gratefulness also, so that he says :

"I dream of her beauty with tender dread,
From the delicate Arab arch of her feet
To the grace that, bright and light as the crest
Of a peacock, sits on her shining head.
And she knows it not—oh! if she knew it,
To know her beauty might half undo it.
I know it, the one bright thing to save
My yet young life in the wilds of time,
Perhaps from madness, perhaps from crime,
Perhaps from a selfish grave."

Yet Maud has hidden God by her presence. All beauties have become vassals to her alone ; the roses, the pimpernels, the acacia, and the violets, when the March wind, blowing their leaves, unveils the dewey blue of their eyes, all are prophetic of Maud alone.

The high-priestess, Suffering, robed in violet vestments, sits enthroned over the world ; her left hand presses the brow of humanity ; her right points up to the glory of God, breaking through clouds. Not capriciously or unjustly does she use her power, but wisely, her clear eyes seeing the faculties and capacities of each individual, and also the means for the development of those faculties and capacities. Each human soul knows her aspect sooner or later, nor could these two escape. They were parted. The story is told vaguely : Maud met her lover in the garden, her brother came with the "babe-faced lad" and "heap'd on her terms of disgrace," the lover retorted, the brother struck him, being angered, they had recourse to the

"Christless code
That must have life for a blow,"

till there

"rang a cry for a brother's blood.
It will ring in my heart and my ears till I die, till I die!"

Away on the Breton strand we next see the hero, but of Maud he knows nothing. Long days of agony and delirium

and weary longing follow, while still, over all, ring clear notes of unselfishness and reverent love for his "bird with the shining head;" still his prayer is,

"Let me and my passionate love go by,
But speak to her all things holy and high,
Whatever happen to me!"

Then comes the grand victor-song, swelling full and glorious, like the triumphal march of Beethoven's C minor symphony :

"It is time, it is time, O passionate heart," said I
(For I cleav'd to a cause which I felt to be pure and true),
'It is time, O passionate heart and morbid eye,
That old hysterical mock-disease should die.'
And I stood on a giant deck and mix'd my breath
With a loyal people shouting a battle-cry,
Till I saw the dreary phantom arise and fly
Far into the North and battle and seas of death.
Let it go or stay, so I wake to the higher aims
Of a land that has lost for a little her love of gold,
And love of a peace that was full of wrongs, of shames,
Horrible, hateful, monstrous, not to be told;
And hail once more to the banner of battle unroll'd!
Though many a light shall darken, and many shall weep
For those that are crush'd in the clash of jarring claims.
Yet God's just doom shall be wreak'd on a giant liar;
And many a darkness into the light shall leap,
And shine in the sudden making of splendid names,
And noble thought be freer under the sun,
And the heart of a people beat with one desire,
For the long, long canker of peace is over and done."

"I have conquered! I have conquered!" chant musician and poet alike; "down, petty complaints; on, soul! to the warfare for thy race."

Clear eyes have traced for us the cycles of the slowly-revolving double stars; strong hands have hewn out a path through the labyrinth of earth's bosom, laying open the hieroglyphics by the way; here the prophet heart of a poet has laid bare to us a soul that, in a great measure, is the type of the age. But shall we look with failing hope upon this tendency, to be found in science, in art, in religion? Not so; the strength which, uncontrolled, leads to morbidness, can, when controlled, God helping us, conquer it. By dint of earnest, truthful action, we shall yet "beat our music out."

- ART. V.—1. *Œuvres complètes de Molière, édition variorum, &c.* Par CHARLES LOUANDRE. 3 vols. 12mo. Paris : 1858.
2. *Œuvres de Molière, avec un Commentaire, un Discours Préliminaire, et un Vie de Molière.* Par M. AUGER, de l'Académie Française. 9 vols. 8vo. Paris : 1819–1827.
3. *Histoire de la Vie et des Ouvrages de Molière.* Par J. TASCHEREAU. 8vo. Paris : 1825.
4. *Recit de la Cérémonie de l'Inauguration de la Fontaine Molière, 15 Janvier, 1844.* 8vo. Paris : 1844.

No intellectual productions are more extensively borrowed than French comedies. They are deemed lawful plunder by all nations of Europe ; and by none more than by the English and ourselves. Nor is this the result of any passing whim ; it has been the same for more than two centuries. But the reverse is true of French tragedies. Many of the latter, too, have, indeed, been translated ; but scarcely any of them have succeeded. The French people are, proverbially, the most mercurial in Europe. None are gayer, more sprightly, more easily pleased. So exuberant is their vivacity, that the English and Germans, if not ourselves, found upon it the charge of levity and thoughtlessness. But the truth is, that those who do so, let them belong to what country they will, are thoughtless themselves. Otherwise they would understand, that what amuses people, so different from each other in their tastes and temperaments as the Germans, Italians, Danes, Swedes, English, Spaniards, &c., must have its foundation in human nature itself. In short, it must be genuine wit or humor that elicits a smile alike from gay and grave. The best proof of this universality is to be found in the freedom with which the dramatists of all nations borrow, as we have said, from the comic drama of France. A mere catalogue of the French comedies, which have been “adapted” to the stages of other countries, would occupy more space than we intend to devote to our whole article ; not to mention the hundreds of comic pieces, the chief materials of which have been drawn from the same source. And what French comedies in general are to the rest of Europe, the comedies of Molière are to the French people.

By this we do not mean that Molière is less known abroad than other comic dramatists. The reverse is the fact. No other dramatist of any country is so well known ; not ex-

cepting Shakespeare. There is no literature in Europe in which the names of his principal characters are not expressive of the same groups of ideas which he associates with them. For the present, we need only mention his *Tartuffe* and *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* in illustration of this. It is true, that an author, writing in the French language, has advantages which no other language affords, since it is studied generally, and more or less spoken, by the educated classes of all nations. At St. Petersburg and Moscow, as well as at London and Vienna, Berlin and Venice, Rome and Naples, New York and Boston, it is deemed an almost indispensable accomplishment to be more or less familiar with it. This would secure any particular work a ready introduction to a large class of foreigners; but it would not cause it to be translated, except it possessed merit. On the contrary, a work, in a language understood by comparatively few, would be much more likely to be translated, for the simple reason, that in the original the latter could be read by few; whereas the former might have a large audience in any of the enlightened nations of Europe or America, nay, in Asia or Africa.

But there is no comedy of Molière which has not been translated into all the principal languages of Europe. Of the majority, there are several versions in English, German, Italian, Spanish, Danish, and even in Russian; but in none has justice been done to the original—in no instance, of which we are aware, does the translation give any adequate idea of the inimitable humor of the author, or of his profound knowledge of human nature; and, in order to appreciate it in the original, the reader must be well acquainted with the latter. This we hope to illustrate more or less as we proceed, though the present article is intended merely as an introduction. The comedies of Molière are far too numerous and too pregnant with thought—they contain too many instructive lessons—to be disposed of in one paper. The task, if attempted, would be as vain as if a Frenchman undertook to analyze the works of Shakespeare within equal limits. No author can be fairly judged without copious specimens from his writings—certainly a larger variety than would fill all the pages which we can devote to the author of *Tartuffe*, on the present occasion. This explanation of our intentions seems the more necessary, because it is so much the habit of the present day to be gigantic and munificent in promises, but Lilliputian and niggardly in their fulfilment.

The writings of all are much more influenced by the circumstances by which they are surrounded, through life, than is generally supposed. This is particularly true of Molière, who commenced his career dependent on his own efforts, even for his daily bread. An outline, however brief, of his history, will therefore form a fitting introduction to our observations on his comedies. Like many other celebrated men, Jean-Baptiste Poquelin has left some doubt as to the place of his birth. To this day it is a matter of discussion; but the best authenticated account is, that he was born in the Rue St. Honoré, at the corner of Rue des Vieilles Etuves, Paris, on the 15th of January, 1622.* His family, though not aristocratic, was respectable. It consisted of decent burghers, who had for generations followed the business of tapestry manufacturers. Jean Poquelin, the father of the poet, had the reputation of being the best upholsterer in Europe. This seems sufficiently attested by the fact that he received the appointment of *valet-de-chambre-tapissier* to the king of France, a position which was then deemed one of honor as well as profit. At all events, the father was so well pleased with it, that his highest ambition seems to have been to enable his son to succeed him. He soon found, however, that the future comedian had no taste for upholstery, nor was he slow to discover that he was not destined to be a plodder—that, in short, he possessed genius. Under this impression, he was induced to place him at the Jesuits' College, Clermont, now the college of Louis-Le-Grand, though not without much importunity on the part of the future dramatist, supported by his grandfather. To the latter, Molière himself gave most of the credit for the world-wide fame which he afterwards attained. It seems the old man was passionately fond of the theatre. He was in the habit of attending the performances at the Hôtel de Bourgogne, which was then the great centre of dramatic taste, and he frequently took his grandchild with him. The more the latter saw of the theatre, the more passionately fond of it he became; but it is remarkable that the effect of the most laughter-provoking comedies on him was, to make him sad rather than joyful,

* The following is a copy of his baptismal certificate, taken from the register of the parish of St. Eustache: "Du samedi, 15 janvier, 1622, fut baptisé Jean, fils de Jean Poquelin, tapissier, et de Marie Cressé sa femme, demurant rue Saint-Honoré; le parrain Jean Poquelin, porteur de grains; la marraine Denise Lescacheux, veuve de feu Sébastien Asselin vivant marchand tapissier."

though it is probably nearer to the truth to say that they made him thoughtful. At all events, he had little taste for working at his trade after he had seen some twenty of the best comedies of the day performed by the best actors. The change thus produced was not a little accelerated by romantic tales which his grandfather took great delight in relating to him, and the old man had also sufficient intelligence to be able to analyze the plots of most of the pieces presented at the theatre, and sufficient literary ambition to attempt a criticism of each. For a time this was anything but pleasant to the father of Jean-Baptiste, who thought it would be the ruin of his son. Nor, indeed, did the prospect seem good to any ordinary observer who knew the family; for the future poet, though now fourteen years old, knew little more than how to read and write and cast up some accounts.* Indeed, it seems that he knew less than most of his playfellows. This, however, was not his fault. He was anxious to derive information from every possible source; but he had no time. When not working in his father's shop, he was at the theatre; and when he sat to rest, he devoted himself more to thinking than reading. But, once in college, he was the most industrious of students. In five years he passed through all the regular studies, including rhetoric, criticism and philosophy. The records of the college bear testimony to this day to his wonderful proficiency. Yet it was during the same period he formed those acquaintances which had the greatest influence on his life and fortunes. At Clermont he first met his good friend Chapelle, who at once took such a liking to him that he procured him lessons from the philosopher Gassendi, the fruits of which may be traced throughout his works, especially in the *Femmes Savantes*. Here, too, he met the traveller Bernier, Colbert, the satirist, the poet Hesnault, the critic Cyrano de Bergerac, and the Prince de Conti, brother of the great Condé. Each of these celebrated men gives us more or less insight into the college life of the author of *Tartuffe*, but he gives

* Some say that he did all he could to discourage him from study. "Si l'on croit quelques biographes," says M. Louandre, "le père de Molière, homme dur et borné, aurait tout fait pour étouffer l'intelligence naissante de son fils; il ne lui permettait pas de regarder hors de sa boutique, il ne voulait pas qu'il apprît autre chose qu'à lire, écrire et compter. Par bonheur pour la gloire de la France, l'aïeul paternel, Jean Poqueclin, qui aimait le théâtre, conduisit souvent son petit-fils à l'hôtel de Bourgogne. Ce serait là que se serait éveillé son génie."—*Œuvres de Molière*, vol. I., p. 39.

none himself; and we may add that he is no more communicative in regard to any other period of his history. It is characteristic of him, as of most of the world's greatest thinkers, that he took no thought of his fame. There were cyclopædists then, as there are now, who were ready and willing to note down every little incident in an author's life, and to give it just such coloring as he wished, for a consideration. In other words, he could have purchased a biography as he could a garment—quite as cheap—but the day he died not a line had he left in reference to himself. All his biographers express their wonder, as well they may, at this, contrasting, as it does so remarkably, with the voluminous memoirs left by fourth-rate authors, whose works will scarcely survive the dissolution of their bodies in the grave.*

Owing to this modesty on the part of Molière, we should know as little about his private life to-day as we do of that of Shakespeare, were it not that in the time of the former the printing press was in pretty general use, especially in France, and authors were allowed more companionship with the great than they were in England. But if Molière neglected to record his own aspirations and successes, he did not forget the world with which he was surrounded. Even in college, he carefully studied the characters of all with whom he had intercourse, at the same time availing himself of every suggestion that a man of genius could turn to practical account. Thus, for example, it was his conferences with Gassendi that inspired him with a desire to translate Lucretius and Plautus. Although he was not successful in either task, there is abundant evidence in his writings that he profited largely by each. Nor was he a whit less modest, on leaving college, than he was in entering it. Since he did not like the drudgery of a *valet-de-chambre-tapisier* at the age of fourteen, it is not strange that he did not like it at nineteen, after he had cultivated the acquaintance of the greatest philosophers, poets, and historians of ancient and modern times. When called upon to take his father's place, however, he did not object. Though much against his will, he accompanied Louis XIII. to Narbonne in 1641. The king

* "Il y a dans l'existence de Molière," says Bazin, "qui a beaucoup écrit, et que son métier a longtemps tenu en vue, cette double singularité qu'il n'a pas laissé une seule ligne de sa main, que nul de ses contemporains, de ses amis, n'a rien recueilli, rien communiqué au public de sa personne," &c.—*Notes Historiques sur la vie de Molière*, p. 3.

had the perception to see that he was entirely out of his sphere, and he had the good-nature to tell the young poet that he appreciated his disposition to be obedient—willing to gratify his sovereign as much as possible, even in an uncongenial office, he was at liberty to devote himself to more agreeable pursuits. Another king would have gone further and given him a congenial position at court; but Louis XIII. was but an indifferent judge of the capabilities of those around him. At all events, young Pocquelin found himself at liberty soon after his return from Narbonne. Nor was he slow in availing himself of it, for soon after we find him studying law at Orleans, where he was admitted in due time to the bar. His friends thought now that he was fully devoted to the law. Most probably he thought so himself for a while; but he soon grew tired of its dry technicalities. Some say that the want of clients was the chief cause of his disgust. Be this as it may, he returned to Paris in 1645. He soon formed a society of young men who met two or three times a week for the purpose of acting plays for amusement. In a short time they amused others as well as themselves; large audiences came to see them; this naturally suggested the idea of emolument; the question was duly discussed in all its bearings; and the result was the formation of a permanent company, with Molière at its head.

This gave great scandal to the poet's friends; for the profession of an actor was declared infamous by the law. Public opinion held it pretty much in the same light, with the exception that eminence was held to retrieve the character of the actor, and entitle him to the esteem of, at least, the middle ranks of society. It does not seem that young Pocquelin anticipated any such distinction as this; but he was anxious to conciliate the prejudices of his friends in any way in his power. It was with this view that he dropped the family name, to save it from degradation, and assumed that of Molière. This is the name by which he has since been known to the world, and which will be illustrious as long as the highest order of literature is admired; whereas, Pocquelin is saved from obscurity only by the shadow cast upon it by the assumed appellation.

Among the company thus formed, and which styled itself *L'Illustre Théâtre*, were several whom Molière was destined to render famous; including Madeleine Béjart and her two brothers, Mademoiselle Duparc, &c. Its success at

the beginning of its public career was by no means brilliant, and the same may be said of several pieces written at this time by Molière, of which little more than their names is now known. We are told by the best informed of his biographers, that he undertook a tragedy at Bordeaux, entitled *La Thébaine*, but it proved an utter failure—was literally hissed off the stage. This satisfied the author that the serious was not his forte. He must have made several similar attempts previously; for nothing is heard of him from 1646 to 1653. During these seven years, he went about from one country town to another, and not unfrequently he found it difficult to procure the necessaries of life. That his pen was not idle, however, is sufficiently proved by the *Maître d'Ecole*, the *Docteur Amoureux*, the *Médecin Volant*, and the *Jalousie du Barbouillé*, though it does not appear that any of them had ever been printed until lately. They were of sufficient merit, at all events, to attract the attention of the Prince de Conti, his school-fellow, who was the first to patronize his troupe, and who subsequently introduced him to Philip of Orleans, the brother of Louis XIV. The latter prince was so much pleased with his writing and acting that he permitted him to call his company *Le Troupe de Monsieur*. Still he did not venture to brave the criticisms of a Parisian audience; but the honorable reception he had experienced at Bordeaux, Béziers, Pézenas and Narbonne, from the most cultivated of the country *noblesse*, inspired him with renewed confidence in his genius. This was all he wanted, as the result proved; for it was at this time he produced at Lyons his comedy of the *Etourdi*, the earliest of his pieces which have been deemed worthy of preservation in their integrity. The success of this was such as to satisfy his most sanguine expectations, so far as country audiences were concerned. He did not remain long at Lyons, however; he proceeded to Avignon, where he was also received with every demonstration of favor and esteem; and from Avignon he was invited to Béziers by the Prince de Conti, where soon after *Depit Amoureux* was produced. These two pieces, very different as they are, and of very unequal merit, established the reputation of Molière in the provinces. *L'Etourdi* is rather a series of detached pieces than a regular drama—

"Et chaque acte en sa pièce est une pièce entière."

and it has been censured accordingly. But there were then no regular comedies on the French stage. The piece has but

little plot; it turns upon the schemes of an intriguing valet, to facilitate the union of his master with the heroine. The task proves amusingly difficult, because the lady's lover is of so bustling and prying a character that he is everywhere present, just at the moment that it is to be desired that he should be at the greatest possible distance. There is no truer specimen of a gentleman-like coxcomb than *Lélie*, the principal character. But this could not be inferred from any English translation of the piece with which we are acquainted. Take, for example, that by Dryden, or, rather, by the Duke of Newcastle, for Dryden merely adapted the piece to the stage from the Duke's version, giving it the title of *Sir Martin Marplot*, that by which it is best known to English readers. The hero of the latter is entirely different from that of the former, and the same may be said of the *dénouement*. The coxcomb of Molière is gay and light-hearted, but shrewd and sensible withal; whereas Dryden's Sir Martin is simply an awkward, bustling fool; one so unworthy of the heroine, that it is deemed best to bestow her hand on the intriguing domestic—a piece of indecorum, which would not be tolerated on the French stage, and for which Molière has afforded no excuse. Yet, to this day almost, universal as the French language is, the author of *L'Etourdi* is censured for the errors of his translators, by persons who, though very intelligent in other respects, cannot understand that no two compositions may be more different than a comedy in one language and that which purports to be a translation of it in another.

The success of the *Etourdi* and *Dépit Amoureux* were such that the Prince de Conti thought he should be honored by appointing Molière his secretary—or perhaps it would be more correct to say that the Prince had perception enough to see that the poet was destined to shed a lustre, if not on the age in which he lived, at least on all who favored him with their patronage and support. But it seems the appointment was offered only on condition that Molière would abandon the stage. This he respectfully but firmly declined to do, informing his patron that he was too much attached to his profession to render it possible that he could relinquish it, even for one whom he loved and esteemed as much as him. Others, however, place the refusal of the poet on a different footing—alleging that he was willing enough to accept the sinecure, with all the advantages which it offered, but

that he was deterred by the fate of Sarrasin, who came to his death in the same office. It was said that the Prince was in the habit of maltreating his secretary, the immediate cause of whose death was supposed to be a blow on the head with the fire-tongs, in the hands of his enraged master. But the story is no longer believed; nor should it be; for nothing is more inconsistent with the character of the Prince, as drawn by those who knew him best, and who would not be likely to conceal so brutal an act.

Whatever was Molière's object, he still continued his wandering life in the provinces. Both the plays of which we have just been speaking had been translated into several languages before he ventured to try his fortune in Paris the second time. Nor was it without much misgiving that he finally resolved on doing so. In 1658 he proceeded to Rouen, where he spent the summer, occasionally taking a trip to the capital incognito, in order to ascertain as best he might what his chances of success were. It was during one of these secret visits that he obtained permission from Philip d'Orleans, the king's brother, to offer him the services of his company, and called it *Le Troupe de Monsieur*. Philip was so well pleased with the performances that he did not hesitate to introduce Molière to the king and the queen-mother, as not only the director of his company, but the author of several dramas of singular merit—pieces which had elicited the applause of the most fastidious critics in Europe. This secured their attention at once. The *Salle des Gardes* of the old Louvre was immediately fitted up as a private theatre. The director was called upon to select whatever piece he thought best for the first representation; and, with that graceful modesty which was always characteristic of him, he chose Corneille's *Nicomède*.

This was a fine play, but far too serious for a company used to such brilliant and amusing pieces as those of Molière. The director saw that the king was about to withdraw from his place with his whole party; but he was determined not to fail without a fair trial. He instantly came to the front of the stage and begged permission to address their majesties, which was readily granted. Those who knew Molière best, and had most confidence in his abilities, were astonished at the eloquence, good sense, and good taste that characterized his speech; and its effect on their majesties was all he could have desired. He commenced by thanking them mo-

destly for the honor they had done him in coming, and for their gracious kindness in bearing so long with a company so little accustomed to a royal audience; and ended by humbly requesting that they would allow him to represent one of those little *divertissements* with which he was accustomed to entertain the less fastidious audiences of the provinces. The king consented; all waited until the actors dressed themselves for their new rôles; and the *Docteur Amoureux* electrified the whole court. This confirmed the reputation of Molière. The king not only authorized him to establish his company in Paris, but also to perform at the *Théâtre du Petit Bourbon* alternately with the Italian comedians.

It was not until he was thus favored that he ventured to commence the satirical war in which he has proved, more conclusively than any other modern writer, that the pen is more powerful than the sword. No satires have had more effect, in any age or country, in correcting abuses of various kinds than the comedies of Molière. This is particularly true of *Les Précieuses Ridicules*, which was produced soon after the permission referred to was granted by the king. It would be foreign to our purpose, on the present occasion, to enter into any details as to the cause or object of this satire. We may remark in passing, however, that it was chiefly levelled at a coterie of women of rank who then held sway in Paris, and pretended to be the supreme judges in all matters of taste, culture, and refinement, especially in the niceties of the French language. They met daily, or, rather, nightly, at the Hôtel de Rambouillet, whence they issued those bulletins by which all making any pretence to *bon ton*, were to be guided. No one deemed worthy of being a member of this coterie spoke as other people did. All affected a sort of jargon, which was held to be most fashionable and elegant in proportion as it set common sense at defiance. Ribou published a dictionary of this curious dialect, which gives a more correct idea of its character than any description we could attempt to give. In this curious work, water is defined as *l'humeur celeste*; a night-cap is called *le complice innocent de mensouage*; a disdainful smile, *un bouillon d'orgueil*; a chaplet, *une chaîne spirituelle*, &c., &c. Nor was it alone in their language and conversation that the ladies of this society affected to differ from all the world besides, and set public opinion at defiance; they were equally peculiar in other respects. For example, the marchioness

who presided generally received her visitors, whether male or female, in bed. Strange and absurd as all this was, it was taking deep root; for who could deny that what had the sanction of Voiture, Ménage, Balzac, de Seigné, Pascal, L'Enclos, Bossuet, Deshouillères, la Rochefoucauld, and others of equal eminence in the world of literature, was worthy of being respected? So thought the highest dignitaries of the bench; so thought even the most pious and distinguished prelates. Yet Molière had the courage to undertake exposing the whole system to public ridicule and scorn. One of the rules of the coterie was, to address each other as *ma chère*, *ma précieuse*, &c. Hence the title of the play. The principal characters are two females, the daughters of an honest burgher. Wishing to be fashionable, like their neighbors, they discard their baptismal names, as not being sufficiently elegant for the times, and adopt the more classic appellations of *Aminte* and *Polixène*. They affect a corresponding change in their whole conversation and demeanor. As for their father, they have the greatest contempt for him; for they have grown so sentimental and classic all of a sudden, that he cannot understand them, but, supposing them to have lost their senses, is in great tribulation. Madame de Rambouillet, the head of the society, is distinguished by the romantic appellation of Arthenice. Two gentlemen propose to the honest burgher for the hands of his daughters. He thinks them excellent matches, but the ladies reject them with scorn, because they are so vulgar as not to be acquainted with the new dialect. The good man remonstrates in vain; the suitors are dismissed as unworthy of notice. In order to avenge themselves, the latter cause their two valets to be prepared for the occasion, and introduced to Aminte and Polixène as noblemen and paragons of fashion. They introduce themselves as the Vicomte de Jodelet and the Marquis de Mascarille, and the more absurdly and impudently they act the more highly are they esteemed by the *Précieuses*; until, towards the conclusion, their true character and calling are discovered, and the piece ends, overwhelming the fine ladies with shame and confusion.

The delight which this piece gave the general public is described by all as unbounded. For four months it had an uninterrupted run. The charges for admission were raised; still the people flocked to see it in thousands—not only the citizens of Paris, but all who resided within twenty miles of

the capital. Great was the glory of the strolling actor; though he excited the hatred of a large number belonging to the first families in France, even those who were most pointedly ridiculed acknowledged the force of his genius and the general truthfulness of his satire. For example, it is related that when M. Ménage, who was a prominent member of the coterie, was leaving the theatre, after hearing *Les Précieuses* for the first time, he expressed his own recantation in the words of Clovis, when he became a convert to Christianity, and told the assembled Franks they must now burn the idols they had hitherto adored. "Monsieur, nous approuvions, vous et moi, toutes les sottises qui viennent d'être, critiquées si finement et avec tant de bon sens; mais pour me servir de ce que saint Remi dit à Clovis, il nous faudra brûler ce que nous avons adoré, et adorer ce que nous avons brûlé."^{*}

No wonder that Molière himself was rejoiced; but, far from assuming any new airs, he continued as modest as ever. The chief effect of his success on himself was to satisfy him that his forte lay in satirizing the follies, extravagances, and vices of the day. His own remark was, that it was not necessary for him any longer to study Plautus and Terence, or to patch up fragments from Ménandre.[†]

But the greatest misfortunes of Molière commenced with his greatest glory. No one affords a more striking and painful illustration of the adage, that unalloyed happiness is not the lot of man. Molière had, now, abundance of money as well as fame; but he wanted what he prized more than either, the love of his young wife, which he had the painful consciousness of being given to another. We here approach a most disagreeable episode in the life of Molière; but a part, at least, of the truth must be told, in order to satisfy the requirements of biography. While the poet was travelling in the country, he formed a *liaison* with Madeleine Béjart, an actress of his company, to whom we have already alluded. This does not seem to have lasted long. Soon again the susceptible poet formed another attachment, of which the object was Mademoiselle Duparc, who failed to return it. This caused him great grief. Mademoiselle de Brie, then in

^{*} *Histoire du Théâtre Français*, par les frères Parfait.

[†] "Je n'ai plus que faire d'étudier Plaute et Terence, ni d'épouler des fragments de Ménandre."—*Louandre*, vol. i., p. 188.

the prime of youth and beauty, readily understood his situation, and she lost no time in trying whether tenderness and friendship could not heal the wounds of love. She, too, belonged to the stage. When Molière came to Lyons, she was a member of another company; but, being a lady of education and intelligence, it was only necessary for her to read one of his pieces, or converse with him, in order to feel assured that he was no ordinary director. Accordingly, she lost no time in offering him her services, nor did he hesitate to accept them. By degrees she brought him to confide his grief to her. In a short time all need for sympathy on his part had passed away. But one day Molière appeared before her as sad as ever: "What does this mean?" said she. "Are you indeed relapsing again?" His reply was, that all her care had been useless; for that the malady, instead of leaving him, had only changed its form; and that he now required a physician who should save him from the wounds she herself had inflicted. Her response was equally witty and appropriate. "These wounds," said she, "will not hurt you; for they have been more fatal to myself than to you." This was the simple truth. It had been well for Molière that he had continued faithful to this lady; for, though an actress, she was a faithful and virtuous woman. There is no doubt that he married her; but it is equally certain that he was not long married, when he formed new attachments. He was all the more to blame for this, because all his biographers bear testimony to her high personal attractions. Thus, she is described by Bazin, as "tall, slender, and graceful; noble in her carriage, and natural in all her attitudes, with something particularly delicate in her face and features, which rendered her most fitting for the part of an *ingénue*. Her eyes possessed a peculiar charm, derived from their mingled expression of candor and tenderness. She was more intelligent than witty, and had not a shadow of coquetry." No actress of her time was more popular than Mademoiselle de Brie; but her popularity never made her haughty, or weaned her affections in the least from Molière. Even after he abandoned her, she still continued to love and admire him; nay, after his death, her chief pleasure was to personate the heroines he thought most of himself. Her favorite character was that of Agnès in the *Ecole des Femmes*. On one occasion, when sixty years of age, she yielded this character to a young actress, more suitable, she

thought, than herself, to personate a heroine of sixteen. But the pit refused to accept the change; the greatest uproar prevailed, until the favorite had to be sent for; and next day the following verses appeared in the *Mercur*:

" Il faut qu'elle ait été charmante
Puisqu' aujourd'hui, malgré les ans,
Ape'ne des attraits naissans
Egalent sa beauté mouranté."

The worst sin that Molière ever committed was to abandon a woman like this. Nor was retribution slow in reaching him for it; for the girl of sixteen years old, whom he had undertaken to educate himself, brought scandal and disgrace upon him. Armande Béjart, the sister of his former mistress, was twenty years his junior when he married her. The relationship alone would have been a cause of scandal; but it was even alleged that Armande was his own daughter, by Madeleine Béjart. Montfleury, an actor of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, wrote a pamphlet to prove the charge, and went so far as to present it to Louis XIV., in the form of a petition. The infamous attempt failed, however; it is to the glory of le Grand Monarque that, in order to give the most emphatic proof of his regarding the whole story as a slander, he became sponsor himself for Molière's first child by Armande, in conjunction with his sister-in-law, Henrietta of England, Duchess of Orleans. Of the many acts of kindness and friendship done by Louis XIV. to the literary men of his time, this was perhaps the most magnanimous; but it could not prevent Armande from being guilty of the most scandalous conduct as the wife of Molière. It was impossible for the poet himself to be ignorant of her conduct, for many years before their separation. Even now, it was she who separated from him, under pretence of being offended at some allusion to her amours. When his friend Chapelle came to console him, telling him that he was well rid of so false a woman, his reply was: "Shall I tell you all I have suffered since our separation? My heart is torn by regrets. I seek everywhere excuses for Armande's faults; and *I find a thousand*. I consider her youth and the temptations that surround her. I enter into her interests—I pity, and can no longer blame. I absolve her, in short, and hate myself for having been able to leave her. I affirm it—there is but one kind of love—it is that which I have described to you. Oh! my dear friend,

everything in this world is associated in my heart with Armande. Nothing can console me for her absence; and if I were to behold her at this moment, my emotion, my delight, would deprive me of reflection. I should no longer have eyes for her defects, but only for her charming and agreeable qualities.”*

We shall not trouble our readers, on the present occasion, with any account of the different intrigues in which it was publicly known M^{me}. Molière was engaged, for they would occupy a large part of our paper by themselves. The many injured husbands whom Molière ridiculed in his comedies had ample satisfaction when they heard of his own misfortunes, for the worst of them had hardly been more imposed upon than himself. Several of his comedies are either wholly founded on intrigues of this kind, or have a direct bearing upon them—such as *Sgnaurde, ou Le Cocu Imaginaire*, *L'Ecole des Femmes*, *La Critique des L'Ecole des Femmes*, *Le Mariage Forcé* and *George Dandin*.

But to return to *Les Précieuses Ridicules*. This famous piece was translated, or, rather, imitated by Shadwell, the McFlecnoe of Dryden, under the title of *Bury-Fair*, which, though little known now, was well received at the time of its publication. Molière's next production was the *Cocu Imaginaire*, first performed in 1660. This was not so successful as either of his two former pieces, although it was played before large houses, night after night, for six weeks. *Don Garcie, ou Le Prince Jaloux*, was somewhat similar to the *Cocu*, but more serious in its tone, and, whenever

* In several of his plays, Molière alludes, but too plainly, to his own misfortunes. It is the portrait of the faithless and seductive Armande we have in scene 9, act III., of the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, where Cléante, begs Corielle to say all he can think of against Lucile, “in order to fortify his resolution against any residue of his love that might yet plead her cause.”

“Corielle—J'ais que cela, va comme cela, je vois bien que vous avez enire de l'aimer toujours.

“Cléante—Moi! j'aimerais mieux mourir, et je vais la haïr autant que je l'aimais.

“Corielle—Le moyen si vous la trouvez si parfaite?”

He makes Arnolphe speak still more plainly in the *Ecole des Femmes*, thus:

“Après vingt ans, et plus de méditation
Pour me conduire en tout avec précaution,
Je tant d'autres maris j'ai quitte la trace
Pour me trouver après dans la même dégrace?”

No one acquainted with the circumstances can doubt that it is to the ingratitude of Armande he alludes, in that passage, in the same scene in which Arnolphe (himself) discovers that he has lost Agnès (Armande), and that she loves Horace:

“ * * * * * En venir à cette perfidie;
Malgré tous mes bienfaits, former un tel dessein:
Petit serpent que j'ai rechauffé dans mon sein!”

Molière attempted to be grave, he signally failed. It was so on this occasion. But his next piece, *L'Ecole de Maris*, made amends for all, for it received the unanimous applause of all Paris. When Fouquet, Minister of Finance to Louis XIV., gave his celebrated entertainment to his royal master, it was this play he had selected for the occasion, and it elicited the admiration of all. It was at the same entertainment *Les Fâcheux* was first produced, and those who read it will agree that it was worthy of the occasion for which it was expressly written. Without being indelicate or vicious, it deals intimately with vice. There are various detached scenes, in which a lover, having an assignation with his mistress, is constantly interrupted, and prevented from seeing her by persons who, having nothing to do themselves, must needs annoy others. But never did bores afford more genuine amusement. His next work is *L'Ecole des Femmes*—the best comedy he had yet written. This, too, was immediately translated. The “Country Wife” of Wycherly is, however, but a poor imitation of the original. Molière's hero had been an intriguer in his youth; he therefore flattered himself that he was fully acquainted with all the wiles of womanhood. In order to avoid the misfortunes then so common among his neighbors, he resolves to marry his own ward, a young girl who seems as innocent as an angel, and who, to all appearance, would never look at any of the ruder sex but her guardian. She knows enough, however, to persuade him that she is devoted to him, but, while he is indulging in visions of future bliss, she finds occasion to unite herself to one more suited to her age. Although the public were delighted with the piece, the critics were loud and bitter in their censures, charging the author with outraging both the French language and the cause of morality. We know of no finer piece of criticism than Molière's defence of *L'Ecole des Femmes*. “In this,” says M. Tascheau, “he had the good fortune to escape the most dangerous fault of an author writing upon his own compositions, and to exhibit wit where others would only have shown vanity and self-conceit.” It was on the same occasion that Boileau, the French Horace, said: “Let the envious exclaim against thee, because thy scenes are agreeable to all the vulgar; if thou wert less acquainted with the art of pleasing, thou wouldst be able to please even thy censors.” Every succeeding piece, while it increased his popularity, also in-

creased the number of his enemies. The Due de la Feuillade was so much enraged, because he thought himself the original of a ridiculous nobleman in the *Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes*, that he so far forgot himself as to assault the author in one of the galleries of the Tuilleries.

The next pieces in order were *L'Impromptu de Versailles* and *La Princesse d'Elide*—both brief—each rather a series of detached scenes than a regular drama. *Le Mariage Forcé*, produced the same year, contains but one act; but in this there is sufficient wit and humor for five. Its object is, to satirize the sophists of the Sorbonne, who regarded all philosophy that did not accord with the categories of Aristotle as a heresy, which all friends of learning were bound to deprecate and oppose. The principal character is a philosopher of fifty-four, who takes a notion to marry a fashionable young lady; but, before venturing on so serious an affair, he consults several of his friends. Their advice is not altogether favorable; he agrees that they are right; and accordingly concludes to let the matter drop. The lady's father visits him, armed with a cudgel, and a still worse weapon. The lady's father had gone to him previously on a similar errand, but without having recourse to physical force. The colloquy between the father and the discouraged lover is indeed very amusing, but not half so comical as that in which the brother takes part. The latter is a model of politeness in his remarks to his intended brother-in-law. He may, he says, by all means refuse to marry his sister; such is his privilege; but a duel must be the inevitable consequence. It is in vain the lover tries to prove, by force of logic, that there should be no fight; but finally, in order to avoid it, agrees to send for the priest, and the marriage ceremony is duly performed.

The *Mariage Forcé* was soon followed by *Don Juan*, on *Le Festin de Pierre*, and *L'Amour Medecin*, each of which was highly successful. *Don Juan* gave great offence to the bigots, who charged the author with being the Atheist of the piece, and did all in their power to have him punished accordingly. They complained to the king; but, instead of giving them any encouragement, Louis XIV. bestowed on Molière's company the title of *Comediens du Roi*. Nor was this a mere matter of form, for the title was accompanied with a pension of seven thousand livres. In his *Amour Medecin*, the poet made war on altogether a new class—the medical faculty. At this time the science of medicine was

at a very low ebb, even in Paris; the doctors paying much more attention to their mode of dress than to their books or their patients; though it may be doubted whether they dealt so much in quackery as our own faculty do at the present day—at least, they did not pretend to have so many infallible cures for all diseases that flesh is heir to. At all events, they made use of a sort of jargon which was scarcely less ridiculous than that of *Les Précieuses*, of whom the poet had already so happily disposed. Another of their peculiarities was, to ride only on mules, and their dress was somewhat similar to that of the Shakers of the present day, but much more grotesque. All their oddities and affectations were attacked by Molière without mercy and with the utmost effect. Four of the faculty of Paris, most distinguished for their gravity and pretensions, are brought upon the stage under Greek names. They are made to hold consultations, which have more reference to anything than to the case of the patient; and they separate without any two agreeing on any mode of treatment; each warning the rest that death is sure to ensue if any treatment is pursued but that which he recommends. To *L'Amour Médecin* succeeded the *Misanthrope*, considered by the French critics the most regular and artistic of Molière's compositions. It seems, indeed, it was somewhat too correct for the Parisians; for it received but an indifferent reception on its first representation. The author was not slow to divine the cause; and, as a remedy, he wrote the lively and amusing farce entitled *Le Médecin malgré lui*, to accompany it. The object of this was, to secure attention for the principal piece. In this, it was entirely successful; and nothing more was necessary in order to satisfy all, capable of judging, of the high merits of the *Misanthrope*. Trifling as the farce was—nothing more, it is said, than the work of two hours—it was deemed worthy of translation by Fielding, the author of *Tom Jones*, under the title of the *Mock Doctor*. When the friends of Molière congratulated him on the success of his *chef d'œuvre*, he replied, that they had yet to see his best effort—"vous verrez bien autre chose," said he to his friend Boileau. What he alluded to was his *Tartuffe*, which he had nearly finished at the time, and of whose success he had little doubt. For this he had good reason, since he had already the approbation of the king, the queen, the queen-mother, and the Prince de Condé, each having witnessed in private the repre-

sensation of the first and second acts. But some courtiers too happened to be present, and more than one distinguished ecclesiastic. There were persons present who not only regarded the piece as an attack on religion, but had influence enough to induce the king to interdict its representation in public. The truth is, that those who gave this advice were more concerned about themselves than the Christian religion. Doubtless they knew that they were hypocrites, and a guilty conscience needs no accuser. At all events, they succeeded in throwing obstacles in the way of Molière. Finally, however, the king removed the interdict, the author having shown him that he had altered the names of the characters—substituting Panulphe for Tartuffe, and changing the title from Tartuffe to Impostor. But, before the representation had time to take place, the king left Paris to join the army in Flanders, and the President of the Parliament, to whom he delegated his powers, prohibited the piece. There was good reason for this, sufficient to satisfy the king; for the most liberal, wise, and tolerant of the clergy denounced the play as profane and immoral. Bossuet and Bourdaloue, each equally famous for his eloquence, wisdom, and piety, wrote and preached against *Tartuffe*. But there was one prelate who fearlessly and vigorously defended Molière—the learned, witty, and amiable Fénélon, author of *Télémaque* and archbishop of Cambrai. Nor did he spare the failings of either Bossuet or Bourdaloue in doing so. “Bourdaloue,” said he, “n’est point Tartuffe, mais ses ennemis diront qu’il est Jésuite.” The archbishop fully justified all that is said in the play against hypocrisy, on the ground that there can be no worse member of society than the hypocrite. “L’hypocrite,” he says, “est le plus dangereux des méchants, la fausse piété étant cause que les hommes n’osent plus se fier à la véritable. Les hypocrites souffrent dans les enfers des peines plus cruelles que les enfants qui ont égorgé leur pères, et leurs mères, que les épouses qui ont trempé leurs mains dans le sang de leur époux, que les traîtres qui ont livré leur patrie, après avoir violé tous leurs serments.” Nothing could be more emphatic than this; and it produced its effect accordingly. Molière himself wrote several letters to the king in defence of the morality of the play. Finally, in August, 1667, *Le Tartuffe*, so long proscribed, was publicly represented, and fully confirmed the author’s right, not only to be regarded as the father of French comedy, but also the best of comic

dramatists. It would be idle to attempt to analyze a drama like *Tartuffe* within the limits we could devote to it in the present article. We can do little more than remark, in passing, that for energy, vivacity, and fidelity to life, there is nothing in the whole range of dramatic literature that surpasses the opening scene—that known as *L'entrée de Madame Pernelle*. We see nothing of the principal personage until we are fully prepared for him; but his character is so naturally developed, that we grow more and more anxious for his appearance, until at last he enters in the second scene of the third act. Even in Shakespeare, there is no scene more admirably conducted than that between Cléante, Orgon and Dorine, where Orgon replies to each circumstance the *Servante* relates to his wife, “et Tartuffe?” The interest is enhanced by every incident, nay, almost by every word, until the hypocrite is made to unveil his own character, in a fit of affected humility, saying to his victim :

“Savez-vous, après tous, de quoi je suis capable ?”

Molière was not idle while the interdiction remained against *Tartuffe*. He composed two pieces, *Mélicerte*, and *Le Sicilien, ou L'Amour Peintre*. The former is a species of heroic pastoral; but it was never finished. It was intended to be in five acts; but the king grew impatient, so that it had to be concluded in two. This is greatly to be regretted, for the fragment is one of the best of its kind to be found in any language. Of all Molière's pieces, it is the most elegant and classical; in short, it is just such as one might expect from a genius like Molière, when he placed the scene of the action in the beautiful vale of Tempe. The best critics compare *Mélicerte* to the *Pastor Fido* of Guarini, and to the *Aminta* of Tasso, which are regarded by competent judges of all nations as the most admirable specimens of pastoral poetry. Paris had scarcely got over the excitement caused by *Tartuffe*, when the comedy of *Amphitryon* from the same prolific pen was presented. The subject is taken from the *Amphitruonis Supposita* of Plautus; so are the principal incidents; at the same time no one can charge Molière with plagiarism, except such a charge be founded on the fact that he has quite as little regard for pious or moral scruples as the Roman dramatist. Nor is he a whit more careful in this respect in *George Dandin*, his next piece, in which the heroine, Angelica, is represented, if not criminal, at least coquettish

and impudent. As usual, there were several Parisians who became enraged with the author, insisting that they were the originals of Monsieur de Fonaille, George Dandin, &c. In the *Avare* the author tried to make amends for the three dramas which preceded it. The general conception of this, too, and several of the scenes, are taken from Plautus; but the French comedy is much more moral than the Latin original. Nor is this the only respect in which the former is superior to the latter, yet it was but indifferently received by the Parisians. It fared otherwise in England, however, having been translated by Fielding; and it retains its place to this day on the English stage among the best of its class.

It is needless to do more than mention *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* in a desultory paper like this; for Monsieur Jourdain, the hero, has been naturalized in every country that can boast a literature. It will be sufficient to observe, that, although, like several of its predecessors, it had to encounter much opposition at the beginning, its merits were finally acknowledged; and it is now ranked with the noblest specimens of the comic drama. *Les Fourberies de Scapin* is all that could be expected from its title. This is the piece in which the celebrated phrase occurs, *Que diable alla-t-il faire dans cette galère?* The delineation of character is but a secondary object in this piece; indeed, it may be doubted whether anything of the kind was intended; the main object being to exhibit lively scenes of adventure, seasoned, as usual, with that species of intrigue for which the French are distinguished to the present day. *Les Femmes Savantes* is another of Molière's *chefs d'œuvre* with which our readers are sufficiently acquainted.* The *Malade Imaginaire*, though one of Molière's best plays, is now remarkable chiefly for the circumstances under which it was first produced; it was the author's last production; also the last in whose representation he took a part; for it was only a few hours before his death that he played the

* Molière has been charged, on account of this play, with being in favor of keeping women in comparative ignorance; but no charge is more unfounded. In no other works do we find a nobler defence of cultivated intellect in women. It will be sufficient for our present purpose to quote one passage—we choose that in *L'École des Femmes*, in which he says:

“ Mais comment voulez-vous qu'une bête
Puisse jamais savoir ce que c'est qu'être honnête
* * *
Une femme d'esprit peut trahir son devoir
Mais il faut pour le moins qu'elle *sache le vouloir*;
Et la stupide au sien peut manquer d'ordinaire,
Sans en avoir l'envie et sans penser le faire.”

part of Argan, and gave utterance to the following prophetic words :

"*Argan.*—Par la mort nom de diable, si j'étais que des médecins je me vengerais de son impertinence, et quand il sera malade je le laisserais mourir sans secours. Il aurait beau dire et beau faire. * * * Je lui dirais — Crève, crève, cela t'apprendra une autre fois à te jouer à la faculté."

Of the difficulties attending Molière's burial, as well as the chief incidents in his life, we have spoken in a former article.* We have, therefore, little to add, on the present occasion, to this sketch, further than to remark, in general terms, that there is no author of equal merit, so little known, either in this country or England. There are but few who are aware that he is recognized by the best critics of all Continental Europe as superior to all other dramatic writers, not excepting Shakespeare, in the department of comedy; still fewer, perhaps, are aware that among all the moderns there is no critic who can pretend to surpass Molière, if indeed there is one in France, England, or Germany, that equals him. This could be easily proved from his writings. For our own part, we are acquainted with no criticisms, since the time of Longinus, that can be compared to his letters to the king and others, in defence of *Tartuffe*. If there be anything better, it is his own preface to *Les Facheux*; if this in turn is surpassed, it is by *Le Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes*, and the *Impromptu de Versailles*.

No author of any age was better appreciated in his day than Molière. King, queen, noblesse, and people, vied with each other in their admiration of his genius. Le Grand Monarque himself was in the habit of taking a part in the representation of several of his pieces. In the *Amants Magnifiques*, for example, he condescended to personate Neptune, the ocean-god, in the first *entrée de ballet*, and in the last *entrée* he represented the Sun, the favorite emblem of the same deity. The Great Condé did the poet similar honor; so did the great Cardinal Richelieu. The two greatest queens of their time—Marie-Thérèse of Spain, "*sans reproche devant Dieu et devant les hommes*," and Anne of Austria, whom the poet himself describes as "*Cette mère heureusement féconde*," &c.—were equally delighted with the author of *Les Femmes Savantes*. Nor was this any mere transitory feeling; it was not caused by any passing whim,

* See No. I., Article, *The Modern French Drama*—p. 67 et seq.

or fashion of the hour. To this day Molière continues to be honored in a similar manner by rich and poor; because his portraitures are peculiar to no age or country; but it may be said of them, as Cicero says of the law of nature, "Non alia Romæ alia Athenis, alia nunc, alia post hac, sed et omnium temporum et locorum." His plays are still acted by kings and princes in the North as well as in the South, at St. Petersburg and Berlin, as well as at Paris and Madrid. Nor is he a whit less remembered by the masses of his countrymen. Any one acquainted with Parisian life is aware that there is to this day a class of servants known as *Les Servantes de Molière*—those of whom the prototypes are Nicole, Andrée, Martine, Marotte, &c., &c. Of still greater universality are his Mascarille and Sganarelle, Claudine and Nerine, Monsieur Tillerin and Monsieur Jourdain.

Such, in short, has been the popularity of Molière since the day his *Etourdi* was first produced at Lyons, to the present, a period of more than two hundred years, that the monument erected to his memory, in 1839, can hardly be ranked among the instances of tardy justice to the illustrious dead. His memory should indeed have been commemorated long before this; but he has no need of any further monument than that which he built himself; for well might he say with Horace, were he not much more modest than the Roman satirist:

Exegi monumentum ære perennius,
Regaliq; situ pyramidum altius.

It is well, however, that he has been honored in the manner alluded to, though, so far as his native city or the French government was concerned, more by accident than design. The *Journal des Débats* of February, 1839, contained the simple announcement that the authorities had decided to construct a fountain at the corner of the Rue de Richelieu and the Rue Traversière. Monsieur Régnier, a comedian of the *Théâtre Français*, no sooner saw the article than he wrote a letter to the Prefect of the Seine, pointing out to him, that the contemplated edifice was to occupy the space immediately opposite to the house in which Molière died, and that it would be easy to combine the fountain with a monument to the father of French comedy. The Prefect submitted the proposition to a higher authority. Due attention was given it, and the result was, the adoption of M. Régnier's suggestion. Soon after the work was commenced, and on the 15th of

January, 1844, the monument was duly inaugurated. Among the public bodies, learned societies, &c., who assisted at the inauguration, were the municipal corps; the different academies of the Institute; a deputation from the committee of dramatic authors; a deputation from the society of dramatic artists; the associates of the *Théâtre Français*; and the commissioners for the monument. The whole proceeded in a body from the *Théâtre Français*, headed by a battalion of the National Guard. The greatest living authors of France delivered appropriate speeches on the occasion. All the preliminaries having been gone through, the Prefect of the Seine deposited a box in the base of the monument, containing a medal struck in honor of Molière, a copy of his works, and a memoir of his life, in one volume, and an account of the ceremony. This being done, M. de Rambuteau presented a laurel crown, which was placed on the head of the statue, and each of the literary corps hung an olive wreath on the monument. Thus, in one edifice, are combined a statue and a fountain. Could the author himself have got his choice, he could hardly have wished a more appropriate tribute to his genius.

ART. VI.—1. *Unité de Poursuite du Ministère Chrétien*. Par L'ABBÉ DE VALÈRE. Paris: 1851.

2. *Letters on Clerical Manners and Habits; addressed to a Student in the Theological Seminary at Princeton, N. J.* By SAMUEL MILLER, D. D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History and Church Government in the said Seminary.

3. *History of the Jesuits, from the Foundation of their Society to its Suppression by Pope Clement XIV.; their Missions throughout the World, their Educational System and Literature; with their Revival and Present State.* By ANDREW STEINMETZ, author of "The Novitiate," "The Jesuit in the Family." London: 1848.

"WHATEVER office is worthy of our ambition," says Plato, "has a right to claim that we fully qualify ourselves for it." The most thoughtless and indolent would hardly deny this; but how few give it practical illustration! Not one out of a hundred; and the number is diminishing from year to year.

What was admitted, on all hands, in times past, to require years of close study, is now disposed of in as many months. Save the devoted few, the people of the present age are too precious of themselves to tax either mind or body with protracted labor. They yield to none in their desire to be regarded as intelligent, and even learned; but, if they can maintain the semblance of knowledge and wisdom, that is all they care for. The natural consequence is, that smattering is the rule; real intelligence the exception. Were this aversion to persevering effort confined to the pursuit of abstract knowledge, it were less to be deplored; but it extends more or less to all pursuits, except, perhaps, to the pursuit of money. Our present business, however, is with intellectual labor, or, rather, the general aversion to it. Centuries ago, what are still called the learned professions, by courtesy, were really learned. Far be it from us to deny that there are individual clergymen, physicians, and lawyers, at the present day, whose acquirements would have done honor to their respective professions when true learning was most valued; but such are not often met with. Nor can the public at large think it necessary, when they observe the facility with which the lawyer or the physician can become a minister of the Gospel, and *vice versâ*.

The period of human life is too short, even when protracted to its broadest span, to enable the most brilliant, studious, and persevering to acquire an accurate knowledge of several professions or callings. To succeed in anything of the kind is as impossible as to serve God and Mammon. Even if one devotes himself to one calling, he should try to ascertain whether it is such as he is calculated for by his talents and disposition. It is by acting on these principles that the Church of Rome has been enabled to maintain its power so long, and exercise so wonderful an influence over the human mind. And, if we look at her history, we shall see that she has lost this power and influence at different periods, precisely in proportion as she lost sight of those principles, or, in other words, as soon as she neglected to put the right men in the right places. As we do not pretend to be theologians or the organ of any sect, we may be excused for believing that human knowledge was the power that enabled her to crown and uncrown kings and emperors, while armies mutually hostile to each other looked on in silence and awe. It was in view of these wonderful tri-

umphs of mind over mere brutal force that Bacon told the world that knowledge is power, and that Goldsmith, putting the same sentiment in a more beautiful form, has said that

"Those who think must govern those who toil."

To the present day, the Church of Rome makes appointments, not according to the caprices, but according to the capabilities, of the candidates. Thus, one is assigned a curacy, or a parish; another is sent out as a missionary; another is made a teacher or professor, &c.—each according as he is qualified by nature and education; but none are expected to be capable of discharging each of those duties indiscriminately, or in turn. Can the same be said of our Protestant churches? We fear not; and this is what we desire to call particular attention to in the present paper; for it is a question in which all Protestants have an interest. We know, ourselves, several worthy men of fine talents, who studied for the ministry, but who have been rejected by as many congregations because they do not happen to possess the gift of eloquence, or are not "attractive" preachers. The Church of Rome would have found various occupations for these. Why should not our Church do the same? If for no other reason, justice to the rejected members would require it.

But any claim that we make for rejected clergymen presupposes a good education. If they are too indolent to study—if they are of that class who would eat of the almond, but hate the trouble of breaking its shell, then we say, let them be expelled by all means; let us have no drones in the ministry—none that would pretend to teach others what they could never take the trouble to learn themselves. At the same time, it is well to bear in mind that the prevailing notion in reference to the present facilities for clerical education is very erroneous. Nothing is more common than the remark, that any one who wishes may be educated for the ministry. The assertion is based on the fact, that books and colleges are numerous; but much more is required than this. Neither books nor colleges are ever so cheap but that many will be excluded from them—perhaps the very persons who would profit most by them. We see that poverty keeps thousands of children from our common schools, in which all is gratis. They have nothing to pay for either books or tuition—still they cannot go. It is the same with many young men who

would gladly enter the ministry. There ought to be some provision, to encourage these ; they ought at least to be enabled to secure a liberal education. This will be the more readily admitted, if it be borne in mind that in no country in the world are there fewer inducements to enter the Church than in the United States. In all the principal countries of Europe, the ambitious young man seeking holy orders may expect rich sinecures ; if he has sufficient political influence, he may calculate on a position in the Church that would secure him a larger annuity than that of the President of the United States, together with a splendid palace, and not for four years, or seven, or twenty-one, but for life.

The inducements were still greater in former times, when even princes aspired to be dignitaries of the Church, and cardinals were prime ministers to great and powerful kings. All our readers will readily assent to this ; but there are some who will hesitate to believe that clerical students had better facilities to prepare themselves for their sacred functions, three hundred years ago, than they have to-day ; though such is certainly the fact. Nay, were we to say that they had better facilities in the dark ages, all things considered, we should be guilty of no exaggeration. It is too often forgotten that even in the very first ages of the Church she commanded the services of the most learned men of the Pagan world—Pagan philosophers who had embraced Christianity. Of this character were Origen, Pantænus and Justin Martyr, who are now justly ranked amongst the most illustrious fathers of the Church. The first work of these good men was to establish schools in different portions of the Christian world. But, had they done nothing but to establish the famous School at Alexandria, they would have been entitled to be ranked among the benefactors of mankind. It was under their auspices the Scriptures were first translated from the original languages in which they were written ; it was they, in short, who made the Alexandria school the nursery of piety and learning for all Christendom.*

For one dollar given now for clerical education, at least a thousand were given during the earlier ages of the Church ; although there are now more than ten thousand nominal Christians for every one there was then. Enormous sums were placed at the disposal of the bishops, to enable them to

* Neander, vol. i., p. 527, *et seq.* Mosheim, vol. i., p. 81.

secure the best instruction for those whom they deemed suitable for the ministry ; and we are told that, when found thus suitable, it mattered little whether they were rich or poor ; those receiving their tuition for charity being as readily admissible as if they were the owners of boundless estates. According as rich and poor were educated, they were appointed, as above intimated, to such positions as they were found, upon examination, to be best qualified for. The skeptical reader may ask, how could this be possible ? But there were ample means. Thus, for example, we have the testimony of Neander,* Guizot,† and Gibbon,‡ to the fact that, in the cathedrals of Constantinople and Carthage, the clerical establishment contained not fewer than five hundred ecclesiastical functionaries.

Thus was Christianity supported, and thus were its ministers provided for both intellectually and physically, until those northern barbarians, to whom so many at the present day are proud to trace their descent, commenced their irruptions upon civilized Europe, destroying, in their devastating course, the accumulated intellectual treasures of ages—including some of the noblest vestiges of Greek and Roman civilization. "The gradation," says an eminent writer, "is very remarkable. The irruption of the barbarians caused the entire ruin of the empire ; the ruin of the empire destroyed ambition to cultivate the sciences ; want of ambition occasioned negligence, and contempt of letters ; these produced idleness, which, as a necessary consequence, was followed by ignorance ; and ignorance plunged its victims into anarchy and vice."§ It required the most persevering efforts of those who had power, influence, and money, to repair the desolation thus produced. The monastic institutions, though only in their infancy at this time, did incalculable good. It was not alone the fathers of the Church the monks studied and caused their pupils to study ; for it is to their indefatigable labors that we owe almost the whole of the Latin and Greek classics which we now possess, and which are used as text-books in the colleges of every enlightened country. Every monastery had its library, which contained copies of the best works extant. This, too, may seem incredible ; but, in order to give it credence, it is only necessary to remember

* Vol. ii., p. 151.

† *Hist de Civ.*, vol. i., p. 64.

‡ Vol. ii., p. 423.

§ *Histoire Littéraire de la France*, par Benedictins, tome ii., p. 57.

that there were numbers of monks who, in accordance with the plan of unity of pursuit and division of labor, did nothing else but copy manuscripts.

During the turmoil of the dark ages, the monasteries lost their chief support. This, as a matter of course, impaired their usefulness; and the results were soon but too obvious. In proportion as they declined ignorance increased, and the dark night of barbarism threatened to return in all its hideousness. Had Charlemagne done nothing else than to remedy this state of things, he would have been justly entitled to be called the Great. We do not mean on religious grounds—for religion, or the difference between any creed and another, is not the question which we are discussing, or want to discuss. That we leave to those whose business it is to cure souls, or show how they may be cured. Ours is an humbler task, that of proving the utility and value of education, and awarding due credit to those who have contributed most to the good cause, without regard to their theological opinions. This being our motive, we could never join in the hatred entertained by many well-meaning persons against the Jesuits, because, however grave were their faults in other respects—however reprehensible were some of their dogmas—it is beyond question that modern civilization is vastly indebted to their admirable schools. Not only are their annotations on the classics the best we have, but they have produced many Latin and Greek works themselves that bear the true classic stamp. That they have been expelled in turn by Catholic kings, emperors, and even popes, seems at first view to establish the fact that they were bad men. But if we remember that knowledge was the instrument with which they effected all their conquests, and that it is an instrument which sovereigns often dread worse than the sword, we are apt to make some allowance for the faults of the proscribed fraternity, even when represented as most grave. We should do this all the more readily and cheerfully, did we reflect that some of the greatest and most liberal minds of modern times have been trained by the Jesuits.* At all events, it is not necessary that Protestant young men, intended for the ministry, should imitate the faults of the Jesuits, nor is there any danger that they will.

* "Que," says Chateaubriand, "peut-on reprocher aux Jésuites? Un peu d'ambition si naturelle au génie.—*Génie du Christianisme*, vol. iii., p. 201.

What we wish is, that they would emulate their untiring industry and perseverance in the pursuit of learning, and, like them, devote themselves to preaching, teaching, writing, travelling, editing or annotating, &c., according as they find themselves calculated for one avocation or another.

But the latter as well as the former need encouragement. Protestants, more than Catholics, cannot become scholars without means; provision must be made for the poor. If communities will not do this, the government should. No country has done more than our own for general education, but, for the most part, we have left clerical education to shift for itself. Reasons are assigned for this, we are aware, which are regarded by many as satisfactory; but it seems to us that nothing is satisfactory that excludes many worthy young men from the ministry because they happen to be but scantily provided with the world's goods. In this there are few, if any, modern rulers, whether they be called kings, emperors, or presidents, who might not learn a useful lesson from the liberality and forethought of Charlemagne, as evinced in his famous Capitularies. In an Imperial Circular, addressed to "Bangulf, Abbot, and his brotherhood," and copied by Guizot, we find the following passages: "We beg to inform your Devotion to God, that, in concert with our councillors, we have deemed it beneficial that in the bishopricks and monasteries confided by the favor of Christ to our government, care should be taken, not only to live orderly and according to our holy religion, *but, moreover, to instruct in the knowledge of letters, and according to the capacity of individuals, all such as are able to learn.*"* That more was intended by this than mere religious instruction, is obvious from a subsequent passage in the same circular: "It is certain," adds the monarch, "at all events, that the allegories, emblems, and imagery of the holy writings will be more readily comprehended in their true spiritual meaning *by those who are versed in general learning.*"†

In another circular, which is also quoted by Guizot, the great emperor of the dark ages speaks still more plainly: "Charles, by the aid of God, King of the Franks and Lombards, and Prince of the Romans, to the high ministers of religion throughout our dominions: Having it near at heart that the churches should more and more advance towards perfection,

* Guizot *Hist. de la Civil.*, vol. iii., p. 38.

† *Ibid.*

and being desirous of restoring, by assiduous care, *the cultivation of letters, which have almost entirely disappeared amongst us, in consequence of the neglect and indifference of our ancestors, we would excite, by our own example, all well-disposed persons to the study of the liberal arts,*"* &c.

Of all Protestant sects, the Episcopalians have approached nearest to the Catholics, or, rather, have deviated from them least in the high estimation in which they have always held education. At no time have they affected to despise it, as other churches have done; and this will serve sufficiently to explain why it is that more illustrious names are to be found among her ministry than in that of all other Protestant sects put together. Need we say that there are some sects who have been wont to regard learning not only as a superfluity, but as positively injurious in some cases. The learned Dr. South, in speaking of the Anabaptists of the time of Cromwell, says: "Latin unto them was a mortal crime, and Greek looked upon as a sin against the Holy Ghost. All learning was then cried down; so that, with them, the best preachers were such as could not read, and the ablest divines such as could not write. In all their preachments, they so highly pretended to the spirit, that they could hardly spell the letter." Even at the present day there are one or two sects that do not deem it in the least necessary that their ministers should understand any language but their own; nor do they think that their preaching is anything the less edifying for having but a very imperfect knowledge of the vernacular itself. In their opinion, tailors, shoemakers, or butchers, who hardly know a noun from a verb, can deliver as good a sermon, and offer up as suitable a prayer, as the Doctor of Divinity who can read every text in the Bible in the original, whether Hebrew, Syriac, or Greek.

In England, the Episcopalians can hardly claim much credit for having a better educated ministry than any other sect, for no church in the world is so munificently supported. Besides all the advantages that enormous wealth can afford, it has control of the principal universities. And even these, be it remembered, had their origin in a pious wish that the clergy should be well educated. Hume† tells us that King Alfred was the founder of Oxford, which he endowed with "privileges, revenues, and immunities." At all events, it is

* Guizot, vol. iii., p. 6.

† Vol. i., p. 74.

beyond dispute that its original design was to afford all possible facilities for the education of those intended for the ministry. But in time its scope was widely extended; for we are told by the most reliable historians of those times, that, at the middle of the thirteenth century, it had no fewer than 30,000 students.* The Church had still more to do with Cambridge; for no king can claim to be its founder. The monks were the first who attempted to establish it, but at a distance of some thirty miles from its present site. In all the records of both the universities there is evidence that their chief design was to prepare students for the ministry, especially *poor students*, who had not the means to purchase books or secure the aid of competent teachers. In short, no expense was spared from the time of Alfred to that of Henry VIII. to assist clerical students in their course of study, and "to furnish a decent and permanent maintenance for poor men of learning of the clerical order."† It was with the latter view that Fellows were first appointed, the object of their appointment being that they might have a stipend to support them, until they could secure a benefice, or such other position in the church as they were found best suited for. It is to the honor of Cardinal Wolsey, that, whatever were his faults in other respects, or however fond of amassing money, he did not forget either Oxford or Cambridge, but greatly increased the resources of both, and exercised all the influence he possessed to create a taste for classical studies. If we turn to any other country in Europe that can boast first-class universities, we shall find a similar state of things. The University of Paris was purely clerical in its origin; for several centuries it was known throughout Europe as "the first school of the church."‡ For the Institute, also, which begins where other institutions of learning may be said to end, the civilized world is indebted to a churchman—the illustrious Cardinal Richelieu. Nor does thoughtful and learned Germany form any exception to the rule, for the best of her famous colleges were founded by ecclesiastics of some grade, and chiefly, though not exclusively, for ecclesiastical purposes. The University of Prague, for example, one of the most ancient in Europe (A. D. 1348), was founded by the king of

* Haber's *Hist. of the English Universities*.

† Huber, vol. i., p. 204.

‡ Mosheim, vol. i., p. 94.

Bohemia, at the suggestion and under the guidance of Pope Clement II., and it was a cardinal legate who induced Charles IV. to enrich the same institution with lands, libraries, allowances for professors, stipends for students, &c., &c. Is the world to appreciate the good work anything the less, because the cardinal, or his master, told the emperor that he would save his soul from the tortures of Pluto by being thus liberal in aiding the cause of education? We only wish that the rulers of the present day could be similarly persuaded. In our opinion, it would be good rather than evil, to teach the Congress of the United States to regard ignorance as a demon, whom it is the duty of every honest citizen to turn his face against.

There is, indeed, no want of liberality in this country, either in or out of Congress. This is particularly true in regard to education. The mistake is that little more is required, on the part of our ministers, than to be able to read the Bible in the vernacular, so that they can preach from it with tolerable fluency. There are but few who bear in mind that none are capable of expounding the Scriptures who are not acquainted with the original; the metaphorical expressions in which they abound must be studied in their native garb. Nor is even this sufficient; it is also necessary to have some knowledge of the state of science among the Jews, when the more recent books of the Old Testament were written. It is forgotten that even a modern poem, which is the production of a cultivated and well-stored mind, cannot be understood without due preparation. What ordinary reader, for example, can understand the *Divina Commedia* of Dante? In order to be able to appreciate, at its true worth, a single canto of that marvellous poem, it is necessary to be acquainted with all the learning of the author's time. This, too, is the reason why there are so few who derive any real pleasure from the perusal of *Paradise Lost*; and why there are so many, even of those considered learned, who are content to admire that great epic, without ever reading beyond the first book—save, perhaps, a few lines here and there—just enough to quote, and show that their admiration is not exclusively founded on hearsay.

In short, it must be understood that clerical ignorance is the sure precursor of public corruption. It will not meet the question to say that the clergy have not as much influence in America as they have in Europe. In our opinion, they have

quite as much, if not more. In European countries they have indeed more control over the masses than they have here, but it seems to us that here they have more control over the higher classes. Nowhere are the clergy more popular with the ladies than in the United States; and those who are popular with the ladies are not likely to be unpopular with the gentlemen. Let it be admitted, then, that our clergy, of all denominations, possess a great ascendancy. The truth is, that this ascendancy is the strongest of all worldly inducements to our young men to enter the church; and by this we mean no reproach. The greater the ascendancy possessed, the greater the power of doing good; but the greater also the power of doing evil. Let the fullest ascendancy be conceded to the clergy, by all means; but let them be qualified to turn it to the best account, for the benefit of civilization as well as religion.

Until this is done we cannot be surprised at all we hear of "star" preachers and fashionable churches. The few who happen to possess education and talent will attract enormous audiences, while those deficient in both will have to preach to empty benches—that is, except they are fortunate enough to be young and handsome. In this case they may become the favorites of the ladies; if they can boast of a little talent together with their comeliness of person and youth, they are sure to have the ladies on their side, and then they need have no fear for the rest. But this is a grave defect in itself, and it has its origin in the very evil we are speaking of. A modest lady should blush to avow that she goes to hear a preacher because he is handsome. This is particularly true of a married lady; for who will not think that her butler or coachman, if she has either, would attract her in a similar manner, if equally comely in his person? This would certainly be the natural inference, though such a remark may be made, and doubtless often is, by a woman of the purest mind. It is the habit we are speaking against, not the casual or thoughtless remark of an innocent woman, who merely repeats what she has heard hundreds say. But it is no compliment to the preacher as such; it is rather a satire upon him. We have no account that any one ever went to hear Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Burnet, Hooker, or Berkeley, because he was handsome.

Luther, as well as Wolsey and Richelieu, was of opinion that clergymen who are more in favor with women than

with men are to be regarded with suspicion, because the fact shows that they pay more attention to the former than to the latter. The Bible tells us all to love our neighbor as ourselves, but nowhere does it say, so far as we can remember, that we should love our neighbor's wife better than the good man himself. A commentator more witty than orthodox has attempted to account for this by assuming that the command to prefer the woman to the man was deemed superfluous by the inspired writers, seeing that it was not addressed to women.*

If the Rev. Dr. Miller has said anything bearing directly on this subject, in the volume entitled *Letters on Clerical Manners and Habits*, which is one of those placed at the head of our article, it has escaped our notice; although Letter XII. is entitled "Female Society, Marriage," &c., and is headed with the text, "Entreat the elder women as mothers, the younger as sisters, with all purity," &c. It may be replied, that he did not think it necessary, or in other words, that he did not suppose clergymen would show any undue favor to women more than to men. But let us see what he does warn them against, and then judge whether this was the cause of the omission. For example, in the table of contents, we have the following summary of Letter III.: "Offensive personal habits—*Spitting on floors and carpets—Excessive use of tobacco—Use of ardent spirits—Fondness for luxurious eating—Boisterous laughter—Paring the nails—Combing the hair—Yawning—Pulling at articles of furniture,*" &c. In the summary of Letter IV., we find such sins as the following: "Excessive silence—*Tale-bearing and tattling—Prying into the secrets of families—Propagating ill reports—Rude familiarities,*" &c. The question is, whether the clergyman whom it is necessary to warn against the use of ardent spirits, tale-bearing, propagating ill reports, &c., is too sanctimonious to pay more attention to the fair sex than his strict duty, as a minister of the gospel, would require. Be this as it may, the fact, that a Professor of Ecclesiastical History, in a theological seminary, feels called upon to write such letters, goes far to prove that our clerical education must be very defective. Young men, thoroughly or properly educated, need not be warned against habits

* "Il ne faut pas dire aux hommes," says the Abbé de Lécoure, "que les femmes méritent être aimées plus que les autres hommes. La nature leur dit cela," &c.

that would be degrading to those who never belonged to any seminary more learned, or fastidious, than the common school. The root of the evil lies in the poverty of our very best theological seminaries. Is not this a reproach to our men of wealth? Our millionaires are liberal enough in contributing to the establishment of lay schools and libraries. Assuming that their chief object in doing so is fame, they could attain it quite as well, if not better, by helping poor clerical students in securing an education that would qualify them for their sacred calling. We might easily illustrate this; but one example will be sufficient—that of Robert de Sorbonne, who founded the college that bore his name—the Sorbonne—which maintained for centuries the highest reputation of any similar institution in the world, and whose decrees were respected throughout Christendom. So great was the fame of the Sorbonne, that in time the name was extended to the whole theological faculty of the University of Paris. But we do not make the appeal on behalf of any particular sect; although we think it right that those who can best appreciate education should have the preference. Nor would we exclude the Catholics. We should rather remember what they have done in times past; and how much we all owe them accordingly. Of all Protestant sects, the Episcopalians set the highest value on education, and are the most willing to avail themselves of its advantages. The Unitarians rank next, then the Presbyterians; as for the rest, we fear they still regard learning more or less as

“——— that cobweb of the brain,
Profane, erroneous and vain;
A trade of knowledge as replete
As others are with fraud and cheat.”

ART. VII.—1. *The Life and Times of Sir Philip Sidney.* By MRS. S. M. DAVIS. Ticknor & Fields: Boston. 1859.

2. *The Works of Sir Philip Sidney, in prose and verse.* In 3 volumes. Fourteenth edition. London. 1725.

HERE and there, in history, we meet the name of one, whose rare accomplishments and noble deeds so thoroughly gained for him the admiration of the age in which he lived, that he is seldom spoken of, but with praise. All his biogra-

phers seem to well-nigh worship him; every cotemporary record has something to say in his favor; no poet of the time can write, without rendering a tribute to the memory of one so worthy. Such a man, undoubtedly, was Sir Philip Sidney; one who, viewed as a scholar, was pre-eminent among those of his time; as a counsellor, was "one of the ripest and greatest of that day in Europe;"* as an author, was by no means inferior; as a soldier, was valiant; and, as a Christian gentleman, was as perfect a model as the world ever saw. The patrons of literature, at the present day, are apt to forget him, standing as he does so near the illustrious names of Spenser, Bacon, and Shakespeare; and indeed it is not as a literary man that we would chiefly regard him, though we may say a few words on this point before we leave the subject; but looking at his character and acquirements, viewing the dignity which accompanied all his acts, the readiness with which he confronted wrong, whether in the conduct of lord or queen, and the grace of manner which gave such a charm to everything he did, no one can wonder that he was so generally respected and beloved.

Philip Sidney was born on November 29th, 1554, at Penshurst, in West Kent. He was of noble descent. The lineage of the Sidney family may be traced as far back as the time of Henry II., when Sir William Sidney, a native of Anjou, came over to England with that sovereign, and was afterwards made one of his chamberlains. Not to waste words with genealogies, it is sufficient to state, that Sir Henry Sidney, the father of Philip, had been the most intimate friend of the young king, Edward VI., who had died the year before, and that the new queen, Mary, had just appointed him her vice-treasurer. Out of compliment to the husband of the queen, whose nuptials had so lately been celebrated, Sir Henry named his son Philip.

Biographers often pay much attention to the early years of the subject of their memoirs. Sometimes this may be fitting. "The child is father to the man," we know; and often the childhood and youth of one who afterwards became illustrious have an untold charm for the general reader. Yet it is oftener but a forced rendering of the most trifling incidents, which fills the first pages of a biography. The fact is, that childhood, in the case of every one, is the time when all is as

* William of Orange.

yet incomplete, undeveloped; and the events of this period are no more a sure herald of those of years to come, than the cloudless morning sky is a sure sign of brightness for the day. We shall not search, then, for any marvellous stories of the childhood of Sidney. We have no doubt there may be such, and perhaps authentic accounts; but we care little whether they be trustworthy or not—with us, for the reasons stated, they would have but little weight. We shall only say of these early years, that they were marked by much love for knowledge, the unfolding of a most generous disposition, and a calm dignity of action. The most finished picture of him at this time, when he was attending school at Shrewsbury, is given by Lord Brooke—his school-fellow and kinsman, and afterwards his biographer—who says:

“I will report no other than this, that, though I lived with him, and knew him from a child, yet I never knew him other than a man; with such a staidness of mind, lovely and familiar gravity, as carried grace and reverence above greater years; his talk ever of knowledge, and his very play tending to enrich his mind, so as even his teachers found something in him to observe and learn, above that which they had usually read or taught.”

After three years of study, partly at Oxford and partly at Cambridge, in 1572, Sidney obtained a license from Queen Elizabeth “to go to parts beyond the sea,” to perfect himself in foreign languages. First visiting France, we find him there received with great distinction by Charles IX., who seems to have become much attached to him. However, Sidney was not one to place any trust in a king who would give sanction to such a massacre as that of St. Bartholomew; so, we presume, their friendship was short-lived, as it was hardly a fortnight after his arrival at Paris that the dreadful massacre took place. We cannot stop to speak of the events of that sad night (August 24, 1572), nor of the ruthless carnage of the ensuing days and weeks, in which more than 30,000 of the Huguenots were put to the sword, in different parts of France. Sidney was sheltered, meanwhile, in the house of Walsingham, and was glad to leave Paris as soon as he could safely do so. After spending some time at Strasburg, Heidelberg, Frankfort, and Vienna, and studying for several months in Italy, at Venice and Padua, he returned to England in May, 1575, after an absence of three years. These years had not been lost to him; nor had he gained from them simply the advantages of travel

—the seeing of other countries, the intercourse with other men ; but he had thus laid a foundation, by thorough study, for the reputation which he afterwards attained, of being the most accomplished man of his day. French, Italian, Spanish, Greek, and Latin, had been diligently pursued ; philosophy and science had not been neglected ; while the study of horsemanship and feats of arms had filled the intervals of rest from the study of books. Well might his uncle, Leicester, be proud of him, and be glad to present at court so accomplished a nephew. Of the character of Leicester it is said, and that justly :

“He seems not to have possessed a single virtue, nor was he highly distinguished by the qualities of his understanding ; but the unlimited favor of Elizabeth, which, for many years, rendered him perhaps the most powerful *subject* in the world, invested him with a factitious importance, while, on his part, by a degree of hypocrisy, so daring that it rather confounded than deceived the minds of men, he contrived to avoid open censure. Even flattery, however, seems to have been ashamed to raise her voice for him while he lived, and the calm and patient research of after times, with all its habitual respect for the memory of the illustrious dead, has busied itself in vain to find a single bright spot on his character.”*

In this sketch of “the mighty peer,” we may read the fact of his undoubted villainy, and yet of his manifest favor with the queen. It is the latter which we wish chiefly remembered, as being the means of the introduction of Sidney at court. Perhaps it was simply because he was the nephew of Leicester, that Elizabeth at first received Sidney so graciously ; but she was not long in learning that there were in him talents of no common account, and a character of no common degree of integrity. This fact must have shown itself in his face. He was handsome ; but there was nothing of passionate beauty in those features—nothing of the sly shrewdness in the eyes—nothing of the coarse restlessness of expression about the lips ; all was clear and calm, the whole look of the face seeming to tell of the nobility of mind and heart beneath—beautiful, because noble ; charming, because good. It was indeed a high honor for him to receive, the following year, the appointment of ambassador to the emperor of Germany, on such important business as effecting an alliance between England and the Protestant powers of Europe against the advance of Catholicism. Sidney was

* Lodge's *Portraits*, etc., vol. ii., p. 189.

young—but twenty-one years of age—yet he was old in judgment, and the duties of this mission he performed with the skill of an experienced diplomat. However, for some reason, this was the only foreign service in which he was ever engaged, until the last years of his life.

There have been many attempted explanations of the queen's conduct, in continually refusing his promotion. "She would not further his advancement," one tells us, "not only out of emulation, but out of fear to lose the jewel of her times."* But the queen was ruled by Cecil, whose plan was, "that able men should be by design and of purpose suppressed."† Those were times in England's history when it was not safe to entrust too much power to an ambitious subject; and in the thoroughness with which Sidney had just fulfilled his mission, as well as in the "golden opinions" he had thus won from every one, perhaps the keen eye of the Lord Secretary saw dangerous elements. But they did not know the man, after all. He was *human*, and might have used his ambition for his own aggrandizement, had he been promoted. Yet we cannot believe it, nor does his subsequent career in the Netherlands furnish any grounds for such a belief. It is natural for men to try to find some fault, at first, with one who does well; and if he be gifted, moreover, with a noble "presence," they are prone to add to the charge of ambition, that of pride. Sidney says in one of his letters, while abroad, "I understand I am called very ambitious and proud at home, but certainly, if they knew my heart, they would not altogether so judge me." So we see that he did not escape the common fate, though all such charges, whatever commotion they may have made at the time, have left his character unsullied.

"Howe'er yon babble, great deeds cannot die;
They with the sun and moon renew their light
Forever—blessing those that look on them."‡

But though Sidney remained in England, it was not as a mere ornament to the court. These years gave time for careful observation, and we may be confident that he improved them. An opportunity was soon afforded for the exercise of his judgment in what closely pertained to the welfare of the nation. We refer to the proposed union of

* Naunton's *Fragmenta Regalia*.

† Lord Bacon.

‡ Tennyson's *Princess*.

the crowns of France and England, by the marriage of Elizabeth to the Duke of Anjou, the heir presumptive to the French throne. Sidney, as a liberty-loving Protestant, was strongly opposed to this. In his noted letter to the Queen, in 1580, on the subject, he showed his keen discernment of the right and the wrong of the affair, at the same time presenting his case with such a manly boldness as but few would have dared to assume. In the *Life of Sidney*, which we have placed at the head of our article, it is said (p. 141) that the Queen *asked his advice* upon the subject; but we can find no authority for this statement, which, if true, would seem to rob the action of Sidney of half its praise. Hallam, on the other hand, after speaking of the compliance of the Council with the Queen's plans, whatever they might be, says that "Sir Philip Sidney, with more real loyalty, *wrote her a spirited remonstrance*, which she had the magnanimity never to resent."* Of the disastrous consequences to England, which might have followed this proposed match, by placing again a Catholic sovereign on the throne, and laying England open to the schemes of the wily Catherine de Medicis, we can form no estimate. Whether or not Elizabeth was finally averted from yielding to her passion by this letter of Sidney's, we cannot with certainty say. However, it undoubtedly influenced her, and has been justly regarded as a master-production. After boldly, yet courteously, carrying through the argument against the marriage, the letter concludes with the following graceful exhortations:

"Against contempt, if there be any, which I will never believe, let your excellent virtues of piety, justice, and liberality, daily, if it be possible, more and more shine. Let such particular actions be found out (which be easy as I think to be done) by which you may gratify all the hearts of your people: let those in whom you find trust, and to whom you have committed trust, in your weighty affairs, be held up in the eyes of your subjects: lastly, doing as you do, you shall be, as you are, the example of princes, the ornament of this age, the most excellent fruit of your progenitors, and the perfect mirror of your posterity."†

Soon after this, a quarrel with the Earl of Oxford, arising from the flagrant insults thrown out in public by that haughty lord, was the occasion of Sidney's betaking himself for a while to a life of retirement. His rights had been despised and trodden upon, but instead of assuming that calm dignity of which he was capable, and thus silencing his opponent, he

* *Constit. Hist.*, vol. i., p. 233.

† *Miscellaneous Works*, p. 303.

seems for once to have lost all self-control, and degraded himself to the level of a contemptible adversary. Indeed, words would have been followed by blows, had not the queen herself interfered, and remonstrated with Sidney for his conduct. But he was not satisfied with her defence of aristocracy against the broader claims of right, and he plainly told the queen as much, to her face. She, doubtless, valued him too highly, to punish this unwonted boldness with royalty, and at his request soon after granted him leave to retire for a time from the court. The season of quiet thus given he spent at Wilton, with his sister, the Countess of Pembroke. It was here and now that he wrote the *Arcadia*.

Though we do not intend any elaborate criticism of this romance, it would be unfair to pass it by unnoticed. Gaining an unbounded popularity during the century subsequent to the time it was written (passing through as many as fourteen editions), it is now seldom read, except for purposes of criticism. And indeed it would be absurd to try to uphold it as a model of style, in this our day, when literary taste has undergone such changes as it has during the last three hundred years. In fact, even to the wildest lover of romance, much of it must be exceedingly tiresome. The language is often beautiful, but the style, as a whole, is one of extreme affectation. Then, too, the verses scattered throughout its pages are certainly very weak specimens. Perhaps, to a mind of modern culture, they do more to spoil the effect of the whole, than all the high-flown words and long sentences of the prose portion.

But however many are the faults of the *Arcadia*, it has never been severely censured, save by one or two critics. Horace Walpole, indeed, calls it "a tedious, lamentable, pedantic, pastoral romance;" and William Hazlitt wastes many words in condemning it. Does the latter want to speak of the verbosity of the *Arcadia*—a thing which no one denies? He tells us the author "contrives to spoil, and spoil purposely and maliciously, in order to aggrandize himself," all the fine conceptions of his imagination. Does he wish to say anything of the frequent references to wood and stream, mountain and plain, many of which are full of beauty? He shows us the author "reading a pragmatical, self-sufficient lecture, over the dead body of Nature." Who, that has carefully read the *Arcadia*, will say that these judgments are well founded? If, again,

he would make good his opinions by quotations, he is contented to give but few, and those by no means the best specimens of the style or thought. He says nothing of that description, where Sidney speaks of Musidorus as having "a mind of most excellent composition, a piercing wit quite devoid of ostentation, high-erected thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy, an eloquence as sweet in the uttering as slow to come to the uttering, a behavior so noble as gave a majesty to adversity," &c. He does not give this sketch of Nature: "Do you not see how all things conspire to make this country a heavenly dwelling? Do not these stately trees seem to maintain their flourishing old age, with the happiness of their seat, being clothed with a continual spring, because no beauty here should ever fade? Doth not the air breathe health, which the birds, delightful both to eye and ear, do daily solemnize with the sweet consent of their voices? And these fresh and delightful brooks, how slowly they glide away, as loth to leave the company of so many united things in perfection; and with how sweet a murmur they lament the forced departure. Certainly it must be that some goddess inhabiteth this region, who is the soul of this soil." He says nothing of the celebrated prayer put in the mouth of Pamela, nor of the life-like picture of every-day marriage happiness, as given in the case of Argalus and Parthenia. Moreover, he leaves us entirely ignorant of such little sententious passages as these, in which the *Arcadia* abounds: "There is nothing more terrible to a guilty heart, than the eye of a respected friend." "In the book of her beauty there was nothing to be read but sorrow; for kindness was blotted out, and anger was never there." "Who frowns at others' feasts, had better bide away." "The journey of high honor lies not in smooth ways." "Who doth desire that his wife should be chaste, first be *he* true; for truth doth deserve truth."

If now, on the other hand, we were to say something of the number and worth of the literary opinions in favor of this almost forgotten *Arcadia*, perhaps such a statement could not fairly be called an argument in its behalf. Yet, surely the united praise of Shakespeare,* Spenser, Cowper,

* Certainly a very good way of indirectly praising a book, is that of using its style or thought. Shakespeare is generally allowed to have borrowed many of his incidents from the *Arcadia*, e. g., that of Gloster and his sons, in "King Lear," and that of Valentine and the Banditti, in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona."

Raleigh, Cowley, Young, D'Israeli, Hallam, Charles Lamb, and our own Irving, might well outweigh the violence and bitterness of Horace Walpole and William Hazlitt.

The *Arcadia* has been styled *the* prose correlative to Spenser's *Faerie Queene*. Both are full of the most fantastic conceits; both look back to the glories of chivalry, whose spirit seemed again revived at the gay court of Elizabeth. One, however, is the brilliant effusion of youth, the other the calm effort of maturer years; one is an uncorrected production,* the other, though incomplete, may with truth be called a "finished" work. In the latter, again, the luxuriance of expression, so common among writers of that time, takes the form of verse; in the former, it drags along in the ill-constructed periods of a cumbrous prose. While not attempting to place Sidney on a level with Spenser, we cannot but see in these circumstances a reason why the one work now lives, and the other is neglected. Perhaps the *Arcadia* was read so extensively at first,† more from admiration of the author, whose learning and accomplishments were still the common talk of his countrymen, and whose recent bravery on the field of Zutphen was not yet out of mind, than because of any high excellence in the work itself. But, however this may be, it will probably never be restored to the place it once held in the literary world. The taste which would prompt to the writing of such romances is no longer deemed correct. A modern fiction, whose characters should be rustic shepherds and gallant knights, whose scene should be laid among the hills and plains of ancient Greece, and whose pages should present a medley of sentiment and philosophy, unnatural love and pious prayer, were a rarity indeed. Yet, for all this, we return again with the question—who doubts that the *Arcadia* is worthy of a high place in the literature of the age in which it was produced? That age has now gone—with all its ridiculous fashions, its brilliant displays, its jousts and tournaments—the last tribute to departed knight-hood, its vain and fickle, yet noble queen—the life that inspired the whole. We are fallen on different times. As

* For this reason, Sidney is said to have earnestly requested, on his death-bed, that the *Arcadia* might be given to the flames. Undoubtedly there are many, who would say that it would have been better for his fame, and as well for the world, had his request been granted.

† It was first published in 1590; four years after Sidney's death.

the world has grown older, we have come to look more steadily upon the *realities* of life. But let us not for this reason forget the days of "brave knight and gentle ladie," nor speak ill of those times of transition from romance to fact. The present, worthy as it is, is but the gathered wisdom of *all* the past.

To return to the events of Sidney's life. In 1581, we find him representing his native county in Parliament, acquitting himself with honor, wherever there was need of sound judgment and careful foresight. He is not heard of, indeed, as an orator, but rather as a counsellor; he does not show his power in long speeches, but in the quiet though important work of advising. We have spoken of his letter to the queen, on the subject of the French marriage. It was during this year that the last efforts were made by the French duke to consummate his plans. His proposals were renewed by an imposing legation, sent over for the purpose, and in compliment to whom a brilliant military display was given, in which Sidney took part. Still Elizabeth hesitated and delayed; nor did her conduct, on a personal visit from the duke, soon after, amount to anything more than a prolonged hesitation, and a final rejection of his offers. On his return to France, he was accompanied by a numerous escort of lords and gentlemen, among whom are mentioned the names of Leicester, Sidney, and Raleigh.

We can but speak briefly of *The Defence of Poesy*, an essay written by Sidney at about this time, and generally considered the best of his productions. Ever since the beginning of the fifteenth century, poetry had been on the decline; and from the time of Chaucer, among the many names which have come down to us—such as Lydgate, Skelton, Surrey, Buckhurst—we can find none of great eminence. During the first part of this period of literary degeneracy, England had been continually engaged in civil dissension or foreign war, and subsequently the great doctrines of the Reformation had been moulding the minds of men, leaving them neither time nor disposition to attend to what seemed then so unimportant as poetry. But now the storm was over: there was no more the confusion so prevalent during the reign of Henry VIII., nor the general cry of sorrow which again woke the land as Mary urged on her cruel persecutions: with the accession of Elizabeth had come the days of peace and quietness. Poetry, now roused to a new life in this time of rest,

would strive to bring again the age of Chaucer, or to furnish even better models; but it met with scornful opposition from the Puritans—the leading party of the time—who at first seemed to wish to be as extreme in intellectual reform as in that of morals and religion. It was mainly to answer the objections of these men, that Sydney undertook *The Defence of Poesy*. Here, as D'Israeli well remarks, he, “for the first time in English literature, has exhibited the beatitude of criticism in a poet-critic.” After showing the high esteem in which the poet was held by the Greeks and Romans—as the “*Homotês*”—the “*Vates*”—“*Maker*” and “*Seer*”—he gives him a place above the historian or the philosopher, in imparting lessons of either patriotism or morality. With intense enthusiasm for the merits of his subject, he ardently sets forth the claims of the various kinds of poetry—pastoral, elegiac, comic, tragic, satiric, lyric, heroic, as well as defends them all from the imputations of uselessness or the inculcation of falsehood and vice. While thus defending poetry in general, against the charges brought forward, he shows his own accurate discernment, by not attempting to uphold the poets of his day. Indeed, in their poor productions, he finds one cause of the prevalent dislike shown to the art itself. Most English poetry was then dramatic in form; and against the coarseness of sentiment, and the absurdities of action therein shown, he speaks most sharply. The disregard of unity of place, shown in “*Gorboduc*” and the kindred plays of the time, is thus treated:

“But if it be so in *Gorboduc*, how much more in all the rest? where you shall have Asia of the one side, and Afric of the other, and so many other under kingdoms, that the player, when he comes in, must ever begin with telling where he is, or else the tale will not be conceived. Now you shall have three ladies walk to gather flowers, and then you must believe the stage to be a garden. By and by, we hear news of shipwreck in the same place, then we are to blame if we accept it not for a rock. Upon the back of that comes out a hideous monster with fire and smoke, and then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cave; while in the mean time two armies fly in, represented with four swords and bucklers, and then, what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field?”

We can make room but for one more quotation; it shall be his closing imprecation upon all haters of poetry:

“But if you be born so near the dull-making cataract of Nilus, that you cannot bear the planet-like music of poetry; if you have so earth-

creeping a mind, that it cannot lift itself up to look to the sky of poetry, or rather, by certain rustical disdain, will become such a Mome, as to be a Momus of poetry; then, though I will not wish unto you the ass's ears of Midas, nor to be driven by a poet's verses, as Bubonax was, to hang himself, nor to be rhymed to death, as is said to be done in Ireland; yet thus much curse I must send you in the behalf of all poets; that while you live, you live in love, and never get favor, for lacking skill of a sonnet; and when you die, your memory die from the earth, for want of an epitaph.*

Again, in 1582, did Sidney petition for promotion, asking for the place of master of ordnance, in connection with his uncle the Earl of Warwick—and again did the queen deny his request. Perhaps it was partly to make amends for this, that early in the following year she conferred on him the honor of knighthood. Soon after these events, we read of Sidney's marriage to Frances, daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham. His biographers seem to unite in considering this as one more case, besides those already discovered, of a man marrying one for whom he had perhaps a high regard, but not the one he loved. The really "adored" person in this case was Penelope Devereux, for whom Sidney had long felt an ardent affection, and we are assured that the feeling was reciprocated. But Sir Henry seems not to have been the best friend to the father of the lady, or else, as has been assumed, her guardians were not satisfied as to the extent of Sidney's wealth; so the match was broken off, and Lady Devereux afterwards married Lord Rich. We have spoken of these incidents, as the after conduct of Sidney has been made a matter of scandal, and some have severely censured him for the freedom with which, in his poem of *Astrophel and Stella*, he addresses the object of his affection, though she was then the wife of another man. Perhaps there may be some ground for such an accusation; it is not, however, for us to say; if we thought there were any proof of vicious conduct on the part of Sidney, we would be the last to seek to cover his guilt, for there is far too much of such moral looseness now in the world, and its ruinous results are far too manifest, for any man of honor to utter one word of defence of even his nearest friend, if such a charge were proved against him. But, happily for us, we can find no proof of anything wrong imputed to Sidney; nor can we think it fair, in spite of his known character, to bring up this poem—written undoubtedly in the hour of

* *Miscellaneous Works*, p. 124.

intensest excitement, to calm his own troubled spirit—as a witness against him. Then, too, it was first printed in 1591—long after his death; and what evidence is there, that the lady in question ever saw it, till this time?

Just here is as fit a place as any for speaking of Sidney's poetry. His *Astrophel and Stella* has been already referred to. It is simply a collection of sonnets, supposed to be addressed by "Astrophel" (himself) to "Stella" (Lady Rich), and interspersed throughout with love-songs. He has, besides this, a few miscellaneous poems, which are only a continuation of the same style of composition; in fact, the theme of love is his only theme, and the sonnet or the song his only mode of expression. There is, many times, the most careful regard to rhythm, and such a richness of imagery as not only pleases but fairly charms us; but as for the thought, the sentiment of his poetry, we must say, it has seldom satisfied us. Though not positively sensual, there is need of but little imagination to fill out the picture. Love is generally mere animal passion; beauty is but some physical grace of movement or form. And then, too, such delineations of passion! We rarely find his passion depicted in only a few words or a few lines, as would have been the case, had he been a true poet; but everything is overdrawn, told and re-told, and with so many exaggerations as to actually sicken one. Take, for example, the 57th sonnet in *Astrophel and Stella*:

"When I was forced from Stella, ever dear,
Stella! food of my thoughts, heart of my heart,
Stella! whose eyes make all my tempests clear,
By iron laws of duty to depart:
Alas! I found that she with me did smart;
I saw that tears did in her eyes appear;
I saw that sighs her sweetest lips did part,
And her sad words my saddest sense did hear.

"For me, I wept to see pearls scattered so,
I sigh'd her sighs, and wailed for her woe,
Yet swam in joy, such love in her was seen:
Thus, while the effect most bitter was to me,
And nothing than the cause more sweet could be,
I had been vexed, if vexed I had not been."

Truly, this subject of "tears" is here "long drawn out." How different, in all elements of power, is this long show of words from Mrs. Browning's:

"Now I sit alone, alone,
And the hot tears break and burn."

Or from this :

"Slow, slow, as the winter snow
The tears have drifted to mine eyes!"

Whoever will examine these poems of Sidney, will, we think, be satisfied of the truth of our remarks. Among the miscellaneous poems, however, there is one sonnet, which is so far a marked exception to all we have said, that we transcribe it :

"Leave me, O love! which reachest but to dust;
And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things:
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust;
Whatever fades, but fading pleasure brings.

"Draw in thy beams, and humble all thy might
To that sweet yoke where lasting freedoms be,
Which breaks the clouds, and opens forth the light,
That doth both shine, and give us sight to see.

"O take fast hold! let that light be thy guide,
In this small course which birth draws out to death,
And think how evil becometh him to slide,
Who seeketh heav'n, and comes of heav'nly breath.

"Then, farewell, world, thy uttermost I see,
Eternal Love, maintain thy life in me."*

The spirit of adventure which so fired almost every one in England, at about this time, did not leave Sidney unaffected; and, had he been suffered to carry out his plans, he would have taken a prominent part in one of the most extensive expeditions of the day. He in fact agreed, early in 1585, together with some thirty other gentlemen, each of whom was to furnish £100 for the purpose, to fit out a large naval and land force to accompany Sir Francis Drake on his second voyage of discovery. But in some way, the queen got word of the preparations being made, and just as the party were all ready to sail from Plymouth, a royal despatch came, forbidding Sidney's departure. Truly, his ambition seemed checked at every point. He had repeatedly failed in his solicitations for foreign service, and, now that he would try his powers in a scheme of his own, he was thus peremptorily stopped. But soon after, either the injustice or the inexpediency of such a continued course of refusal seems to have shown itself plainly to Elizabeth. Besides being admitted to the Privy Council, he was, in November of this year, given a post of influence in the Netherlands.

This is not the place to speak at length of the complicated affairs of the Netherlands, of the long struggle of the Provinces against the oppression of the Spanish, nor of Elizabeth's motives for interfering in behalf of the Dutch. Whether they were motives of religion or of self-interest, let others say. We are now concerned chiefly with the facts which throw light on the life of our subject. It was on the occasion of the death of William of Orange that Elizabeth was first induced to take any active part in the cause of the Dutch. In this, the darkest hour of their calamity, after failing to secure aid from France, they renewed the offers made to Elizabeth some years before—consenting to become her subjects, on condition of her giving them assistance. Though she rejected the sovereignty, she agreed to send them aid, in the shape of both money and troops, and as a pledge of payment received several of their towns, among which was Flushing, situated at the mouth of the Scheldt, and one of the most important posts in the Netherlands. Sidney was appointed governor of this town, where he arrived, as we have intimated, in November, 1585. The command of the English auxiliary forces was given to Leicester, of whom perhaps the queen entertained high hopes. But she was as blind to the actual extent of his abilities as can well be conceived. Little good did it do him, attended by a splendid retinue, to be received by his nephew with such pomp and display, as he landed at Flushing. His inordinate vanity, in accepting the supreme authority at the hands of the Dutch, contrary to his instructions, drew down upon him the merited rebuke of Elizabeth, who cuttingly reminded him that he was merely one whom she "had raised out of the dust." This, however, was not the worst; for his humble apologies made all right with the queen, and he even retained his assumed position. But, alas! in the experience of war he was utterly deficient, and his movements were attended by misfortune and disgrace. Not only did he show himself unable to carry on military affairs, but he so oppressed the people that they soon repented of their former adulation. As he afterwards owned, it was owing to the sound advice and superior skill of Sidney that he was able to maintain his authority at all.

At first holding the place of colonel of the Dutch regiments, Sidney was soon promoted to the rank of general of horse, under Leicester, and already had he been successful in several important movements, as the time of the fated

battle of Zutphen drew near. Leicester, unable with a smaller force and inferior powers of generalship to cope with the Duke of Parma, as his next best course, laid siege to Zutphen during September, 1586. His troops numbered some 8,000 in all, and the beleaguered town would soon have been obliged to surrender, had it not been for re-enforcements sent by Parma. Having partially effected an entrance into the town, by some unguarded pass, on the night of the 21st, the morning after, their further advance was intercepted by Sidney, who, with 500 English cavalry, attacked a like force of six times that number. His undoubted bravery at this time has been sneered at by Walpole, as being "the rashness of a volunteer;" but none of his cotemporaries, nor any of his biographers, seem to have so considered it. He well knew the responsibility placed upon him; the weakness and inaction of Leicester had taught him that he must himself take the lead, or give up everything. Bravely did that handful of men advance to the charge, cheered on by their gallant young leader. The darling courtier, the charming writer, the accomplished gentleman, could now be the stern soldier, and strike home blow on blow as fearlessly as any of his fellows. And, after hard fighting, they won the day for England; but at what cost? He whom they all so loved, and of whom they were so proud, had received his death-wound. Sadly they bore him off the field, saying, as he met Leicester, "This have I done to do you honor, and her Majesty service." After lingering on for many days, constantly suffering severe pain, he died on the 17th of October following.

"Thus," as says another, "ended a life, doubtless of great designs, but of few incidents. The jealousy and timidity of Elizabeth denied to him any share in her state confidence; excluded him from a cabinet which he would have enlightened by his counsels, and purified by the example of his honor and integrity; and devoted him to an honorable banishment, and a premature death."* We have spoken briefly of Sidney as a statesman, as an author, and as a soldier. But, in whatever light we view him, there is always the same nobleness of heart, showing itself many times under most adverse circumstances. As, fainting from his death-wound, he gave the cup of water for which he had asked, untouched, to the dy-

ing soldier, with the well-known words, "Thy necessity is yet greater than mine," he left to the world a most perfect index of his character. This term, "gentleman," so much in use, is but little understood by most men. They look to grace of movement, and pleasing manners in society, and whoever possesses these alone they carelessly style a "gentleman." No matter how selfish, no matter how mean or hypocritical at heart, this outward show of good feeling will generally carry men through this deceiving world, and give them the name of "gentlemen." But where is the Christian hero—one who has, indeed, all the grace and refinement that any one could ask, but who does what he does for men, with an honest, loving heart, and who, though wearied out or dying, yields his own good to the good of his fellow? *He* is the true gentleman; and, to him, refinement of manners—the outgrowth of a generous soul—adds a charm which no one can resist. For, with him, outward grace is but the language of an inner culture. Was not Sir Philip Sidney such a man?

ART. VIII.—*Aurora Leigh*. By ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.
London: Chapman & Hall.

ONLY two years have elapsed since we had an elaborate critical paper in this journal on the poetical works of Mrs. Browning.* We were able, however, to do little more than to allude to *Aurora Leigh*; but we promised to review the whole poem on an early occasion. The recent death of the gifted author has imparted new interest to her writings. Of her life, it is needless to say anything here, farther than that she was born at London, in 1809; that she commenced to write verses and scan Greek when a mere child; that she travelled much, resided a good part of her time in Italy, where she died last June; and now reposes, under an Italian sky, beside John Keats and Percy Bysshe Shelley. For the rest, we refer to her poems, with much more confidence than to any biography of her that has yet appeared.

Some books we read and throw aside, never again to touch, and wonder why they were written. What fools men do make of themselves! And yet these books have

* See *National Quarterly Review*, for June, 1869.

their uses. We doubt not but that they have proved, often, an unexpected blessing to their authors; some have awakened as from a dream, affrighted, and have had no more dreams because they have not eaten such stuff as dyspeptics feed on, and, therefore, have grown fat. They have more wisely given themselves up to trade and physic—perhaps to the plow and the sickle, and henceforth been happy in turning up the warm earth. Others have worked themselves clear of all the crudities of the brain, and have thrown off the superabundant matter floating there once and for ever, and by thought and patient effort have dived deeper within the ocean of thought, and have brought up pearls and gems of rarest beauty and priceless worth. Did not Byron do this? have not a few more done the same? Therefore, let them write and publish what they write; the great public must be patient; we can afford to wait upon these fledglings, who may have the will but not as yet the power. If they belong to the *tribus* that sings, we shall hear them on some clear June morning, and all the world will listen—as we now listen to Aurora! Alas, some are killed in the effort; witness Keats; but he had first sung those carols which are not of earth and worthy of Shelley's Adonais—

“ All he had loved and moulded into thought
From shape, and hue, and odor and sweet sound,
Lamented Adonais. Morning sought
Her eastern watch-tower, and her hair unbound,
Wet with the tears which should adorn the ground,
Dimmed the aerial eyes that kindle day;
Afair, the melancholy thunder moaned,
Pale ocean in unquiet slumber lay,
And the wild winds flew around, sobbing in their dismay.”

We have found many passages in *Aurora Leigh* to mark to erase; some with a rapid stroke, and hands somewhat nervous; others calmly, and with meditative head and heart. We have read no modern poem more full of thought, that stirs the blood, quickens the pulse and makes it leap. At times, we pause and listen, for the notes of Aurora are not always clear. Why should they be?—this mild Florentine, with the smell of oleanders on her wings, and her heart all full of snatches from the Tuscan groves; full-throated, she can scarcely pant them out, without, at times, tripping each other's heels. We sometimes say, either the poet must be dazzled or we are. Well, we read her again, and it is all clear. The fault is in us, not in her. Often have we known that

the reader must be *en rapport* with such poets, or they can not be understood. Never read *Aurora Leigh*, when your head is weak from too full a stomach, or dyspeptic—better read Japanese. Whether it is that we cannot see the pebbles shining at the bottom of this tarn, or so shallow that the pebbles have no shining, we cannot, at times, say; but, it is certain that, like the great cosmos, it has its riddles, mysteries, morasses, deserts, fogs and fens; but, for all these, it is God's cosmos.

This *Aurora Leigh* is a great poem. It is a wonder of art. It will live. No large audience will it have, but it will have audience; and that is more than most poems have. To those who know what poetry is, and in what struggles it is born—how the great thoughts justify themselves—this work will be looked upon as one of the wonders of the age.

We say *Aurora Leigh* will live, not by special grant of the great public, for this will not know that such a thing has dawned upon it. The day dawns upon us, not because we will, but because the sun wills. It will not be by grant of the king or the senate, or because of tinted paper and gold, but because,

“It is a thing of beauty and a joy forever!”

It is one withal that has in it life and cannot perish. It is sometimes quaint, as the oaks of Wordsworth's:

“Those fraternal four of Bowerdale
Joined in one solemn and capacious grove
Of intertwisted fibres, serpentine,
Up-coiling, and inveterately convolved—
Nor uninformed of phantasy and looks
That threaten the profane!”

This book could not have been written when *Prometheus Bound* and her earlier works were wrought. These, like all works from the great masters, were but the froth and bubbles tossing on that sea which alone could have produced them, but which, at best, were froth and bubbles, not the sea. She did not know until *Aurora* arose what daylight was, what the sun could do, what glory it casts upon the breezy trees and the slumberous earth, the seas and its multitudinous waves.

The first verses, even of true poets, are generally formal and precise, imitations perhaps of others. Pretty verses, suited to the modes of thought and taste of the people, on a level with those who are pleased with them—“flats,” noth-

ing more. All men are poets of the kind that young poets are who appear in ladies' magazines, but all have not the power to sing. If they have the will, they lack the ambition to tempt them to make the effort. Some mistake the will for the power, and chatter like the jay-bird; and they are as well pleased as the lark with his morning carol. So Byron sang his early lays, and so Pope and Dryden. They sang in youth as if from the experience and deep insight of age, making sad music, discordant, false. The key-note was false, and they mistook the minor for the major.

But few have escaped this anachronism of their life in poetry. They antedate their power and sing at sixteen what can only be sung at forty, if sung at all. Burns escaped this, and so did Henry Kirke White. They took their lessons from their hearts, and never went beyond them. They sang because they could not help it. They borrowed no notes, even from the nightingale.

Why *Aurora Leigh* was written may be seen in the first lines of the poem :

" Of writing many books there is no end ;
And I, who have written much in prose and verse
For other's uses, will write now for mine,
Will write my story for my better self,
As when you paint your portrait for a friend,
Who keeps it in a drawer and looks at it
Long after he has ceased to love you, just
To hold together what he was and is."

She also says, in her dedication to John Kenyon, Esq. :
" Ending, therefore, and preparing once more to quit England,
I venture to leave in your hands this book, *the most mature of my works, and the one into which my highest convictions upon life and art have entered.*"

Thus, as is well known, she had written much both " in prose and in verse," for others' uses—this book for her own. In all her previous contributions, the same original, self-poised mind appears at times, but in none of them does it stand out so fully and so clearly as in *Aurora Leigh*; and hence its superiority to anything written by her pen. She lost sight of old, dead forms. No longer the mocking bird—if, indeed, she ever was—but now the lark, up-springing from the dewy grass, she flings her arrows, clear and keen :

" All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud,
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed."

What her conceptions are of a poet, his mission and his uses, may be seen in the following passage :

" I write so
Of the only truth-tellers, now left to God,—
The only speakers of essential truth,
Opposed to relative, comparative,
And temporal truths : the only holders by
His sun-skirts, through conventional grey glooms ;"

How she looks down upon

Who

" Your common men

" Build pyramids, gauge railroads, reign, reap, dine,
And dust the flaunty carpets of the world
For kings to walk on, or our senators,
The poet suddenly will catch them up
With his voice like thunder—" This is soul,
This is life, this word is being said in heaven,
Here's God down on us ! What are you about !"

At this voice of thunder, they are startled from their daily work ;

" Look round, look up, and feel, a moment's space,
That carpet-dusting, though a pretty trade,
Is not the imperative labor after all."

The uncommon force and felicity with which Mrs. Browning expresses her thoughts are not the least of her excellencies. She has a rich vocabulary—a large utterance, never at a loss for the right word in the right place. This strikes the reader throughout the entire work. She is not always smooth or even in the flow of her language, as Wordsworth, nor is she tame, as he sometimes is, in the medium through which she chooses to give expression to her conceptions of truth. Never cramped by system, as though poetry had a language solely its own, but in the largeness of her ideal, she deals with the world of art as God does in nature. Sometimes rugged, disjointed, abrupt, throwing up her mountain masses as fiery sparks, letting down the awful avalanche, with the thunder which follows it ; and then, as the river flowing " at its own sweet will," through open glades and towering trees, castles and broken towers, now spreading out over the marsh-moor, then compressed between the jaws of mountains, ready to devour it. In any phase of thought, finding, without effort, apparently, words which convey their own music, independent of the thoughts which they utter. No writer was ever truer to her own ideal, than our Aurora.

She writes from her heart, and is one with nature in all her moods.

"The poet's lyre, to fix his fame,
Should be the poet's heart ;
Affection lights a brighter flame
Than ever blaz'd by art."

The life of Aurora shows the training to which she had subjected herself in view of her art. It is worth our study. She was of a Tuscan mother, the heroine of the poem, but of an English father. At the age of four years, her mother died in Florence, and left her in the hands of her father and the nurse Apunta. She tenderly refers to this scene in her past life of helplessness, and ever after laments the loss of a mother's care and love.

"My mother was a Florentine,
Whose rare blue eyes were shut from seeing me
When scarcely I was four years old ; my life,
A poor spark snatched up from a failing lamp,
Which went out therefore. She was weak and frail ;
She could not bear the joy of giving life,
The mother's rapture slew her."

She felt, after this, a mother-want, and went bleating through the world, as a lamb shut out, at night, from the fold. Her father, kind, good man, did all he could to reconcile her "to the new order," but, like all fathers, failed, not from the want of will, but power.

"Women know
The way to rear up children (to be just),
They know a simple, merry, tender knack
Of tying sashes, fitting baby-shoes,
And stringing pretty words that make no sense,
And kissing full sense into empty words.
Fathers love as well,
Mine did, I know—but still with heavier brains,
And wills more consciously impossible,
And not as wisely, since less foolishly ;
So mothers have God's license to be missed."

The mother of Aurora was first seen by her father, when a trail of chanting priests and girls were passing along the streets to the cathedral ; when

"A face flashed like a cymbal on his face,
And shook with silent clangour brain and heart,
Transfiguring him to music."

We doubt whether a more striking figure than this can be found, as expressive of a face of beauty and of brightness ;

and the sudden and transforming effect it produced upon the beholder. It lives in the memory, and transfixes both the sight and the seer at once and for ever. We feel "the silent clangour" of "brain and heart" as this bright cymbal, in the sun, flashes on our face. After her death, Aurora, her father, and Apunta left Florence, and sojourned among the mountains of Pelago—

"God's silence on the outside of the house,
And we, who did not speak too loud, within."

The effect of the picture of her mother, taken after she was dead, upon the mind of Aurora, is touchingly and truthfully exhibited. It carries us back to childhood, when all things are strange and new, and phantasies flit through the heart and brain, which are too evanescent and shadowy to be distinctly remembered, and which only a few can ever recall :

"I, a little child, would crouch
For hours upon the floor, with knees drawn up,
And gaze across them, half in terror, half
In adoration, at the picture there—
That swan-like, supernatural life,
Just sailing upward from the red, stiff silk
Which seemed to have no part in it, nor power
To keep it from quite breaking out of bounds ;
For hours I sat and stared."

For years, that picture took all shapes and forms ; from every object she saw, and all the books she read ; some, strange and fantastic, others dull and vague, or beautiful and sweet ; and finally fixed itself on the dead mother, without sigh or smile, in her grave at Florence.

Her father died when she was ripening into girlhood—just thirteen—and left her in the world to grope her way along its tortuous paths. She woke up as from a dream, as one does after the fever fit is over, not able to gather up the threads of life, so strangely broken, so inextricably tangled. Just two lines we quote, for their singular strength and sublimity, with reference to death—the death of her father :

"Life, struck sharp on death,
Makes awful lightning."

Many such short, Shaksperian sentences may be found in this work, which will pass into the common speech, as they never can be forgotten. We deem this to be one of the triumphs of poetry. It fulfils its office in those words

which linger in the memory, and enter into the life of all this busy, bustling world—of duty and enjoyment, of grief and love. It does more for us than kings or senators, than philosophy or art—than a hundred battles, which give birth to empires or level them in the dust. Those sentences which we learned at school, or at our fathers' hearth-stone, or which were floating on the genial air and caught up by every breath of wind, are the waifs, belonging to the king, which all his subjects share in—the seed-truths, which make our golden harvests in after life. Every language possesses them; and a nation owes its stability more to their presence and power, than to all its laws or institutions. Shakspeare abounds with them, and also Milton; you find them in Bunyan's Pilgrim; in Gray's Elegy; in Cowper's Task; in Longfellow's and T. Buchanan Read's poems. They partake of the nature of the parable and the fable; of the familiar sayings—the maxims of Solon, or the greater of Solomon. They are the crown-jewels of a kingdom, distributed, not in parts, but in whole, to all the subjects—each having all, without trenching on the rights and privileges of others—like the blue sky, and the common earth, and the great seas. They are loop-holes, through which we look into the unseen and the eternal. They contain in them the wealth of an empire, as they give it all its wealth. Their power lies in the harmony unconsciously felt by all men, and by deeper minds continually recognized, in the resemblances of the natural and the spiritual—the conventional and the real. They are witnesses for the truth amidst the lies and storms of this most unintelligible world. They are the true types of all the antitypes which lie in our pathway—not chosen arbitrarily from the dead forms which everywhere appear, but, being one with nature, they harmonize with it, and permit us

“To see into the life of things.”

There are some minds, so dull and stupid, so earthly and sensuous, that all poetry to them is as unsightly as dead seed in the fructifying soil, forgetful that from these the beautiful forms of life are eliminated—both the graceful flower and the thick corn; and for this it is sown. They are but the prophecy of the future. To the one, but seed in a state of decay; to the other, the oleander and the violet—and the harvests of every autumn. To those who shrink from con-

templating a higher-world order than that which lies around them, all this is illusive, if not mummery; to them, earth casts no shadow—nor the sun. Images of the beautiful and the sublime waylay them never in the dusty road of life. To them, as to Peter Bell,

"A primrose by a river's brow,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

But Nature is a loving mother. She would tell us all she knows, if we had ears to listen; but she will do it in her own way and time. The fewest willingly listen to her voice. The poets are her chosen children, on whom she lavishes her richest love—the Benjamins of the family of Rachel, having the lordly dish. They learn as much from her silence as from her utterances. Her "dark sayings" to them leave large inferences. Latent affinities, remote allusions, enigmatical forms of speech, are the thyme from her skirts, scenting all the air, or voices which

"Thrill inly with consenting fellowship
To those innumerable spirits who sun themselves
Outside of Time."

Aurora, at the age of thirteen, was sent, by the dying wish of her father, to England, to a maiden aunt—his sister—to be cared for and educated. Her feelings, on leaving her Tuscan home, are most graphically described:

"A stranger, with authority, not right
(I thought not), who commanded, caught me up
From old Apunta's neck; how, with a shriek,
She let me go; while I, *with ears too full*
Of my father's silence, to shriek back a word,
In all a child's astonishment at grief,
Stared at the wharfage, where she stood and moaned—
My poor Apunta, where she stood and moaned!"

She reached England:

"Oh, the frosty cliffs
Looked cold on me."

The train swept on through the tessellated fields of her father's island. "The skies, themselves, looked low and positive"—not like her Italy—"God's celestial crystals!" She wondered if this could be the land of Shakspeare.

"Not a hill or stone
With heart to strike a radiant color up,
Or active outline, on the indifferent air!"

She describes the first appearance of her aunt—surely, not a proper person to entrust this wild flower from the Tuscan groves with ; but, perhaps, the best a dying father had on earth ; she, at least, was his sister :

“ She stood straight and calm,
Her somewhat narrow forehead braided tight,
As if for taming accidental thoughts
From possible pulses ; ◊ ◊
A close, mild mouth, a little soured about
The ends, through speaking unrequited loves,
Or, peradventure, niggardly half truths.”

Aurora, then, was somewhat of a phrenologist, and took note of these defective organs ; but she understood them better on a nearer acquaintance. Children are good physiognomists, at least, and read the heart in the eyes and nose and lips—more, certainly, in the atmosphere, which surrounds those with whom they come in contact :

“ Her aunt had lived
A sort of cage-bird life, born in a cage,
Accounting that to leap from perch to perch
Was act and joy enough for any bird.
Dear heavens, how silly are the things that live
In thickets, and eat berries !”

So thought, doubtless, this maiden aunt ; and, it is no wonder, if she did not understand this oriole of the “ thickets,” scarcely fledged, and now, for the first time, brought to her cage. What cared she for her “ clear water ” and “ fresh seed ”—she, who had drunk from the clear spring, and eaten of all the berries of her native woods !

Aurora threw her passionate arms around the neck of her aunt, and would have clung there through life, but for the want of that warm love, in return, which, alone, can make it :

“ She loved my father, and would love me too,
As long as I deserved it.”

In truth, her father had married a Tuscan girl, and had not only, in her judgment,

“ Fooled away
A wise man, from wise courses,

but had deprived her,

“ His sister, of the household precedence.”

For this she never could forgive her, and so she hated her,

“ Till hate, so nourished, did exceed, at last,
The love from which it grew, in strength and hate.”

She did what she deemed her duty towards Aurora,
generous and bland,

"More courteous, than was tender."

Sometimes, however, fearful

"That God's saints
Would look down suddenly and say, 'Herein
You missed a point, I think through lack of love.'
*Alas! a mother never is afraid
Of speaking angrily to any child,
Since love, she knows, is justified of love.*"

Aurora was a manageable child:

"Why not?
I did not live to have the faults of life;
*There seemed more true life in my father's grave
Than in all England.*"

She was subjected to the ordinary training of young
girls—studied arithmetic, geography, and grammar; the
creeds, from Athanasius back to Nice:

"The articles—the tracts against the time;
Dances the polka and Cellarius;
Spun glass, stuffed birds, and modelled flowers in wax;
Read scores of books on womanhood,
To prove, if women do not think at all,
They may teach thinking.
"And last,
I learned cross-stitch, because she did not like
To see me wear the night with empty hands,
A-doing nothing."

Romney, her cousin, when he returned from college, was
her friend and companion. He was rich, talented, had
much of the genius of Aurora, but was taken up with gen-
eralities and systems, and tangled in the meshes of socialism.
Their lives were not set to the same music; of course
he fell in love with her, but was rejected. Sorry girl! what
a good match it would have made, looking from the stand-
point of her maiden aunt and any one's maiden aunt. She
was in love with art—with life, which was her art. He,

"Why, sir, you are married long ago,
You have a wife whom you love,—
Your social theory."

Already had Aurora been communing with her own heart
and nature. She had felt the dawning of a "new life within
her life." She had read, by stealth, the books, bad and good,

found in the garret of the old manse of her fathers. She had fallen upon the poets and drank their nectar, as of one of the gods and had written verses—such as young poets write :

“ Oh happy mornings, *with a morning heart*
That leaps for love, is active for resolve,
Weak for art only.”

“ So, like most young poets, in a flush
Of individual life, I *poured myself*
Along the veins of others, and achieved
Mere lifeless imitations of life verse,
And made the living answer for the dead,
Profaning nature.”

But it was not always so, nor yet, we think, long. A nature like hers would find enough within to satisfy the demands of her art. It was natural enough for one, just waking from the conventional life about her, to imitate the life, or forms of life, into which she had entered. You see her now, looking out from her *green* room, upon the trees and shrubbery—stealing out before day from the sleepy house, and taking her fill of the sweet breath of morn, and drinking inspiration from the hills and woods,

“ As a hunted stag
Will take the waters, shivering with the fear
And passion of the course !”

Her twentieth morn she reaches, and there she

“ Stood,
Woman and artist—either incomplete,
Both credulous of completion !”

“ I was glad that day ;
The June was in me. With its multitudes
Of nightingales all singing in the dark,
And rosebuds reddening where the calyx split.
I felt so young, so strong, so sure of God !”

Early in the morning of this day,

“ Till my aunt awoke
To stop good dreams,”

she went out in the open air to keep her birth-day, and sauntered through the acacias and over the dewy grass, to crown herself “ in sport, not pride”—

“ to learn the feel of it,
Before my brows be numb as Dante's own
To all the tender pricking of such leaves !”

She chose, not the bay, being not overbold, nor yet the myrtle—

“Which means chiefly Love ; and Love
Is something awful, which one dare not touch
So early o’ mornings.”

Nor yet the verbena, nor guilder rose—

“Ah ! there’s my choice—that ivy on the wall,
That headlong ivy ! not a leaf will grow
But thinking of a wreath !—
I like ivy ; bold to leap a height,
’Twas strong to climb.”

Thus, speaking to herself, half singing it :

“Because some thoughts are fashioned like a bell,
To ring with once being touched.”

Thus drawing a wreath, drenched with dew, across her brow, half blinding her with its tears, she,

“turning, faced
My public !—Cousin Romney—with a mouth
Twice graver than his eyes.”

It was here, and with a blush of flame, she stood transfixed, in presence of her cousin—

“You, my cousin.”

The passages which describe this unexpected interview no one but a poet could write. We must transcribe a few of them ; but, to feel their force and beauty, the scene itself must be read and studied. To show the intense aspirations of the heroine, take the following :

“I would rather take my part
With God’s dead, who afford to walk in white,
Yet spread his glory, than keep quiet here,
And gather up my feet from even a step
For fear to soil my gown in so much dust.”

He twits her on the art she has chosen, and reminds her how many have failed, and that she ought not to be satisfied—will not be—with the half praise bestowed on

“Mere woman’s work.”
“Stop there !”

she answered :

“I would rather dance
At fairs, on tight ropes, till the babies dropped
Their gingerbread for joy—than shift the types
For tolerable verse, indolent
To men who act and suffer. Better far
Pursue a frivolous trade, by serious means,
Than a sublime art frivolously !”

Of her "sublime art," she says :

—"Poets become such
Through scorning nothing. You decry them for
The good of beauty, sung and taught by them,
While they respect your practical partial good
As being a part of beauty's self. Adieu!
*When God helps all the workers for his world,
The singers shall have help of Him—not last!*

We have said *Aurora Leigh* should not be read, but studied deeply, meditatively. We know of no better work for the youthful mind, filled with lofty aspirations, to pore over, than this. If one wishes to know the stuff that poets are made of, the things that they endure, the struggles to reach a purer life, the patience and the toil to attain it, the self-abnegation needful, the world of thought and feeling to which they are admitted, ere they see in the desert the sphynx with sober face, the sounding of that desert ere they catch a full sight of the presiding spirit which dwells there, the failures, the praise—which means scorn, the blame which is often the highest praise, the self-reliance in a world where none can stand alone, let them read *Aurora Leigh*!

"I worked with patience, which means almost power.
I did some excellent things indifferently,
Some bad things excellently. Both were praised,
The latter loudest!"

"I ripped my verses up,
And found no blood upon the rapier's point;
The heart in them was just an embryo's heart,
Which never yet had beat, that it should die;
Just gasps of make-believe, galvanic life;
Mere tones, unorganized to any tune."

Of the English public, she says :

"I apprehend this—
In England, no one lives by verse that lives;
And apprehending, I resolved by prose
To make a space to sphere my living verse.
I wrote for cyclopedias, magazines,
And weekly papers, holding up my name,
To keep it from the mud."

We have written thus far, and felt consciously how little we have said to give proper expression of our sense of the merits of this poem, or to afford the reader a just appreciation of it. The quotations we have made were not selected because they were the gems alone to be found in the book, but to illustrate, rather, certain principles found in it, and to show how poets are made, and what food they live on. The prac-

tical geologist, who finds a grain or two of gold, or piece of quartz containing the precious metal, does not pronounce his judgment on the wealth which lies beneath the *placer*, much less does he regard the small treasures he has found a safe criterion to judge of the mines, which might contribute wealth enough for a hundred Rothschilds.

ART. IX.—1. *Observations and Inquiries into the Nature and Treatment of the Yellow, or Bulam Fever, in Jamaica and at Cadiz; particularly in what regards its Primary Cause, and assigned Contagious Powers, &c.* By EDWARD DOUGHTY, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons of London, and Surgeon to the Forces. London.

2. *Practical Illustrations of Typhus and other Febrile Diseases.* By JOHN ARMSTRONG, M. D. London: Longman & Co.

3. *Rélation Historique et Médicale de la Fièvre-Jaune, &c.* Par M. F. M. AUDOUARD, M. D. Paris.

THERE is every reason to believe, notwithstanding some slight recent reverses, that, before the September number of our journal has had time to appear, the rebellion will have been virtually suppressed. Scarcely any have doubted such a result, since the capture of New Orleans and Norfolk; even the rebels themselves seem to have come to the conclusion that their case is hopeless. North Carolina and Arkansas have lost no time in acting accordingly; the Lieutenant-Governor of the former and the Governor of the latter setting the authority of Jefferson Davis at defiance. It is needless for us to enter into any particulars in regard to these facts; they are sufficiently known in all their significance. And, while we write, the fall of Richmond is expected from day to day. True, it may hold out for weeks; but that its capture, sooner or later, is certain, those who sympathized most with the rebellion hardly venture to dispute. In the darkest days of the Republic, while the national capital seemed in hourly danger of capture, we had full confidence that, whatever might be the disasters of the present, the government would ultimately prevail. A lively, unwavering faith in the Federal power pervades all our articles on the subject. Before the war had commenced at all, we pointed out the case

of the six cantons of Switzerland, which had also seceded, and declared themselves independent; but which the federal government had, in due time, forced to return to the confederation.* We showed that, although battles had been fought to accomplish this, the confederation was not the less perfectly restored, and that peace and tranquillity have since prevailed throughout the Republic. Indeed, according to the closest observers, the Swiss cantons, north and south, east and west, were never more cordially united; never more attached to each other, than they are at the present moment. And what sufficient reason is there to suppose that the North and South of the United States will not become equally reconciled to each other? We have always clung to this view of our difficulties; and it remains to be seen whether we were not as nearly right as those who, contrary to the teachings of all history, have insisted that once different sections of a country encounter each other in bloody conflict, reconciliation between them is impossible. We cannot pause now to show that there is scarcely one of the great nations of the world in which such conflicts have not taken place, at some period of its history. Suffice it to remind the reader that they have taken place in Greece and Rome; in France and England; in Spain and Italy.

But our intention on the present occasion is not to discuss the probable consequences or results of the war. We have no fear of a cause so bravely and vigorously defended and vindicated. We hold the armies of the Republic to be fully equal to the task of maintaining the noble structure against all enemies, foreign and domestic. But soldiers as well as civilians need sympathy. The consciousness that they receive sympathy from their fellow-citizens nerves their arms in defending the national cause. Those who are readiest to brave death in the battle-field are often the first to cower before a pestilence. The finest armies of ancient and modern times have been demoralized by this fear, and often when there were no real grounds for it. The rebel leaders are aware of the fact, and they are determined to avail themselves of it to the fullest extent. They affect to have great confidence in the yellow fever, as a means of cutting off our troops; and there are a great many who ought to know better, who accept their representations as facts.

* See *National Quarterly Review*, No. IV., p. 344 et seq.

The history of all wars shows that, when pestilences do break out, the people, especially those residing in large towns or cities, suffer from them tenfold more than the troops. Indeed, it is after the latter withdraw from the battle-field that the pestilence is most likely to break out, or rage with greatest violence; and this is particularly true of yellow fever. An army attacked in camp by the disease may easily withdraw and choose a situation almost certain to afford perfect immunity; whereas the poor of large cities and towns must remain exposed to the infected atmosphere. This was terribly illustrated during the yellow fever epidemics at Cadiz, Gibraltar, and Barcelona. The mortality was ten times as great among the people in each instance as it was among the troops, while the latter were equally exposed with the former to its influence. The British troops stationed at Gibraltar suffered but slightly in comparison with the citizens. All the physicians, native and foreign, bear testimony to a similar state of facts during the epidemic at Barcelona in 1821. It was the comparative immunity thus enjoyed by foreign troops that first led eminent physicians to the conclusion that the disease is not contagious. Surgeon Doughty, of the British army, the author of one of the books which we have placed at the head of our article, had ample opportunities both at Cadiz and the West Indies to examine all the characteristics of the disease, and the conclusions which he draws are placed in a forcible light in the following extract:

"Let six, or any number of patients, laboring under yellow fever, in its most violent degree, be conveyed to any one of the most elevated places of residence in the blue mountains of Jamaica, and let the same number of persons in health, there residing, be compelled to superintend them throughout the fever, whether of favorable or fatal termination—I feel every assurance, the disease, in that situation, would not be imparted from those laboring under it, to any one of those in attendance. It cannot be propagated in a soil which does not in itself impart the seeds of the disease; and the situations I allude to are exempt from the prevalence of yellow fever.

"Suppose, again, six persons were to come down, in a state of health, from their residence in the blue or higher mountains of Jamaica, or Kingston, Spanish Town, or any place where yellow fever prevails in the autumn or sickly season, remain a few days or a week, and then return, without being attacked, it would be a very extraordinary circumstance, if, on their return home, one or more of them did not become affected with fever. Their residence in the mountains would not destroy the susceptibility to the influence of the morbid cause, as I have shown from facts explained by the destructive fever in the 85th and 53th regiments, which had been some time stationed in mountainous situations."

Dr. Doughty had no doubt that the epidemic at Cadiz was

in all respects the same as that of the West Indies and the United States; that it was generated by a peculiar condition of the atmosphere and soil, and was not capable of being propagated by contagion. He admits that there were no marshes near enough to Cadiz to affect it by their miasmata; but he says that filth had accumulated in the city to such an extent as fully to account by itself for the appearance of the disease; for "the olfactory nerves were assailed with the most noxious exhalations, and the eyes disgusted with every sort of filthy and excrementitious matters thrown indiscriminately into the streets. *Fish, bones, rotten vegetables, and rotten matters of every description, mixed together by contents from the receptacles for the night, formed the delectable covering of most of those extremely crowded and ill-ventilated streets.*" At the same time the heat was unusually great—the thermometer ranging from 95 to 100 degrees Fahrenheit. The same writer observes that, had the disease been contagious, it must have been communicated to the Isla de Leon, which was only one mile from the infected city, and with whose inhabitants the afflicted citizens had daily an unrestrained intercourse. But he finds a still more convincing argument against the theory of contagion in the fact that it rarely, if ever, communicates itself to the attendants on the sick.

"If, therefore," says Dr. Doughty, "not one of the medical gentlemen, or hospital officers, numbering between twenty and thirty; not one of the orderlies in the *Hospicio*, where several cases of this fever were admitted; nor one of those in the *Aguada*, where the greater number of the British troops affected with the disease were placed and treated, and where many of them died, should not fall sick of the same order of fever, I think it is a strong presumptive proof that the bodies of those attacked during the progress of the disease, or after the vital spark was gone, imparted no emanating principle generative of fever *sui generis*. Even had those in Cadiz been attacked, it would be no direct evidence that they imbibed the infection from the sick, exposed as they must be to the general exciting cause. It is, indeed, surprising that, exposed to the same cause, with the possible additional excitement arising from fatigue in their attendance upon the sick, they should escape; but the fact was otherwise in 1819 to my knowledge."

In the work of Dr. Audouard we find a similar state of facts in regard to the epidemic at Barcelona, at least so far as the army was concerned, and no one had more ample opportunities of observing its peculiarities.* He had been

* The Doctor's account of his sensations in entering the afflicted city, and his description of the scenes of suffering and desolation which arrested his attention at every step in the more populous streets, are full of interest.

"The barrier opened, and a man who stood behind it took charge of my

sent, with other physicians, by the French Minister of the Interior, for the express purpose of ascertaining the true character of the disease, and he was the very first who ventured to hold a *post-mortem* examination on those who died of it. Dr. Audouard informs us that, of more than 1,000 soldiers in the citadel, only ten contracted the disease, and of these ten only four died.* All the public establishments, he tells us, enjoyed similar immunity. Even the poor-house, which contained 1,119 persons, was entirely exempt from the disease, and so were five nunneries, which contained, on an average, over 1,000 inmates each, whereas the monks, who had to perform anxious and fatiguing duties, were carried away in large numbers. The whole population of the city he estimates at about 140,000. All who had means left on the breaking out of the disease, leaving scarcely half behind; and of these, between 16,000 and 17,000, or about four-fifths of the whole number seized, fell victims to the disease.† M. Audouard candidly

* *Rélation Historique et Médicale*, p. 365.

† It is worthy of remark that Barcelonetta, which may be regarded as a suburb of Barcelona, but which contained no soldiers, save a few sentries, suffered vastly more than the city proper. It seems that, of a population of 8,000, more than one half were taken off by the disease.

portmanteau. The moment inspired me with some painful ideas; I was now within the circle of contagion; an instant before, I was surrounded by a crowd of people; but I had advanced only four steps, and now every one avoided my approach. A double barrier, guarded by armed men, separated me from the rest of mankind, and forced me towards Barcelona. My mother, my relatives, my friends, were to me in a different world, and I had no other asylum than that which had become the abode of death.

Barcelona was seen towering above the plain which surrounded it, without any change in its appearance. The setting sun threw its rays on that part of the city which was exposed to my view, and the majesty of the buildings, with the regularity of the fortifications, produced a pleasing effect to the eye: but, under this exterior of the most perfect peace and deep calm, which was increased by the silence of the bells, death continued his merciless ravages among the inhabitants, and pursued unceasingly his mysterious and fatal attacks. In the mean while, I approached the city, and arrived at one of the two gates through which the dead were carried away; and my conductor pointed out to me, on the glacis, two hundred yards from the road, a large square place, inclosed with wicker hurdles, seven or eight feet high, where the bodies were deposited. As I passed, I shuddered at the sight of this melancholy spectacle of human remains, to which carts were continually repairing, for the purpose of removing to the cemetery the population of Barcelona. At length I entered the city, at three o'clock in the afternoon.

I traversed different streets, and met with several individuals; some of whom appeared free from any melancholy feelings, while others looked sickly and crept slowly along; and all bending their steps towards the gates of the city, for it was the hour of promenade. Some were furnished with smelling bottles, and others stopped their noses with their handkerchiefs; but the greater part exhibited no marks of fear. These last were principally the lower classes, among whom are generally found the lively spirit, the noisy humor, the

admits that a monk of the order of Minims, named Constans, was more successful in the treatment of the malady than the most skilful and experienced of the faculty. Of nine of his brethren in the convent who contracted the disease, only one died; and probably this one would also have been saved had he taken the advice of the reverend father. The latter began by administering oily emulsions, which were followed by copious draughts of warm diluents, the design of which was, to produce profuse perspiration.

When the same disease broke out in New York, and assumed its most malignant type, far from showing any preference for soldiers, it was remarked by all that it avoided them, and this seemed the more strange because they were principally foreigners—Irish and Germans. Most of those who had the means of leaving did so, but of those who chose to remain, and who resided in a clean part of the city, and took tolerable care of their health, very few died. It was the poor and reckless—those who paid little attention to cleanliness or regimen—that furnished nineteen twentieths of the victims. Edward Livingston, who was then (1803) mayor of the city, gives his experience to a friend as follows: "I never remember to have experienced a greater fulness of health than at this period. There is something healthful to a man in the consciousness of a duty well discharged. Notwithstanding the number of the

petulance, the irascibility and the goodness which characterize the Catalan. Many of the houses were shut up, and boards nailed on the doors indicated that they were no longer inhabited. Several shops were open for the sale of articles of the first necessity; but all the work-people had ceased to carry on their occupations, except the carpenters, *the sound of whose hammers stunned the ear*, and who, though numerous, were scarcely able to supply the required number of coffins. Some bearers on which the sick were removed to a hospital—the viaticum—empty coffins carried along—several funerals, at which the priests recited the service in an under voice—the modest bier, carrying a corpse without pomp or honors—in short, everything which could recall death to the mind was all that gave movement to the city.

"On my way to the residence of the French Consul, I was conducted through several small streets, where I experienced a new and very disagreeable sensation. In every house fumigation of some sort was carrying on; here, they burned juniper, or gunpowder; there, vinegar, sage, incense, and various other aromatics; and further on they were busy in disengaging muriatic acid gas. In these narrow streets, the houses of which are very lofty, all these odors formed a mixture that rendered the air unfit for respiration; and either from such being actually the case, or from the force of imagination, I thought that I recognized the smell of hospitals infected with the contagion of typhus. On reaching the residence of the consul, I learned that, of the five physicians sent by the Minister of the Interior, M. Mazet had died on the preceding evening, that M. Rochoux had, eight days before, retired to the country, and that Messrs. Bally, Pariset, and Francois, were in good health."—*Rélation Historique et Médicale*, par M. F. M. Audouard, M. D., p. 285-6.

sick whom I saw every day, my recollection of their sufferings, of their distress, of the interest attaching to their families, to their various relations, did not present itself to my mind only in the mass; I knew each one individually. I identified myself with each one of the sick, for I could call each, with the physician, my patient. I shared the regrets of the family of each victim, the joy of the wife, the children, of each convalescent restored to life, to labor, to the tenderness of family affections. After the first fears of contagion were surmounted, *I ceased to experience the slightest apprehension of danger.*" In spite of his courage, he was finally attacked by the disease; he had predisposed his system to its influence by overexertion and anxiety for his friends. But, even then, his temperate habits saved him. "It was now," he relates, "that I received the reward of what I had done for the people. As soon as it was known that I was in danger, the street in which my house was situated was blocked by the crowd, who pressed even to my chamber to receive intelligence of my condition. The young people took turns, hour by hour, in the care of watching by my bed of suffering. The crisis was violent, but of short duration." In the great yellow fever epidemic of Philadelphia, similar preferences and immunities were remarked. Nor do the records of the disease in New Orleans or Charleston differ in any important respect from those of Northern cities. It is very generally believed at the North that the natives of southern cities are but seldom attacked by the disease. The opinion is founded on the fact that so few of them die in comparison with foreigners; but it is forgotten that they immediately withdraw from the infected atmosphere, and that even the few who remain behind can better afford to pay attention to ventilation, cleanliness and regimen than foreigners. But had we no further proof of the fact that the yellow fever allows no real immunity to natives more than foreigners, than that afforded by the ravages of the disease at Norfolk, a few years since, it would be amply sufficient; and the same terrible epidemic proved beyond doubt that, far from military men being more liable to contract the disease than civilians, it is they who enjoyed most immunity, although in Norfolk, as well as in New York, they were chiefly foreigners.

In short, if we examine all the statistics that have been preserved in either hemisphere, we shall find nothing to justify the boasts of the rebels, and of their sympathizers in

Europe, that once the warm weather commences, the yellow fever is the only enemy that need take the field against our troops. That they may suffer from it is, indeed, very possible, but by no means inevitable. Nay, it is scarcely probable, seeing, as we have already intimated, that they can always choose an elevated situation and every other sanitary precaution that the best scientific skill can suggest.

As it is thus evident that our troops need feel little alarm more than the rebels, and that they have much less to fear than the masses of the inhabitants of Southern cities, we may dismiss the so-called "Yellow Jack" as a bugbear, only remembering that the *Merrimac* was once to have captured New York, Boston, and Philadelphia—at least, placed each under contribution. In short, she was to have crippled all our resources to such an extent, that we should be very glad to negotiate on the best terms we could obtain from the victorious rebel government, and the first news we hear afterwards is, that she has had to be blown up, to prevent her from falling into our hands!

All this, however, is no reason why we should not say a word to show how the approach of the disease may be detected, and in numerous instances stayed in its progress. Of all maladies, yellow fever is the most insidious in its attacks, and the most deceitful in its operation. Scarcely any two persons are affected with it exactly alike. There may be a score of patients in the same room, all suffering from yellow fever, and yet no two having the same symptoms; but the symptoms of all as different from each other as if they were those of as many different diseases. In nine cases out of ten, the attacks that seem mildest at the beginning are the most likely to prove fatal; and this apparent mildness may continue for several days—nay, until an hour or two before death—the patient being able to walk about most of the time. It is remarkable that it is in this scarcely perceptible form it runs its course most rapidly, terminating in "black vomit," and death in from two to five days. Sometimes it assumes the remittent form, and presents regular exacerbations and remissions; and the patient may be thus affected for seven, or even eleven days; and finally, when all begin to regard him as rapidly recovering, he may fall gently asleep, and never awake. But when the earlier symptoms are strongly marked, and the sufferings of the patient are most acute, in the generality of cases the danger is least.

The most ordinary symptoms are slight headache, or nausea. Unlike all other fevers, it is seldom ushered in by a well-defined chill. Its approach is generally marked, however, by an icy coldness of the whole surface of the body, especially of the extremities, accompanied with a sensation of languor, a tenderness in the region of the precordia, and pains in the eye-balls—the eyes at the same time presenting a peculiar hectic flush. The sensation of coldness of the surface alternates with one of heat, so intense, as often to make the patient think that some pungent fluid must have been poured over the skin. The pulse scarcely affords any criterion whereby to judge of the real condition of the sufferer; sometimes it seems perfectly natural and healthy, while the most fatal symptoms are present. None who have witnessed the peculiar flush of the countenance, in the later stages of yellow fever, can ever forget it. The perspiration is often profuse, but without in the least mitigating the local sufferings, or producing any perceptible effect on the action of the heart or arteries. After the patient has suffered intensely for two or three days, he sometimes experiences sudden relief; both mind and body feel at ease; and friends begin to regard the disease as having yielded to treatment; but, soon this is found to be only a temporary lull, for it is followed by that yellowness of the skin which gives its name to the disease, and which is the precursor of the fatal black vomit. The stomach, always morbidly excited, now begins to eject this black matter, in enormous quantities, until death supervenes. A short time before dissolution, there are sometimes violent hæmorrhages from the tongue, gums and other parts of the body. Yet there may be well defined cases of yellow fever, without any of these symptoms being present; there may be neither yellowness of the skin nor black vomit; but, when both are absent, their place is supplied by violent eructations of gas from the stomach, a symptom which is almost certain to terminate fatally.

At the same time the distinctive pathological appearance in yellow fever is the matter of the black vomit. This symptom may not appear, as we have said, before death; but we are assured by Dr. Audouard and many other eminent physicians who have fully investigated the subject, that it is discernible in all cases after death. Sometimes it is found in the stomach, and sometimes in the intestines; in the former it resembles

coffee grounds ; in the latter it assumes nearly the color and consistence of pitch.

When yellow fever assumes its most malignant type, it may be doubted whether the plague or any other disease is more fatal. But this rarely occurs, and when it does occur it does not last long. Fortunately, even in its worst form it is not necessarily fatal. When the patient is taken in hand in time by a good physician, he has every reason to hope that he will overcome the disease. Could the doctors agree as to whether it is contagious or non-contagious, a much larger proportion of the patients would be saved. At present a large majority are opposed to the contagion theory ; indeed, the number of those who believe in its contagiousness are rapidly diminishing.

As to the modes of treatment used they are almost innumerable, but it will be sufficient to mention those found most efficacious. It is well to bear in mind, however, that what may cure one, two, or three, may kill a fourth and fifth, in the same hospital. This diversity of effects arises partly from the difference in the symptoms at different stages of the disease, and partly from the differences in the constitutions of the patients. What Dr. Audouard relied most upon was, an infusion of tamarinds, barley-water with honey, camphorated enemata, and camphorated oil rubbed on the abdomen. In only one case he tried leeches, but with no good effect—the patient died. Bleeding he had no faith in ; he knew many cases in which others tried it, but always with a fatal result. Of all the medicines used, what approximated nearest to the character of a specific was cinchona ; this he knew, in the hands of others as well as his own, to have cured a large number. But the best yellow fever physicians of Europe and America have great faith in blood-letting, provided it be commenced at an early stage of the disease, before the system becomes too much enfeebled and incapable of producing reaction, for in the latter case it is certain death. When blood letting is dangerous, the best medicines are external stimuli, the object of which is, to aid the powers of the system in their efforts to produce a warmth at the surface. The bowels should always be kept open, chiefly by oil or injections ; hot bricks, bottles of hot water, cayenne pepper, sinapisms, &c., should be applied to the extremities, especially to the feet whenever the patient begins to suffer from a sensation of coldness in those parts. There is nothing more useful than ice in yellow fever ; it is often used both

internally and externally, with the best effects. Blisters, too, are much relied upon by experienced practitioners, especially when the vomiting is violent and protracted. The spirit of turpentine with the oil of cinnamon, in thirty-drop doses, has been known to effect cures after even the black vomit had made its appearance. But the best remedies of all are good nursing, fresh air, and general cleanliness.

ART. X.—*National Academy of Design. Catalogue of the Thirty-seventh Annual Exhibition.* New York: 1862.

BEFORE we offer any opinion on the contributions to the present exhibition, we will make an observation or two on art criticism in general, especially as it is practised in America. In doing so, the first idea that occurs to us is, that our artists are but little indebted to our critics. Of no other enlightened country is this remark so true as it is of ours; nowhere else does the critic afford less aid to the artist. The great defect of the former is, that he is too appreciative—too prone to admiration. He thinks he serves art because he praises everything that comes before him as a specimen of it; but the effect of his indiscriminate eulogies is, to do evil rather than good. His motives do not alter the case; whether he bestow extravagant praise without venturing to find any fault, in order to serve the artist, or gratify the purchaser of a picture; or whether he is carried away by his feelings, believing the judgment he passes to be just; the result is the same.

It must be remembered that feeling, like any other faculty, requires to be educated. If we are too enthusiastic, we must learn to restrain our enthusiasm, by comparing the subject that excites it to the best we know of the same kind. Thus, for example, if we are unusually pleased with a group, before we give expression to any superlatives in its praise, we should pause to see whether it will bear a comparison with Raffaele's Cartoons; and if we are delighted with a painting of the Saviour, we should ask ourselves, or those who know better, how it would compare with Titian's "Christ crowned with Thorns." If, instead of adopting this precaution, we praise a piece whose greatest merit is to be passable, as if it were one of the noblest efforts of Angelo or Correggio, what we deserve for our pains, from both artist and public, is derision and contempt.

"The critic of art," says Lessing, "ought to keep in view not only the *capabilities*, but the proper objects of art." Nor is it by any means necessary that the critic should himself be a practical artist, for the best artists, even when most liberally educated, are not the best critics. This is true

of even Angelo. Sir Joshua Reynolds was a good painter but an indifferent critic. Burke was no painter, but who will deny that the author of the *Essay of the Sublime and Beautiful* was an excellent critic. It is only the artist who is one merely by courtesy that pretends that none but artists are qualified to pass judgment on works of art. Those conscious of their own merits, or whose merits have been gratefully acknowledged by the world, value the opinions even of such as have received no training in literature more than art. "A painter," says Da Vinci, "ought not to refuse to listen to the opinion of any one; if we know that we are *able to judge of the works of nature, should we not think them more able to detect our errors.*" In literature it is the same—in all successful attempts to delineate nature, whether with pen or pencil. Voltaire and Molière, Richardson and Sterne, Butler and Burns were equally ready to profit by the criticisms of their housekeepers—generally old women, who pretended to know nothing of either Aristotle or Longinus. M. Rio tells us, that while Raffaele was engaged on the "Transfiguration," he induced an illiterate old woman to visit his studio twice a week, in order to give her opinion of the work, as it proceeded.* The same course was pursued by the ancients. Phidias did not scorn to listen to the opinions of the humblest, in regard to his Jupiter. And that the Romans were equally liberal and tolerant, we have sufficient evidence in the works of Horace, Quintillian and Cicero. "It is wonderful," says the Roman orator, "how much the educated and the vulgar differ from each other in doing, and how little they differ in judging; all discriminate with a certain tacit feeling, without either art or logic, between what is right and wrong in art and nature."† In no instance can it be more truly said than in art criticism, that "a little learning is a dangerous thing." A few vague rules, imperfectly understood, do more harm than good. Thus it is that one devotes all his attention to the coloring, another to the form, another to the details, &c. This is what Sir Joshua Reynolds alludes to when he says in one of his *Discourses* (XI.): "I wish you to bear in mind that when I speak of an *whole* I do not mean simply an whole as belonging to a composition, but an whole with respect to the general style of coloring—an whole with regard to the light and shade—but an *whole of everything which may separately become the main object of a painter.*" Dante has similar thoughts in his *Monarchia*. The author of the *Inferno* tells us that he is deficient in the perfection of his art who understands final form only, taking no care of what pertains to that form of the divine similitude in the universe. This, he says, is not the course of Nature: Nature is deficient in no perfection when there is need for divine

* *La Poésie Chrétienne dans son Principe, dans sa Matière et dans sa Forme.* Par A. F. Rio.

† "Miserabile est cum plurimum in faciendo interest inter doctum et vulgum, quam non multum differat in iudicando: omnes tacito quodam sensu, sine ulla arte aut ratione, que sibi in artibus ac rationibus recta ac prava diiudicant; neque earum rerum quendam funditus natura voluit esse expertum."—Cicero, *Orat.*, iii. 5.

intelligence; therefore, she takes into account all *media* through which she may reach the completion of her design.*

But all our art critics seem to consider necessary is, to have at hand a dozen or so of phrases which they can use with a certain degree of flippancy on all occasions, by merely transposing the terms. We have now before us a brief paragraph by one of this class of critics—one who occupies a high rank among the fraternity, if, indeed, he is not their *Magnus Apollo*, as he claims to be—in which the word *aesthetic* occurs twenty times. Deprive him of this word in all its forms, which he evidently regards as of great weight, and his whole structure falls to pieces. It is all the same with this class of critics, whether their subject is an original painting, or its worst counterfeit in the form of a wood engraving—whether it be the work of one of the old masters, or that of an amateur sign-painter, who devotes his leisure hours to caricaturing his friends under pretence of painting their portraits. If engravings at somebody's store form the subject, then engravings are just the thing to elevate the public taste—that is, when they are of so superior an order as those under consideration—they are so much better than indifferent paintings, and of course everybody ought to buy them accordingly. True, on some occasions the critic merely fathers this sort of criticism; all the praise being bestowed by the print seller, or owner of the "gallery," and in the most execrable English, or in a dialect which is much more Dutch than Anglo-Saxon. The French send us their bad engravings as they do their bad wines; and the vendors, or those inspired by them, declare them the best in the world. In a similar spirit some of the most vulgar specimens of home manufacture are represented as coming from some great Paris or London house, the name of which is duly printed on the face of them.

Under circumstances like these, the wonder is, not that so little progress is made by our artists, but that they make even so much as they do. That there are some good paintings at present on exhibition, far be it from us to deny; on the contrary, there are none to whom it affords more pleasure to do justice to their merits. But the number of this kind are lamentably few; scarcely two per cent. of the whole. A very discouraging feature of the present exhibition is the homage paid to the "almighty dollar." We allude to the portraits of a large number of persons whose sole claim to distinction is, that they have been more successful than their neighbors in money-making; or, what amounts to the same, in securing political offices in which money can be made. Of course these remarks will not apply to all of those whose portraits occupy so large a space in our New York Walhalla; not, perhaps, to more than half.

* Sicut ille deficeret ab artis perfectione qui finalem formam tantum intenderet, media vero per que ad formam universalem divine similitudinis in universo intenderet media autem negligeret. Sed natura in nulla perfectione deficit, cum sit opus divine intelligentie; ergo media omnia intendit per que ad ultimam sue intentionis devenitur.—Dante, *Monarchia*, Lib. II.

Everybody who has money has a perfect right to employ an artist to paint his picture, and it is equally the privilege of the artist to exercise his talents for any one he finds willing to allow him a fair remuneration. But it seems to us that paintings of this kind should be very good indeed, in order to be entitled to a place in a National Academy. If a private gentleman, who has had the laudable ambition to get his portrait painted, has the further ambition to exhibit it in a public gallery, those who have control of the latter ought to consider whether it is judicious or proper to give it a place. What would be said, for example, of the weekly paper, or magazine, that devoted a large proportion of each number to eulogies of such wealthy men and women as were willing to pay for them? Would not the subscribers have a just right to grumble? A public Gallery of Art assumes to exercise a more powerful and more healthy influence on public taste than any paper or magazine; but can it do so in this way? We think not.

For instance, nobody's taste is anything the better, in our opinion, for seeing any tolerable picture, however large its dimensions, of Mr. George Law. What has he done, or what is he capable of doing, except by his money, to merit the prominence which his portrait receives in the National Academy? As a work of art, its pretensions are but slender. Of several portraits which we have seen from the same pencil, it is undoubtedly the least successful effort. In other words, Mr. Powell has considerable talent, if not genius of a high order, but he has shown little of the former, and none of the latter in his *George Law*, No. 451, in the Third Gallery. True, indeed, none, that have ever seen Mr. Law and known anything of his disposition and character, could fail to recognize him in this picture. At best, the expression of his countenance is neither intellectual nor prepossessing; but it seems to us that Mr. Powell, while intending to give him a respectable appearance, has exaggerated his natural coarseness, made him look still more "purse-proud" and defiant than he is, and even made the hair grow down on his face at least a half an inch lower than it is on the original. The occupation which a stranger would be likely to assign him is that of a drover; but on a nearer view he would be puzzled to understand what is meant by the bridge, the railroad train, the ships, steamboats, &c., &c. "Can it be," he would be likely to ask, "that our burly friend is an inventor;" it might, or it might not occur to him that he was merely a contractor—one that derived all his importance from his cleverness in knowing how to turn a penny more skilfully than his neighbors. Still the artist has made an omission or two. Among the fine craft which he has placed in the back-ground, we see no ferry-boat, no handsome specimen of an Eighth avenue railroad car, drawn by mules, though it can hardly be denied that there was room enough, on so large a canvas. We have said that none of Mr. Law's friends can fail to indetify him at

the Academy. We have no objection that this be understood as praise of the picture; but Edmund Burke tells us, in his *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful*, that "It is one thing to make an idea clear, and another to make it *affecting to the imagination*. If I make a drawing of a palace, or a temple, or a landscape, I present a very clear idea of those subjects; but then (allowing for the effect of imitation, which is something), my picture can at most affect only as the palace, temple, or landscape, could have affected in the reality." Mr. Powell, it will be admitted, has made the idea of George Law sufficiently clear; but we may be permitted to doubt whether Raffaele or Correggio could have made it affecting to the imagination.

Of a different character is *Dr. Cogswell*, No. 14, by Mr. Hicks. In this we have a tribute to scholarship combined with gentleness of disposition and several other good qualities, which it is not necessary to mention here. We have never heard any one speak of the late worthy Librarian of the Astor Library, but in kind terms. But, of the profound scholarship for which the artist gives him credit, we know little; he may be the best scholar living, for aught we know, but we confess we have never given him credit for more than a moderate amount of lore. Mr. Hicks not only surrounds him with all kinds of learned books in fancy bindings, but also gives him piles of manuscripts. Did we see nothing but the books and manuscripts, we should be much more likely to recall Milton, or Newton, or Franklin, or Humboldt, or Bunsen, than Dr. Cogswell. But the portrait of the man is good—a true likeness—certainly as near the truth as any other painting in its vicinity. The Doctor is, perhaps, made to look a little too serious. Though seated at ease in his arm-chair, there is something in the expression of his countenance that reminds one of those ghosts which it was said he used to occasionally see in the alcoves of the library. Upon the whole, however, the artist has acquitted himself well, and we hold that it is eminently proper that the portrait of a distinguished librarian, who has spent his life among books, should have an honorable place, even in a National Academy.

But we fear we cannot say the same of the full length of *Mr. Hiram Barney*, No. 44, although we yield to none in our admiration of some of Mr. Page's pictures—of his *Gentleman*, No. 162, for instance, owned by Mr. John Hopper. We do not mean that this is handsome; it is nothing of the kind; but the reverse. It reminds one of a Puritan of the grimmest type; but, even in its ugliness, it is perfectly natural. If there is affectation in it, it is the affectation of the "unco-pious," not of the artist. We might also instance his *Lady and Child*, No. 169, which is one of the finest groups in the whole Gallery. The affectionate solicitude of a mother for her child is admirably portrayed; and it is not often that we meet with a more finely-formed head on canvas than that of the boy. But Mr. Barney is made to appear much more like a great

potentate than like a collector of customs—though only like a theatrical potentate—one going to make a speech to the gods in the pit—a speech like that of Aristophanes' Strepsiales, whom it was necessary to ask so often, What in the world do you mean (*τί ποτε λέγεις*). In short, nobody would suppose that Mr. Barney was an excise officer, were it not for the thick roll he has in his hand, bearing the inscription "United States Revenue." The custom-house stands in the back-ground, but such is its position that we were not much surprised to hear a child ask his mother, "Why, mamma, who is that big man with the red cheeks that has the horse on his back? That's a giant, mamma, isn't he?" In a word, Mr. Page has failed for once; but, as we have already intimated, he can afford to do so. There are paintings on the same wall that fully maintain his reputation; at the same time we should like to see him improve in taste, for there is ample room.

Of all our artists, Mr. Huntington seems to us to have improved most within the last year. His *Chancellor Ferris*, No. 58, possesses merit of a high order. In our opinion, it is the best of the portraits. It is not, indeed, the most striking; there are several others that attract the eye much more readily; but we like it all the better for this unobtrusiveness; and so should all, because it is characteristic of the subject. It is not for a clergyman, and the Chancellor of a university, to place himself, or permit himself to be placed, in an attitude to court admiration. Nothing of the kind is done in this case. The prevailing expression of the full length figure, so far as self seems to be thought of at all, is one of unassuming modesty. The Chancellor is dressed in his academic robes, but they sit gracefully upon him. He wears them as a matter of course; they do not in the least mar his dignity, or make him look a whit the less manly. In other hands, it would have been different; the paint, especially on the broad hem, would have been too apparent; and here we find the best proof of Mr. Huntington's taste and judgment. While none of our artists are more felicitous in blending the light and shades, he is always chary of deep tints. He is content to give his subject as sober a complexion as nature has given him; at least he has the good sense to understand that nobody is anything the better for having his face made three or four degrees more florid than it really is.

This is the point, it seems to us, in which Mr. Elliott fails. He is too fond of red—crimson merging into purple. One always sees that he wants to produce a certain effect—not, perhaps, exactly a sensation; but something very like it. Had he been less ambitious in these respects, his half length of *Mr. Fletcher Harper*, No. 111, would have been a masterpiece—certainly the best portrait in the whole Gallery. As it is, we do not regard it as by any means a happy effort. The real Mr. Fletcher Harper is not so ready to jump; at least, his eyes do not seem so impatient, nor yet so inquisitive—so ready to ask every passer-by: "Do you

see me! Behold the proprietor of the Journal of Civilization." Nothing of the kind, Mr. Elliott. Mr. Harper is a modest man, not purse-proud and defiant, like George Law, as you have drawn him. That air of a parvenu, thrusting himself forward in virtue of his money, is not natural to him. And who has ever seen his gold eye-glasses so conspicuously displayed outside his coat? No, no! But still more earnestly do we beg leave to protest against those little pools of blood scattered over the "Gentleman's" countenance. The carbuncles too seem a little exaggerated—too much swollen.

Mr. Elliott has succeeded much better with his *Gentleman*, No. 139, which is in the possession of Mr. J. W. Harper. In this he is much more sparing of the deeper tints, especially of crimson. But even in this there is a little exaggeration—a certain something that reminds one that nature is overstepped. "*C'est ne pas ainsi que parle la nature.*" Mr. Huntington and Mr. Elliott might well barter with each other. The former might borrow some of the superfluous animation of the latter, and give his overstock of soberness and gravity for it in exchange. Both could profit by this—one nearly as much as the other.

In turning towards the door at the head of the stairs, we are reminded that we have forgotten Saintin's *Mr. C. L.*, No. 1, a full length portrait of the proprietor of *Le Courrier des Etats-Unis*. The likeness is good; no one that knows the subject can have any difficulty in recognizing him. But his position is anything but a comfortable one; the whole attitude is forced. The original has no such awkward bend of the neck; nor does M. Lassalle make so ungraceful a movement when laying his hand on a book; but, if we except these drawbacks, we must admit that the artist has a fine taste, and is well acquainted with the laws of harmony. *C. L.* is not his best, however. He has three other portraits on exhibition—*A Child*, No. 118, *A Gentleman*, 525, and *A Child*, 537, each of which, the last especially, is among the best of its kind we have seen. But the most truthful likeness in the whole gallery is *Mr. William Cullen Bryant*, No. 63, by Mr. Wenzler. This, indeed, is almost faultless; it does full justice to the serene, thoughtful, and classic expression of countenance of the author of *Thanatopsis*. If there is any exaggeration, it is in the preternatural whiteness of the hair. In Mr. Thompson's *Returning from the Ride*, No. 49, we have a very graceful portrait of a young lady in her riding dress. The features are well formed and full of animation, and their decided beauty is not a little enhanced by those rich, curling auburn tresses, which fall so coquettishly on her shoulders. Were it not that the left arm seems somewhat larger than the right, it would be the best specimen of youthful womanhood in the whole collection. As it is, it does great credit to the artist, whom it certainly proves to be a man of genius.

We should like to mention several other pieces, of more or less

merit, but we find that we have already transcended the bounds we had prescribed for ourselves, and without being able to say a word of the landscapes, some of which deserve a high meed of praise. But we shall not fail to return to them on an early occasion. Even now we cannot pass over such pieces as Mr. Hazletine's *Amalfi, Coast of Naples*, No. 21, Mr. Jewell's *Children on the Sea Shore, Normandy*, No. 47, Mr. Ritchie's *Fitting out Monks for the Fair*, and Mr. Gifford's *Roman Campagna*, No. 70, without, at least, commending them to those who have more time to admire them than ourselves. The northern coast of the Bay of Salerno has ever been famous for the unrivalled beauty of its scenery. No other landscape has formed a subject for so many artists. We have seen at least fifty paintings of it, some of them by the best Italian and German artists; and we cheerfully admit that there are not more than two or three—which are by acknowledged masters—the *tout ensemble* of which has afforded us more pleasure than that of Mr. Hazletine.

ARR. XI.—NOTICES AND CRITICISMS.

SCIENCE AND EDUCATION.

Annual of Scientific Discovery; or, Year Book of Facts in Science and Art for 1862. Exhibiting the most Important Discoveries and Improvements, &c., &c. Edited by DAVID A. WELLS, A. M., author of "Principles of Natural Philosophy," &c., &c. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1862.

Whatever those who publish a certain class of books, and perform a certain kind of tricks, may pretend to the contrary, it is always much more agreeable to us to commend than to condemn. But one only stultifies himself by praising everything; if indiscriminate praise has any effect, it is to do mischief. But, apart from its pernicious influence, it is downright dishonesty to pretend, to those incapable of judging themselves, that a worthless book is a good one; it is nothing less false or less reprehensible than helping the owner to impose on the public. The volume now before us is not vicious; it contains nothing injurious either to morals or religion; except so far as attempts to make giants of pigmies have that tendency. But it is certainly unworthy of the Modern Athens; and instead of improving, it grows worse from year to year. None having any faith in title-pages would say so, however. According to this, there is nothing worth noting in science or art, which may not be

found in its pages. To copy the whole would occupy too much of our space, and be too suggestive of one of Barnum's "sensation" placards. Now, in all truth and honesty, what does this "Annual of Scientific Discovery, or Year Book of Facts in Science and Art," consist of? Before attempting to answer the question, we disclaim any unkind feeling towards the editor. Personally we know nothing of Mr. Wells; we have never had any intercourse with him directly or indirectly; but, from all we can learn, he is a gentleman much esteemed in private life. We hold, however, that a man may be an exemplary citizen and still a very bad editor of an "Annual of Scientific Discovery," &c., &c.

The work before us has really no scientific character. Three-fourths of its contents are composed of extracts from newspapers, passages from "papers," the perusal of which has been listened to in courtesy by certain societies, descriptions, by pretended inventors, of their own performances, &c., &c.; and the remaining one-fourth consists of that sort of crude matter which might be expected in a scientific lecture before a country lyceum. The work which it was intended to imitate is the French *Année Scientifique et Industrielle*; but there are scarcely any two publications, professing to aim at the same ends, that are more different. The articles in the *Année Scientifique* are chiefly original contributions from the most learned men in Europe, who examine what purport to be discoveries, or inventions, before presenting them to the world as such; whereas our "Annual" takes all upon trust, making no effort to separate the wheat from the chaff.

Mr. Wells rarely gives himself the trouble of giving any opinion of his own; he seems to think that his duty is performed when he has pasted together some two or three hundred pages, in which he never uses a pen further than to say, "the eminent Prof. A.," "the learned Dr. B.," "the well-known Mr. C.," &c. Each of these may be followed by several pages of closely printed matter, in which there is not a single idea that could benefit science or art, in any conceivable way. Thus, for example, in glancing over the "copious index," we fancy that we have met with an important discovery; we turn, accordingly, to the page indicated, but all we find is a rather clumsy "puff," by a would-be *savant*, on "my recent invention"—*could tout!*

The "Notes by the Editor" occupy some fourteen pages of leaded matter. The greater part of even this department is composed of long extracts. A large proportion of the remainder is occupied by the titles of subjects of papers presented to the "Congress for the Promotion of Social Science;" and, finally, we are presented with "appreciative notices" of certain new books, each of which is declared to surpass all others of its kind. For instance, in the notice of Mr. Baird's "Birds of North America," we are told, that "a work of this kind has long been admitted to be a great desideratum" (p. xvii.).

"The magnificent and standard ornithology of Mr. Audubon" *was* a very good thing in its way; but now it must be content to occupy a secondary rank. A Mr. John Warner, A. M., has got out a new book, or pamphlet, entitled, "*New Theorems, Tables, and Diagrams, for the Computation of Earth-work,*" of which we are told that "the whole is the result of *immense labor and original research* on the part of the author (!)" In short, this indiscriminate puffing has been carried too far in the "Annual." Did the work emanate from some village in New Jersey, or Indiana, then we should have no fault to find; but that such a crude mixture of platitudes should go forward to the world as a fair representation of the intelligence and enlightenment of Boston is a gross libel, and we protest against it accordingly.

A Popular Treatise on Deafness: Its Causes and Prevention. By Drs. Lighthill. Edited by E. BUXFORD LIGHTHILL, M. D., with illustrations. New York: Carleton.

We have derived both profit and pleasure from a perusal of this volume, which is more than we could say of two-thirds of the scientific treatises which fall into our hands, and which it is our duty to examine, with more or less attention. The great defect of works of this kind, in general, is that, although they may be designed for the benefit of all, they are so overloaded with technicalities, that they can only be understood by the favored few—those who can afford to obtain information from other sources, wherever it is to be obtained. The matured experience of the authors of the present volume, in the treatment of all varieties of diseases of the ear, has enabled them to obviate this difficulty; and, accordingly, such is the lucid, popular style in which it is written, that "he who runs may read." On the principle, that prevention is better than cure, the means of the former are treated at considerable length; and those who expect nothing in the remarks and suggestions of the authors, but vague speculations, will find themselves agreeably disappointed. Drs. Lighthill tell us in their preface—and the fact is sufficiently obvious—that they "have endeavored to treat the subject as comprehensively as is practicable in a work of this character, by explaining the anatomy and physiology of the ear, and describing those of the diseases of that organ which are most destructive to hearing." The illustrations which they use in doing so will greatly assist the reader, but the authors tell us that, "They have abstained from giving directions for treatment (except in a few cases), as, by furnishing receipts and formulas for treatment, in a popular treatise, persons are apt to be induced to constitute themselves their own physicians, a practice always productive of more injury than benefit, especially when applied to an organ so complicated and delicate as the ear, which requires a most thorough examina-

tion, before suitable treatment of any kind can be instituted, even by competent medical men." To this judicious observation, the truth of which will be readily assented to by every intelligent mind, we need only add, that the book should be read by every mother, in short, by all who value the sense of hearing, whether it is already impaired or not.

An Historical Survey of the Astronomy of the Ancients. By the Right Honorable Sir GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS. London: Parker & Son. 1862.

The title of this work is rather ambitious; it leads us to expect too much—at least more than we shall find it to contain on the closest examination. Still it is far from being an inanity. Even where we have nothing else but conjectures, we feel that they are the conjectures of a scholar and a thinker; and, as such, they are valuable by themselves. The part of the essay which relates to the astronomy of the Greeks and Romans claims most attention, although it may be doubted whether either of those nations, as the author tells us, ever regarded the sun and moon as "celestial beings, driving their chariots across the vault of heaven." We ought rather to remember that, even at the present day, both the sun and moon are addressed as persons in certain kinds of prose, as well as in poetry. Our author makes an ingenious, if not successful, attempt to trace the progress of astronomy from the time of Thales to that of Democritus. This he would have us regard as its philosophic period; the scientific period being that in which the science attained its highest perfection, under the auspices of Plato and Aristotle.

Thus far the author confines himself to facts, which are pretty well attested; but when he comes to pass sentence on the Egyptians and Assyrians he disposes of each in a summary manner. Neither, he thinks, possessed any astronomical knowledge worthy of the name. For the pyramids he has not much respect. He admits that they are very large buildings; but he intimates that their size is almost their only claim to distinction. As for the inscriptions on them, he has little doubt that most of them are erroneous, though he could not read one! It is much easier to condemn them than to take time to understand what they say. The learned Bunsen and other Egyptologists have freely interpreted many of them; but, far from commending them for this, our author is rather of the opinion that they have done mischief.

In short, he does not think that any good can arise from theories which ascribe a higher antiquity to the world than that assigned to it by the Bible; though it is not altogether on religious grounds that he objects to them; but he thinks it is very absurd to suppose, for one moment, that the Egyptians and Assyrians—neither of whom had a printing press, an electric telegraph, a railroad, a British Constitution—knew as much of

astronomy, or any other science, as we of the nineteenth century do. To this we need hardly add, that our author places the geologists nearly in the same category with the Egyptologists. That the former, as well as the latter, have based their calculations on false *data* he has little doubt, though, as in the case of the inscriptions on the pyramids, he could not point out a single instance in which they have erred. But Her Majesty's Minister-at-War may say a great many things that seem flippant and even silly, and still be praised as a scholar and philosopher. At all events, the "Survey of the Astronomy of the Ancients" will amply repay perusal; though it is a survey carried on, for the most part, as we have seen, without chart or compass—one in which the surveyor magnifies every modern thicket into a forest, diminishing every ancient forest to a shrubbery.

Leçons sur la Physiologie et l'Anatomie Comparée de l'Homme et des Animaux, faites à la Faculté des Sciences de Paris. Par H. MILNE EDWARDS, Professeur au Muséum d'Histoire Naturelle. Tome Septième, Première Partie. 8vo. Paris: 1862.

We presume there are few scientific readers, who pay any attention to the issues of the French press, who are not acquainted with the general characteristics of this work. When completed it will be one of the most valuable contributions to natural history of which the age can boast—at least, to that branch of it known as comparative anatomy. In the seventh volume, now before us, the treatment of digestion and absorption is completed, and that of secretion commences. The views put forward are not alone those of the author; who fortifies his own opinions by those of the most eminent naturalists, anatomists, and physicians of ancient and modern times. Medical students will find much that is at once instructive and interesting in the author's dissertations on the physiology of the secretory glands and the supposed functions of the ductile glands. To the general reader, these discussions would naturally seem dry and unentertaining; but the same may be said, still more emphatically, of those on comparative philology, which have occupied the greatest minds of the age, and the value of which, in elucidating the early history of countries and races, is now universally acknowledged. The two studies bear no slight resemblance to each other. One teaches the affinities between different languages; the other the affinities between different animals, and different tribes of the same animals, including man; each showing how those affinities may be turned to account for the benefit of science, and consequently for the benefit of the human race.

Economistes Modernes. Par LOUIS REYBAUD, Membre de l'Institut. Paris: Lévy, Frères.

French writers have paid more attention to political economy since the beginning of the present century, than any others. The works on the

subject by Faucher, Chevalier, and Bastist, are studied throughout Europe; nor are they altogether unknown in this country. What M. Reyband has undertaken to do is to review these; in doing so, he extends his criticisms to the theories of Cobden, Mill, and one or two others. The volume consists of six essays, which appeared about a year ago in different numbers of the *Revue de Deux Mondes*, in which they attracted no slight attention throughout Europe. The part of the book devoted to a criticism of Mr. Mill's theory as to the future of the working classes is worth a volume by itself; indeed, there are but few volumes that contain so much that is at once amusing and instructive. But all the worse for Mr. Mills, whose pretensions to superior wisdom in political economy are laughed at without mercy. The paper on Cobden and Chevalier is also a good specimen of searching criticism, though it is not exclusively critical. Interspersed with arguments, designed to confute certain theories of the gentlemen noticed, are hints and observations which, in connection with those in the other essays of the same series, form a correct and interesting exposition of the ideas on political economy most popular in France at the present time.

An Exposition of the Swedish Movement-Cure, Embracing the History and Philosophy of this System of Medical Treatment, with Examples of Single Movements, and Directions for their use in various forms of Chronic Disease, forming a Complete Manual of Exercises; together with a Summary of the Principles of General Hygiene. By GEO. H. TAYLOR, A. M., M. D., Principal Physician to the Remedial Hygienic Institute of New York City. New York: Fowler & Wells, 1862.

The salutary effect of exercise on the human system has been acknowledged from the earliest records. Hippocrates and Galen had equal faith in its influence. The former was of opinion that, when judiciously taken, it was better than all drugs. That gymnastics were not so universally practised by the ancient Greeks and Romans merely for the purpose of strengthening the muscles is evident, from several passages in the works of Plato and Aristotle. The learned Bopp thinks that one of the principal works of the latter philosopher, which have yielded to the ravages of time, was one on gymnastics as a means of preventing disease. In short, no one that knows anything of physiology would venture to deny that exercise is beneficial. But of all the moderns, to a Swede is due the honor of having first attempted to reduce the principles of gymnastics to a practical system of hygiene; and the author of this book was the first to introduce the same system into this country. Even now we believe there is no regular "movement-cure" establishment in America but his, and that of his brother—the former situated in Thirty-eighth street, and the latter in the Cooper Institute, in this city.

The author of the volume before us, not content with studying all that had been written on the subject, proceeded to Sweden in order to obtain

instruction from the founders of what is now known throughout Europe as Hygienic Gymnastics; and hence it is that he dedicates his book to Professor Gabriel Branting, Director of the Swedish Central Gymnastic Institute, and Herman Sotherburg, M. D., Professor of Orthopædic Surgery in the Carolinian Medico-Chirurgical Institute, Stockholm, "as a testimonial of gratitude for their kind personal instructions, and generous hospitality." Altogether apart from its scientific character and the valuable suggestions which it contains, it is so agreeably written, and embraces so much information of a curious and interesting character to which none can be indifferent, that it is more attractive to the general reader than many a novel.

Dr. Taylor makes no attempt to depreciate the services of the regular faculty, but on the contrary. His own early studies and sympathies would naturally preclude him from this.

"To a thorough understanding of all the principles of the MOVEMENT-CURE," he tells us in his preface, "an intimate acquaintance with *Anatomy* and *Physiology*, and, indeed, with medical science generally, is absolutely essential. Of course, skill in *diagnosis*, and in the practical application of these principles in the treatment of the countless ills of human flesh, can be acquired only by long and patient training and study. I do not expect, for I know it would be quite impossible in the nature of things, to turn every good-natured person, who may do me the kindness to peruse these chapters, into a good doctor. I should be entirely satisfied—the height of my ambition would be reached—could I but prevent a few hundreds of my Christian fellow-men and women from making *bad doctors of themselves*.

"I have not endeavored to shake my reader's faith in the wise, prudent, conscientious, and learned physician. *No one honors him more than does the writer*. Blessed, say I, is the man or woman who has a *good doctor*, but more blessed he *who can do without him!* To enable my reader *so to do*, has been my main aim in the preparation of this manual."

To this we need hardly add, that, let the "movement-cure" be right, or wrong, the book is worth reading. It is copiously illustrated, and has the additional advantage of a full alphabetical index.

The Dean of Lismore's Book; A Selection of Ancient Gaelic Poetry from a Manuscript Collection made by Sir James McGregor, Dean of Lismore, in the beginning of the Sixteenth Century. Edited, with a Translation and Notes, by the Rev. THOMAS McLAUGHLIN, and an Introduction and Additional Notes by W. F. Skene. Edinburgh; Edmonstone & Douglas. 1862.

The Dean of Lismore was one of the most learned men of his time; at any time there have been few better linguists. It would be easy to meet with one that had studied more languages; for it does not seem that he studied any save the Greek and Latin and the Gaelic; but with these he was well acquainted. There is reason to believe that his chief object in studying the classics was, to qualify himself for a more effectual prosecution of his Celtic researches. Be this as it may, he collected many valuable Celtic manuscripts, most of which he transcribed with his own hand. During the greater part of the Ossianic controversy these were not to be found; but as soon as they were brought to light the genuineness of several of the Ossianic poems was acknowl-

edged by those who had hitherto been most zealous in maintaining that they were worthless fabrications. In short, the Dean of Lismore's book is now the only authority of any weight to which the friends of Macpherson can refer, to show that he translated in good faith from the Gaelic.

The conclusion to which the learned editors come is, that the first publication of Macpherson, that entitled "Fragments of Ancient Poetry collected in the Highlands of Scotland," was a genuine work. On this they pledge their reputation as critics and scholars; but of the epics of Fingal and Temora they are not so sure. They believe, however, that even of these Macpherson was not the sole author; what they deem most probable is, that he found each in miniature in the form of a legend, and that he fabricated the rest. The editors do not content themselves with mere assertions, as too many have done, in regard to the same case. They give their reasons at length, and in doing so show that they have fully investigated the subject. Viewed in any light, the book is curious and valuable. To Celtic scholars it particularly recommends itself; but no ethnologist, indeed no student of history, let his conviction be what it may, can examine its pages without meeting with facts and suggestions worth remembering.

A Grammar of the Latin Language, for the Use of Schools and Colleges.
By E. A. ANDREWS and S. STODDARD. The Sixty-fifth Edition, revised,
with Corrections and Additions. By E. A. Andrews, LL. D. Boston:
Crocker & Brewster.

It has been our duty and our privilege to examine many text-books for the study of the Latin language, on both sides of the Atlantic, and we can truly say that one combining so many excellencies as the more recent editions of that now before us, we have never seen. No other grammar has contributed so much to render the language of Virgil and Cicero an attractive study. Indeed, it may be doubted whether it is possible to simplify its principles more than Prof. Andrews has done. Those that have been most successful in the compilation of other grammars are those who have most closely imitated him—especially in his mode of arranging the paradigms of verbs, the declensions of nouns, the primary and secondary rules, notes, &c.

For five years past neither teacher nor student has asked our opinion of the relative merits of different grammars without our recommending Andrews and Stoddard's in the strongest terms, though it was only by accident it first fell into our hands. Most persons naturally regard the form of grammar they have studied themselves as the best, but none could be more different from that now before us than the one which was most popular with teachers, if not with pupils, in our time—we mean Jacobs' Grammar—most of the rules and explanations of which were in Latin. The illustrative extracts were in the same language, so that, to be

able to get one's lesson in any intelligible way, it was necessary to be already somewhat of a Latinist. It is admitted by Europeans that Americans are much more successful than themselves in the compilation of text-books for schools; but they seek to lessen the compliment by the explanation that we want to learn everything so fast, and are so impatient of long studies, that, in order to encourage us, it is necessary that our text-books should be more lucid and simple, more systematically arranged, in a word, more easily mastered, than those of any other country. This is intended as a censure on the national aversion to hard study, but it is more than a tacit acknowledgment of the superior skill and judgment of our compilers. Fortunately, the sixty-fifth edition received the most careful revision from the author, only a few weeks before his death, and it also received as additions all that was valuable in the results of the most profound German research and scholarship.

BELLES-LETTRES.

Leisure Hours in Town. By the author of "The Recreations of a Country Parson." Boston: Ticknor & Fields, 1862.

The more we see of the Parson, the more we like him. Not that he is always entertaining, or instructive, though generally both, and to a high degree. There is scarcely one of his essays in which he does not treat us to a piece of egotism, which shows that, let his talents and acquirements be what they may, he is fully conscious of them. But Goldsmith had the same foible; so had Lamb. Nay, who had not? Scarcely half a dozen of the world's greatest minds. If, when we reflect on this, we do not forgive the Parson, he is sure to tell us something good in so happy a way, that we are forced to do so. Our author is not merely an essayist; he is a keen and manly critic—one who is not afraid to speak out what he thinks and feels. In proof of this, we need only refer to his Essay "Concerning a Great Scotch Preacher"—the preacher alluded to being the Rev. John Caird, whom her Majesty Queen Victoria honored with a command to publish a sermon which he delivered before her at Balmoral, some two years since, on *Religion in Common Life*. The criticisms at pages 350-1 are sharp and truthful. What if the critic is sometimes open to criticism himself—so was Aristotle; so was Jeffries. We all improve by pointing out each other's faults. Sometimes the Parson does the work admirably; instance the paper entitled "Some Talk About Scotch Peculiarities," which certainly contains some capital hits; and they are given in such a sly, funny way that even those who receive the severest of them can hardly take offence. Our author "takes off" the characteristic, thrifty habits of the Scotch most truthfully; illustrating

them by a humorous account of the various uses to which the good people of Glasgow are willing to devote their City Hall for the purpose of turning an honest penny. A portion of this is worth quoting:

"I have had occasion, once or twice," says the Parson, "to see the City Hall at Glasgow. Whenever the freedom of the city is given to any eminent man, the ceremony takes place there, the Lord Provost making a speech on the occasion. It is a large, ugly building, in a street called the Candleriggs, which runs out of the Trongate, the main artery of Glasgow traffic. It is very large, holding some three or four thousand people. It is simply a huge square room, with a flat ceiling. Galleries surround it on three sides: on the fourth side is a large platform, backed by a fine organ. It has a cheerful appearance, being painted throughout in white and gold. This Hall is used for all kinds of purposes; the Corporation, very shabbily I think, making a profit by letting it out to any one who may want it. There the Wizard of the North was wont for many a day to perform his tricks: there did Mr. Barnum exhibit Tom Thumb: there have Jenny Lind and Grisi sung: there does Julien yearly give a course of concerts: there has Kossuth spoken, and there Mr. Macaulay, Lord Elgin, the Duke of Argyll, Mr. Dickens, and a greater man than all, Sir Archibald Alison: there has Mr. George Thompson howled: there has the Anti-State Church Association made itself ridiculous: there next day have the friends of the Kirk rallied by thousands: and on the day after, the advocates of the Democratic and Social Republic: there have been held cattle-show dinners and Crimean banquets; and there *sourees* in honor of all *soues* and conditions of men, from Mrs. Beecher Stowe down to Mr. Stiggins (who became a dissenting minister in Whistlebinkie after his historic kicking by the senior Mr. Weller): and after these pleasing variety of engagements during the week, the Hall is let for divine service on Sunday. There hath the Rev. Dr. Bahoo wept, and the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon bellowed: there hath a young scamp of ten years old preached to a congregation of thousands: and there hath the Rev. Mr. McQuack retired with a collection of £3 15s. 3^d. for the mission to send flannel waistcoats and moral pocket handkerchiefs to the uninstructed Howowows."—pp. 413-14.

This is followed by a description of a religious festival at the same hall, and it so happens that it is one to whose general truthfulness we can bear testimony. But much of the satire will apply to "festivals" nearer home than Glasgow. Who will deny that we have a Rev. Dr. Bahoo in New York, and a Rev. Melchisedec Howler, and a Rev. Mountybanke Buffune, too. If there are any who would do so now, we think they will be apt to change their minds after they have read the following extract:

"The first announcement of the approaching festival is an advertisement in the Glasgow newspapers, that a Congregational Soirée of St. Gideon's Church will be held in the City Hall upon a certain evening. The Rev. Dr. Bahoo, M. A., D.D., LL. D., in the chair. Addresses will be delivered by the Rev. Melchisedec Howler, the Rev. Jeremy Diddler (Missionary to Borriboobagha), the Rev. Roaring Buckie (of Yellington-cum-Bellow), the Rev. Soapy Sneaky (domestic chaplain to the Hon. Scapegrace Blackleg), and the Rev. Mountybanke Buffune. By the kind permission of Col. Blazes, the band of the gallant 999th will attend. Tickets, including a paper of sweeties, a cooky, two figs, and five cups of tea, price eightpence each. N. B.—A collection at the door to prevent confusion.

"The proceedings begin at six o'clock upon the appointed evening, by which hour the people are seated at long tables arranged in the hall, displaying a large assortment of teacups of many varied patterns. Each person on entering has received a paper-bag, containing the promised cooky (you would call it a penny-bun), the figs and the sweeties. The platform is covered with men, the leading individuals of the congregation, and the speakers of the evening. That is Mr.

Soapy Sneaky, with the long lank hair, the blue spectacles and the diabolical squint. That fat, round, little man is Dr. Bahoo, already affected to tears by the contemplation of so many tea-cups, and by the reflection that they will all be broken within the next hundred years. That is Melchisedec Howler, with tremendously developed jaws and a bull-neck, but hardly any perceptible forehead. And that is Mr. Buckie, with the apoplectic face, and corpulent figure. First, a psalm is sung; then a long prayer is offered. The band of the 969th then plays a polka. Next, greasy men go round and pour tea of uninviting appearance *out of large kettles* into the numberless tea-cups. The men on the platform partake of the same cheering beverage. A great clatter of crockery is heard. Many of the guests, ere they have finished their fifth cup (they are break-fast-cups), become visibly distended: most of the children find it expedient to stand up. Tea being over, the military band plays the 'March of the Cameron Men,' or 'Bonnie Dundee,' amid great shouting and stamping. The Rev. Dr. Bahoo, the minister of the congregation, then gets up and makes a speech in the nature of a sermon, with a few jokes thrown in. The reverend gentleman gets much excited. He frequently weeps during his speech, and in a little laughs again. He tells the people how hawppee he is to see them awl: how many additional seats have been let in St. Gideon's Church during the past year: how many scores of Sawba schule teachers and Sawba scholars are connected with the congregation. A psalm is then sung by the people: a polka follows; then there is a pause to allow the figs to be eaten. Then the Rev. Melchisedec Howler addresses the meeting. He shouts and stamps: he bellows out his ungrammatical fustian with perfect confidence. Happy man! he is so great a fool that he has not the faintest suspicion that he is a fool at all. Streams of perspiration flow down his face. In leaving the hall, you will hear the general remark among the enlightened audience, 'Wasna' yon gran?' 'Oh, but he *sweat extraordinar*.' The meeting goes on for three or four hours, with the same strange jumble of prayers and polkas, religion and buffoonery, tears of penitence and roars of laughter. At length, about ten or eleven at night, after three cheers for the chairman, the benediction is pronounced, and the festival is ended."—pp. 414-16.*

But the most comical "peculiarity" of all is the *heritors*, the parties whose business it is to build churches, and repair them when they need it; that is, it is their duty to see that those things are done. How well they fulfil their duty may be inferred from the fact that, as the Parson expresses it, there are "abundance of churches in Scotland which no mortals would ever guess were churches; buildings without one trace of Christian character, *whitewashed barns externally, with a belfry at one end*; and internally, just four walls and a flat roof, with a higgledy-piggledy of rickety pews, and a rude box at one end to serve as a pulpit (p. 417). These are the sort of churches, the style of architecture of which is to be determined by the "heritors," after a suitable amount of discussion, prayer-offering, psalm-singing, &c., &c. Although we have already devoted more of our space to "Leisure Hours" than we can well afford, the author does justice to the heritors so fully, that we will not hesitate to give one more extract:

"Let me try to give you an idea of a meeting of heritors: It is held in the

* No works are more promptly republished in this country than those of such "divines" as the Rev. Dr. Bahoo, the Rev. Melchisedec Howler, and the Rev. Mountybanke Buffane. No sooner are they issued at Edinburgh, or Glasgow, than the Messrs. Robert Carter & Brothers, Sheldon & Co., and Gould & Lincoln, are doing all they can to out-strip each other to see who will first get his finger on the prize. We all remember what squabbling there was about the sermons of Spurgeon, and certain other performances of a kindred character.

church. About ten minutes before the appointed hour, we see three or four blue-nosed, pragmatismal-looking old fellows approaching, arrayed in long brown great-coats of remote antiquity, each man wearing a shocking bad hat. These are some of the smaller heritors, each possessor of a few bare acres of moorland, in some wild part of the parish. They are certainly Dissenters, probably Cameronians, and quite ready, at a word, to smite the prophets of Baal, as they would call your amiable bishop, or your good rector. They look around in a hostile and perverse manner, and snuff the air like wild asses' colts. A little after comes a man with a red pimply face, a hoarse voice, and a bullying manner. It is the factor of some proprietor who is ashamed to do dirty work himself, but does not object to having it done for him. Then comes a little withered anatomy of a man—a retired merchant or tradesman, who has bought a few fields, planted them with hoaks and hashes, and built there an ouse from his own design—a great work of hart. Half-a-dozen more blue-nose small heritors, two or three more factors, and one or two gentlemen, complete the meeting. Suppose they are examining the drawings of the new kirk, Oh, rare are their critical remarks.

"'Aw doant see ony need for a speere,' says one low fellow; 'Whawt's that cross doin' aboove the gahble?' says another; 'we're no gangin' to hawve a rawg o' papistry in this pawrsh.' 'If that's the way to build a church,' says a pig-headed blockhead, who never saw a decent church in his life, 'I know nothing about church building.' Sober truth the creature utters; but he fancies he is talking sarcastically. Something is said of an open roof. 'Who ever saw a roof like thawt?' says one of the blue-nosed men; 'thawt's jist like maw barrn.' A Cameronian elder says, in a discordant whine, 'Goad is to be wurshapped in spurrit and in trewth: whawt house will ye big into him? Habakkuk thirteenth and fifth.' 'Stained glass,' says a pert little shopkeeper from Whistlebinkie, 'is essentially Popish and Antichrist.' Finally a burst of coarse laughter follows the witticism, from an individual with a strong smell of whisky. 'If Mr. McDonald wants the kirk sae fine, let him pye for it himself. Aw heer he was bred at Oxford; maybe he wants us a' to turn prelatists. He had better gang awa' bawk to Inglan' wi' his papish notions.' At this juncture the honorable proprietor's utterance becomes indistinct, and in a little a loud snoring proclaims that he is asleep. While the discussion is going on, some of the heritors are spitting emulously at a pew door about a dozen feet off. They generally hit it, with a dexterity resulting from long practice."—pp. 420-1, 2.

We had intended to have a word to say in reference to the paper on "College Life in Glasgow," which some will esteem as the best in the book. This, too, gives an interesting insight into Scottish habits, and indeed into Scottish life in general, for the boys who enter college exhibit the chief peculiarities of their parents. The remarks of the Parson on the University of Glasgow would apply with almost equal force to all the Universities of Scotland; and this will sufficiently explain why it is that Scotland has produced so few classical scholars of any eminence. "Leisure Hours" is embellished with a handsome portrait of the author; the volume is gotten up in every respect in a manner worthy of the gentlemen whose imprint it bears.

The Cave of Machpelah and other Poems. By JAMES CHALLEN. 16mo, pp. 220. Philadelphia: James Challen & Son.

We have here a volume of poems which has fallen into our hands by accident. Although it was, we perceive, first published nearly eight years since, we have to admit that it has hitherto escaped our attention. Nor

do we find that many others of the critical fraternity have been more fortunate in this respect than ourselves. But on examination we can easily divine the cause. It is ushered in with no flourish of trumpets; it has not even a preface, not to mention a dedication. All is left to the reader. Dealers in catchpennies are apt to place the most attractive class of their wares in front; the author of this volume does the reverse. Judging from the first page of the table of contents, one would expect nothing more worldly than psalms and hymns; for "The Cave of Machpelah," which extends over some ninety pages of the beginning of the work, is composed of a variety of pieces with such titles as "Burial of Sarah," "Song of Moses," "Miriam," "The Pillar," "Balaam," &c.; and need we say that these are not of the class that attract the general reader? And critics are very much like their neighbors, in concerning themselves more with things earthly than things heavenly. We feel convinced that numbers have laid down the volume on this account, without taking the trouble to read a single stanza. Nor would the pious reader feel more prepossessed in its favor after a perusal of one or two of the first pieces; for the author does not even tell us that he is a clergyman, as he is; he gives neither prefix nor affix in connection with his name, but leaves the tree to be known by its fruit. We like modesty, especially in a clergyman and poet; and, in the present instance, it is the modesty of genuine merit. All this we will not try to prove by extracts from the *Cure*, which is too theological for our taste; but we have abundance of good things besides it. We will see if our readers will not agree with us in this. Among the miscellaneous poems, which extend over more than a hundred pages, there are effusions which are really charming (nay, indeed, such may be quoted almost at random), for their spring-like freshness and beauty. The sky is a frequent subject for the Muse, for the very good reason that there is much poetry in it; but it is not often that it is addressed in a sweeter strain than that of the poem which commences thus:

" *The Sky.*

"What is man? we humbly cry,
As we look upon the sky,
With its diamond glittering dome,
Arch of man's eternal home.
To your starry orbs we turn,
Where a thousand torches burn,
Trembling in the azure blue,
Brilliant bright, of every hue,
To the wakeful, sorrowing band,
Speaking of the better land;

Sending messages of love
From their burning thrones above.
Old familiar faces, then,
Ever calm and bright as now;
In thy sweet and sunny smile
We our anxious cares beguile.
To behold thy glories shine,
Shepherds on their hills recline;
And childhood, in its wildest glee,
Lifts its tiny hands to thee."—p. 159.

In altogether a different vein is the "Song of the Lightning." The three opening stanzas are highly poetical and spirited, especially the first and second. The four concluding lines of the second have no slight tinge even of the sublime; but every succeeding stanza exhibits a falling off, because it is not natural, or in character, that the truly great should be-

come so obsequious and humble, even though in chains. This is a defect in the poem, though many will regard it as a beauty. We can only make room for a part; the reader must seek out the rest for himself, and judge whether we are right or wrong:

"Song of the Lightning."

"I am found in the tempest, I sport with the storm,
And I laugh in the cloud-wrath with glee;
I assume every shape, so fantastic my form,
As I dance on the white foaming sea.
In the gloom of the night, when the dark clouds are high,
And the ocean is yawning below,
Like an angel of terror, I gleam in the sky,
And mock at each impotent foe.

"When like smoke from the censer, so pure and so white,
The mist on the mountain is seen,
And the leaves hang in silence, or flash in the light,
And display all their pride and their sheen,

I think how the roar of my voice will be heard,
And the oak of the forest will quail;
And the king of the desert will start at my word,
And the heart of the stoutest will fail.

"Struck dumb by the hand that has palsied my tongue,
Though I speak, 'tis in accents so low,
That no ear can detect what is said or is sung,
So relentless and strong is my foe.
Incessantly talking, I tell all the news,
From Georgia to Texas and Maine,
I shall die with the *emmet*, for I now have the bees,
And I ne'er shall recover again."
—pp. 180-81.

The poem on Shelley is one of the best we have seen on the same subject: indeed, we are not sure that the genius of the author of *Queen Mab* has inspired a loftier effusion. We can only make room for the second stanza, which can hardly be regarded as a fair specimen:

"Shelley."

"To me the sea
Looks like infinity!
I stand upon its barren shore,
And hear its solemn moan and breakers ever-
more.
This suits me well;
Its deep and awful swell
Seems like the breath of an eternal being,

Now coming nigh, and then for ever fleeing.
Its waters mingle with the sky, and run
Together, as if they 'twain were one;
And both so long have looked at one another,
They seem like twins—a sister and a brother;
Looking so fondly and so lovingly,
They've grown alike by force of sympathy."
—pp. 128-29.

Another piece, which would have done no discredit to Shelley himself, is that entitled "Memory and Hope;" but this we must not make fragments of; and it is too long to quote entire. We can only make room for one extract more. This will speak for itself, though it is by no means for its superior merit that we select it. There are several happier efforts among the miscellaneous poems—gems of a purer water; but this suffers less from being taken apart:

"The Emigrants."

"To the far-off West we are going—
We and our children dear!
And the day seems long and weary,
And the journey rough and drear.

"The old hearthstone is desolate,
The embers now are dead;
And the garden gate is swinging wide,
And all from thence have fled.

"The precious household treasures—
We have borne them all away;
Brother, and wife, and sister,
The old, the grave, and the gay.

"We inherit no land or portion,
No gold or precious store;
Our wealth is a father's blessing,
It is this,—and nothing more."
—p. 162.

We might easily point out faults in the *Cave of Machpelah*—more than in other books of far less merit; yet fewer than it contains itself of beauties. If we might venture to make a suggestion to the author, we would say, that although a clergyman, he is far more successful—more truly poetical in singing of earth than of heaven. But we do not wish our readers to depend on our judgment; we would have them judge for themselves; and, in this instance, those who try will have no reason to be sorry for their time.

The Correspondence of Leigh Hunt. Edited by his eldest Son, with a Portrait, in two volumes. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1862.

It is almost needless to say that there is much in these volumes that is brilliant and interesting. At the same time, many will be disappointed with them. They scarcely sustain the fame of Leigh Hunt. The sparkling wit and humor that characterized his conversations are seldom to be met with in his letters. The latter bear the traces everywhere of having been written too carelessly—almost without thought. The author was too indolent; he had abilities enough; but he rarely exercised them to their full extent. In other words, he was a man of undoubted genius; but he lacked energy and perseverance. It is, however, only as the correspondence of a poet and essayist, from whom much was expected, that we speak of the volumes before us in any other language than that of admiration; had they been presented to us as the correspondence of an ordinary author, the surprise would have been on the other side.

In short, it is only when we compare Hunt's letters to those of other poets and great thinkers, that we find them wanting in wit or humor, wisdom or philosophy. But had the volumes contained not a line of his own, either in poetry or prose, they would have been well worth reading. In proof of this, it would be almost sufficient to say that they contain specimens of the best epistolary efforts of Shelley, Moore, Campbell, Keats, Talfourd, the Brownings, Landor, Proctor, Lord Brougham, Hume, &c. Besides, they reveal many facts hitherto unknown to the public. For example, although few in the literary world were ignorant of the generous intention of Shelley towards Leigh Hunt, none but private friends knew, until now, that his intention has been respected and acted upon by his wife and brother. The poet was to have left his brother poet a legacy of £2,000: accordingly, Mrs. Shelley and Sir Percy insisted on settling on him an annuity of £120. This is noble and exemplary; it should redound for ever to the honor of those who gave it, as well as to that of the generous author of *Queen Mab*. A joint letter, written by the Brownings, possesses an interest far above its literary merits, though the letters are of a high order, because it reveals the religious creed of the author of *Aurora Leigh*. "I believe," she says, "in the divinity of Jesus Christ, in the intensest sense—that he

was God absolutely. But for the rest, I am very unorthodox about the spirit, the flesh, and the devil." This is characteristic of Mrs. Browning, who was always enthusiastic in the expression of her opinions, whatever they happened to be at the time. This was the great difficulty Her sentiments were constantly changing. It is to be feared that, could she have written another letter to Shelley, the same evening, she would have had a creed equally acceptable to him. The letters of Walter Savage Landor, in the same volume, are highly characteristic of the author of "Imaginary Conversations;" but it would lead us too far to show how; and a similar remark will apply to the letters of several others.

Lyrics for Freedom and other Poems, under the auspices of the Continental Club. 12mo, pp. 248. New York: Carleton. 1862.

What the Continental Club is, or who are its members, we do not pretend to know. The present volume came into our hands with no prestige of author or publisher to prepossess us in its favor; on the contrary, to use a technical phrase, all the accessories were against it. First, the title attracted us; then the patriotic spirit, which pervades the book, led us along from "Lyric" to "Lyric," until scarcely a stanza had escaped us. We have not, indeed, been charmed all the time. This, it is true, we had a right to expect; for we are told by the Secretary of the Continental Club, in the Introduction, that the contents are "good, bad, and indifferent." The scriptural part has evidently devolved on the worst poet, and the one least familiar with Lindley Murray. We quote the following lines as a specimen:

"Biblical Authority for Rebellion."

" 'Tis true that foal rebellion's sword
Works the vengeance of the Lord.
As Egypt was in Bible doomed,
When clouds of locusts o'er them loomed
That ruined all their ripening grain,

And made their land a desert plain;
So, where goes Rebellion's host,
Eating away, at others' cost,
The peaceful farms and fields of green
Of all their fruit are ravaged clean."—p. 211.

But let us admit, that, for one extract of this kind, we could give ten which the most fastidious may read with sympathetic pleasure, if he can boast the least tinge of honest patriotism. Of this character is

"Halting in the Breach."

"Halting in the breach
In the traitors' wall;
Will no lesson teach,
But your country's fall?"

"Wait you for the night
That shall surely come,
Ere you, for the Right,
Strike the demon dumb?"

"Only backward turn,
Hearts of craven hue,

That could never learn
Promptings good and true!"

"Souls of God-like stamp,
Guide with steady speed,
Like a faithful lamp,
In their country's need.

"Halt you never, then;
Round the cloud in two;
And, like honest men,
Fight the battle through!"

—pp. 115-116.

The effusions under the head of "Home and Camp" are in perfect keeping with the spirit that actuates all classes of loyalists at the present moment. We should not be surprised to learn that the war song entitled "A Soldier's Life for me" had become popular in all our camps. We quote a stanza or two:

"A Soldier's Life for Me."

"Oh! a soldier's life for me,
Where the thundering cannons roar;
And the banners of the free
On the fields of battle soar!
At the sound of the kettle drum,
And the clarion trumpet's peal,
From our peaceful homes we come,
With our trusty swords of steel.

"A life on the tented field,
Where the tramp of the sentinel,
When the distant musket pealed,
Gives note that all is well!

And the soldier's brief repose
Is under a cloudy crown,
Where the struggling moonlight glows,
And the watchful stars look down!

"Oh! a soldier's life for me,
And a death on the field of fame,
Ere the cause of our Liberty
Be bowed by a traitor's shame!
And the flag of the true and brave,
With its hue of rainbow light,
O'er the land and sea shall wave,
With its cluster of stars so bright."

—pp. 77-79.

Some of the "Pasquinades" are highly amusing, and occasionally marked by trenchant satire. But in general they are rather coarse. The poet forgets that never does the lancet cut so well as when dipped in oil. "A Word to Jeff," and "John Bull sends," &c., are not precisely in the style of either Juvenal or Butler; at the same time each contains some good hits. We quote two stanzas from the former, but more for their quaint style of logic than for any other merit:

"A Word to Jeff."

"We know it's very hard for rogues
To live with honest people,
Who keep a Bible in the house,
And lose a church-house steeple.

"But as we kept you all in place,
And 'lowed you to o'erride us,
We thought, in common decency,
You might as well abide us."

—pp. 197-198.

In the lyrics devoted to the Negro we find little to commend; not but they are as good as the generality of their kind. We like to see the Negro free; nay, we yield to none in our detestation of slavery. At the same time we would consult the interests and welfare of the Republic before that of the African race. We must remember that there are those who cannot appreciate freedom—who, in fact, do not care to have it. Are white men to cut each other's throats to force freedom on such? Or can we be sure that, if they had their freedom to-morrow, they would be anything better, morally or physically, than they are; or less a source of uneasiness and peril to the nation? We regard slavery as a great misfortune; but that is no reason why we should regard the African as equal to the Caucasian.

But whether slavery is to end with the present rebellion or not—that

is, whether the rebels inflict on themselves the very injury of which they have been complaining for years, was the secret design and wish of the North—the *Lyrics for Freedom* deserve to be read. Many of the poems are far above mediocrity—such as would do no discredit to the favored few who are used to general recognition as poets at home, if not abroad. The volume is got up in very respectable style. We do not dislike Mr. Carleton so much, but we can heartily congratulate him on the decided improvement in taste on his part, of which the typography of the present volume affords such agreeable evidence.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

L'Histoire Romaine à Rome. Par J. J. AMPÈRE. Vols. I. and II. London: Williams & Norgate. 1862.

There is a good deal of romance in M. Ampère's new work, but also a good deal of history. It is such as Mr. Macaulay might have written in similar circumstances, though the style of the Frenchman is not so fascinating as that of the Englishman. This, however, is no reflection on the former, who is indeed a very agreeable and attractive writer. His account of the early history of Rome is replete with interest. He has evidently spared neither time nor labor in his researches, but it is those who have investigated most that are most modest in their statements. One, who had merely glanced over what others had said on the same subject, would have spoken of the laying of the foundation of the Eternal City with as much confidence as of the sacking of it by the Goths. But Mr. Ampère admits that he has nothing but conjectures to offer as to the early history of Rome. With regard to Romulus, he thinks it enough to believe that he existed. "Je crois," he says, "à Romulus." He believes that there was such a man, and that he must have exercised considerable influence in the early days of Rome, but the wolf story, or any of the miracles of which Romulus is the subject, he has no faith in; he does not think them worthy of serious notice. This is right, it is time that those fables should be discarded from history; if they are spoken of at all, it ought to be in a manner to show the credulity of the times in which they were first invented. Yet, how gravely they are related, even in our school histories. In the present work we have some curious theories. For example, we are told that while it is true that Romulus and Remus must have lived at the same time, they were not brothers, but rival chieftains—shepherd kings—the former of the Palatine, the latter of the Aventine. It may seem difficult, if not impossible, to give conjectures of this kind an air of reality; but M. Ampère succeeds in doing so. If asked how, the best way to answer the question is, that the author has devoted himself to every study that seemed likely to shed any light on the early history of

Rome. Nor is it in Paris, London, or Vienna he has done so, but in Rome. He has studied her story, not only as found in books; he has studied her sculpture, architecture, coins, topography—even her climate, soil, and agriculture. He examines each for himself, so far as it can be examined in his time, and he draws his own conclusions. It is almost needless to remark, that the results of such labors could not be otherwise than interesting and instructive, altogether independently of their historical value. This will be the more readily admitted, when it is borne in mind that M. Ampère is a man of poetic temperament. He is as brilliant and graphic as he is learned, thoughtful, and suggestive. His chapters on the climate, soil, agriculture, legends, and original founders of Rome occupy the greater part of the volumes now before us; but no one, who has paid so much attention to the subject as to be capable of appreciating his views and suggestions, would desire to have a page omitted in either volume.

The Life and Letters of Washington Irving. By his Nephew, PIERRE M. IRVING. Vol. 1. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1862.

It seems almost a work of supererogation to write about an author like Washington Irving, in addressing those who know him best; and who, that are acquainted with English literature, do not know him? There are none in America that read good books, or have any taste, who need to be told anything about him; and yet it may be doubted whether he is more popular among his own fellow-countrymen than he is in England, Ireland, and Scotland. Our only excuse, therefore, for writing of him is, that it is natural to all to speak of those who have afforded them pleasure; this remark we apply to ourselves—to all who notice or review his books. His biography is of course a different thing; it is proper that this should be written in time; the sooner after his death the better; and what more suitable hands could it be committed to than those of a near relative? So thought the author himself, as we learn from the preface. "Somebody will be writing my life," said he, "when I am gone, and I wish you to do it. You must promise me that you will." But to mean what is right and good, and to succeed in doing it, are different things. There can be no doubt of the friendly and conscientious intentions of the author of the present biography, but a more sprightly and graphic pen might have been found without much difficulty—one more worthy of dealing with works so elegantly written as those of Washington Irving. But it is not so clear that one possessing all other necessary qualifications could have been found so easily. It has been well said, that all can be more or less eloquent on a subject which they perfectly understand; but, were it otherwise, truth is better, though not always more attractive, than eloquence. Mr. Pierre Irving has evidently spared no pains to collect all that could serve to illustrate the life of his uncle; he has, besides, the advantage of having

known him intimately for years. Probably no man now living had such an opportunity of understanding his disposition in all its peculiarities. Nor is he without talent as a writer; we only mean that his pen is scarcely able to do justice to the author of the *Sketch-Book* and *Bracebridge Hall*. But what he lacks in this respect is more than counterbalanced by the other qualifications to which we have alluded.

This, however, would not appear from the first chapter, but rather the reverse; for it contains far too much in regard to the genealogy of our author, which is of no value. It is quite proper to glance back at the ancestors as far as they can be clearly seen, or identified; but, in the present instance, the biographer gropes too far in the dark. The fame of Washington Irving is altogether independent of the theory of his being a lineal descendant of William de Irwyn, who, we are told, "*may have been* in the service of Bruce before his (Bruce's) escape from the court of Edward I." The Irving family was already quite old, it seems, in 1369, when the Orkney Islands "yet owned the sway of Magnus V., the last of the Norwegian earls," &c. This genealogy is given on the authority of a Col. Forbes, who claims to belong himself to the same ancient branch of the family. The truth is, that under the various names of Irwin, Irwyn, Irvine, Ervine, the family are to be found in all parts of the British Islands—some, indeed, in highly respectable positions, but the majority in as humble and vulgar circumstances as any other people. There is no great use, it seems to us, in going back more than five hundred years to claim kindred with Magnus I., and then admit that our author's father was "a petty officer" on board a packet ship plying between Falmouth and New York, "when he met, at the former place, with Sarah Sanders," whose grandfather had been a curate. Now, in all probability, the "petty officer" was quite as respectable a man as either William de Irwin or Magnus I., whom the biographer takes so much pains to claim. But we must admit, that this is the only piece of nonsense we find in the present volume; and as it only extends to the nineteenth page, we can afford to pass it over as a harmless fiction. In almost every page, from this forth, we find an anecdote, an extract from a private letter, a fragment of an early composition, &c.,—something that is sure to entertain or amuse. The manner in which our author received his Christian name is thus described:

"Washington's work is ended," said the mother, "and the child shall be named after him." The appellation was the means of procuring him an early introduction to that illustrious personage, when he came back to New York, then the seat of Government, as President of the United States. A young Scotch maid servant of the family, struck with the enthusiasm which everywhere greeted his arrival, determined to present the child to his distinguished namesake. Accordingly, she followed him one morning into a shop, and pointing to the lad who had scarcely outgrown his virgin trowsers: "Please your Honor," said she, "here's a bairn was named after you." In the estimation of Lizzie, for so she was called, few claims of kindred could be stronger than this. Washington did not disdain the delicate affinity, and placing his hand on the head of her little charge, gave him his blessing."—pp. 26-7.

It seems he had a taste for reading in private, at a very early age. His father, who was of a Puritanical turn, was very particular as to the kind of books he permitted him to read, and he instructed his teacher to be equally careful.

"At the age of eleven, books of voyages and travels became his passion. This feeling was first awakened by the perusal of Robinson Crusoe and Sinbad the Sailor. Afterwards he met with 'The World Displayed,' a collection of voyages and travels, selected from the writers of all nations, in twenty small duodecimo volumes, embellished with cuts, and this was an inexhaustible treasure. He was not permitted to read at home after retiring to his bed, but such was their fascination that he used to secrete candles to enable him to do so. These volumes he would also take to school, and snatch hasty moments of reading under the shelter of his desk. One day, Romaine saw him busily intent on one of them, and, creeping up slyly behind him, thrust his hand down, and seizing the forbidden book, ordered him to remain after school to answer for the offence. The result, however, was very different from what he had anticipated; for his instructor perceiving in what the reading consisted, gave him credit for the taste he showed in the selection, and only cautioned him that he could not permit him to cultivate the propensity to the neglect of the regular exercises of the school."—pp. 32-3.

It was the perusal of books like these that inspired him with that love for the sea which exercised so important an influence on his after life. His biographer gives an amusing account of the means he adopted to prepare himself for a sea-faring life; but there are other passages which will occupy, to more advantage, the limited space now at our disposal for extracts. The following paragraph reveals more than one fact with which we confess we were not previously acquainted.

"His education was completed before he had attained his sixteenth year; at least from this period he assumed the direction of his own studies. His brothers, Peter and John, had been sent to Columbia College, and why he did not receive the same advantage he could never satisfactorily explain, except that he was more alive to the drudgery than the advantage of a course of academic training. He never failed, however, to regret the omission in after life."—p. 37.

An extract is given from Irving's account of his first voyage up the Hudson, intended for a periodical, but never before published. It is in his most pleasing style, and shows at a glance what a change steam has produced since the year 1800. We would gladly copy the whole; but, bearing in mind that variety is the spice of life, we can only make room for one paragraph.

"The constant voyaging in the river craft by the best families of New York and Albany made the merits of captains and sloops matters of notoriety and discussion in both cities. The captains were mediums of communication between separated friends and families. On the arrival of one of them at either place, he had messages to deliver and commissions to execute, which took him from house to house. Some of the ladies of the family had, peradventure, made a voyage on board of his sloop, and experienced from him that protecting care which is always remembered with gratitude by female passengers. In this way the captains of Albany sloops were personages of more note in the community than captains of European packets or steamships at the present day. A sloop was at length chosen; but she had yet to complete her freight and secure a sufficient number of passengers. Days were consumed in 'drumming up' a cargo. This was a tormenting delay to me, who was about to make my first voyage, and who, boy-like, had packed up my trunk on the first mention of the expedition. How often that trunk had to be unpacked and repacked before we sailed!"—pp. 40-41.

We have a large variety of the author's literary gossip in the volume before us; and it is of that character which is always interesting. His acquaintance with Murray, the London publisher, after the failure of Miller, afforded him an introduction at once to many of the most popular and eminent authors of the day. We quote an extract on this subject from his letter to James K. Paulding, written in May, 1820; but for the present it must be our last. His impressions of Gifford and Scott are creditable to all concerned:

"As I am launched upon the literary world here, I find my opportunities of observation extending. Murray's drawing-room is a great resort of first-rate literary characters; whenever I have a leisure hour I go there, and seldom fail to meet with some interesting personages. The hours of access are from two to five. It is understood to be a matter of privilege, and that you must have a general invitation from Murray. Here I frequently meet with such personages as Gifford, Campbell, Foscolo, Hallam (author of a work on the Middle Ages), Southey, Milman, Scott, Belzoni, &c., &c. The visitors are men of different politics, though most frequently ministerialists. Gifford, of whom, as an old adversary, you may be curious to know something, is a small, shrivelled, deformed man of about sixty, with something of a humped back, eyes that diverge, and a large mouth. He is generally reclining on one of the sofas, and supporting himself by the cushions, being very much debilitated. He is mild and courteous in his manners, without any of the petulance that you would be apt to expect, and is quite simple, unaffected, and unassuming. Murray tells me that Gifford does not write any full articles for the Review, but revises, modifies, prunes, and prepares whatever is offered; and is very apt to extract the sting from articles that are rather virulent. Scott, or Sir Walter Scott, as he is now called, passed some few weeks in town lately, on coming up for his baronetcy. I saw him repeatedly, having formed an acquaintance with him two or three years since at his country retreat on the Tweed. He is a man that, if you know, you would love; a right honest-hearted, generous-spirited being; without vanity, affectation, or assumption of any kind. He enters into every passing scene or passing pleasure with the interest and simple enjoyment of a child; nothing seems too high or remote for the grasp of his mind, and nothing too trivial or low for the kindness and pleasantry of his spirit. When I was in want of literary counsel and assistance, Scott was the only literary man to whom I felt that I could talk about myself and my petty concerns with the confidence and freedom that I would to an old friend—nor was I deceived—from the first moment that I mentioned my work to him in a letter, he took a decided and effective interest in it, and has been to me an invaluable friend. It is only astonishing how he finds time, with such ample exercise of the pen, to attend so much to the interests and concerns of others; but no one ever applied to Scott for any aid, counsel, or service that would cost time and trouble, that was not most cheerfully and thoroughly assisted. Life passes away with him in a round of good offices and social enjoyments. Literature seems his sport rather than his labor or his ambition, and I never met with an author so completely void of all the petulance, egotism, and peculiarities of the craft; but I am running into prolixity about Scott, who I confess has completely won my heart, even more as a man than as an author; so, praying God to bless him, we will change the subject."—pp. 455-457.

With the exception already mentioned, the biographer has thus far acquitted himself well. He improves not a little as he proceeds. We presume he has ample materials for three or four volumes of this kind. All who can aid him with anecdotes, or other *ana*, ought to do so. But the more sparing he is of comments the better. It is otherwise, however, in regard to explanatory notes. True, Irving has not written much that needs explanation; his writings explain themselves; for none are more lucid. But it is often interesting to know what are the circumstances that led to the composition of a particular piece. Besides, many of the letters from abroad, although models of perspicuity in style, would be much enhanced

in value by historical and topographical notes. But we confess we have no good reason to complain; if each subsequent volume prove as attractive as this, the biographer may in future be as mythical as he likes in his genealogies.

The City of the Saints, and Across the Rocky Mountains. By RICHARD F. BURTON, author of "The Lake Regions of Central Africa," &c., with illustrations. 8vo. pp. 574. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1862.

It is not the fault of Mr. Burton if this volume does not prove so attractive to American readers as his work on Africa. It is quite as carefully written, and gives as much information; but it lacks the attraction of novelty. There are few in this country who have not already a tolerably correct idea of the habits and practices of the Latter Day Saints. At least they think they have; which, so far as the book is concerned, is nearly the same. Mormon prophets, as well as others, have no honor in their own country, except among their immediate followers. For the opposite reasons, the work has been well received in England; nor should we be surprised to learn that it has been translated into one or two of the principal languages of continental Europe. Not that Mr. Burton is by any means a brilliant or fascinating writer; indeed, his style is much more remarkable for respectable dullness and insipidity than any other qualities; although his descriptions are in general very graphic. What recommends him most is his undoubted reliability as a narrator. He spares neither time nor labor in his efforts to obtain correct information, and he does not belong to the class of travellers whose chief ambition is to impose upon the credulity of their readers by relating occurrences that never happened, and describing habits which, if they exist at all, are only exceptional cases. Sometimes, however, he is a little too conscientious; we mean in those instances in which he devotes a dozen pages to what might be compressed into one, or two, without any detriment to the cause of literature. He seems to think, that like the witness giving his testimony before a jury in a case of life or death, he is bound, not only to tell the truth, but the whole truth; whereas everybody knows that there are many things that are true which are not worth mentioning. This tendency to redundancy on the part of Mr. Burton will account for the formidable dimensions of his *City of the Saints*. All that is interesting in it might have been compressed into a duodecimo of some three hundred pages. As all our readers may not find it convenient to procure a copy, we will extract a passage or two, which may serve as pretty fair specimens of the book, and at the same time prove somewhat interesting. Our author describes Brigham Young as follows:

"The Prophet's dress was neat and plain as a Quaker's, all gray homespun except the cravat and waistcoat. His coat was of antique cut, and, like the pantaloons, buggy, and the buttons were black. A neck-tie of dark silk, with a large bow, was loosely passed round a starchless collar, which turned down of its own accord. The waistcoat was of black satin—once an article of almost national dress—single-breasted, and buttoned nearly to the neck, and a plain gold chain was passed into the pocket. The boots were Wellingtons, apparently of American make.

"Altogether the Prophet's appearance was that of a gentleman farmer in New England—in fact, such as he is: his father was an agriculturist and revolutionary soldier, who settled 'down East.' He is a *well-preserved* man; a fact which some attribute to his habit of sleeping, as the Citizen Proudhon so strongly advises, in solitude. His manner is at once affable and impressive, simple and courteous; his want of pretension contrasts favorably with certain pseudo-prophets that I have seen, *each and every* of whom holds himself to be a 'Logos' without other claim save a semi-maniacal self-esteem. He shows no signs of dogmatism, bigotry, or fanaticism, and never once entered—with me at least—upon the subject of religion. He impresses a stranger with a certain sense of power; his followers are, of course, wholly fascinated by his superior strength of brain. It is commonly said that there is only one chief in Great Salt Lake City, and that is 'Brigham.' His temper is even and placid; his manner is cold—in fact, like his face, somewhat bloodless; but he is neither morose nor methodistic: and, where occasion requires, he can use all the weapons of ridicule to direful effect, and 'speak a bit of his mind' in a style which no one forgets. He often reproves his erring followers in purposely violent language, making the terrors of a scolding the punishment in lieu of hanging for a stolen horse or cow. His powers of observation are intuitively strong, and his friends declare him to be gifted with an excellent memory and a perfect *judgment of character*. If he dislikes a stranger at the first interview, he never sees him again. Of his temperance and sobriety there is but one opinion. His life is ascetic; his favorite food is baked potatoes with a little buttermilk, and his drink water; he disapproves, as do all strict Mormons, of spirituous liquors, and never touches any thing stronger than a glass of thin Lager-bier; moreover, he abstains from tobacco. Mr. Hyde has accused him of habitual intemperance; he is, as his appearance shows, rather disposed to abstinence *than to the reverse*. Of his education I cannot speak: 'men, not books—deeds, not words,' has ever been his motto; he probably has, as Mr. Randolph said of Mr. Johnson, 'a mind uncorrupted by books.' In the only discourse which I heard him deliver, he pronounced *impëtus*, *impëtus*. Yet he converses with ease and correctness, has neither snuffle nor pompousness, and speaks as an authority upon certain subjects, such as agriculture and stock-breeding. He assumes no airs of extra sanctimoniousness, and has the plain, simple manners of honesty. His followers deem him an angel of light, his foes a goblin damned: he is, I presume, neither one nor the other. I can not pronounce about his scrupulousness: all the world over, the sincerest religious belief and the practice of devotion are sometimes compatible not only with the most disorderly life, but with the most terrible crimes; for mankind mostly believe that

'Il est avec le ciel des accommodements.'

He has been called hypocrite, swindler, forger, murderer. *No one looks it less*. The best authorities—from those who accuse Mr. Joseph Smith of the most heartless deception, to those who believe that he began as an impostor and ended as a prophet—find in Mr. Brigham Young 'an earnest, obstinate, egotistic enthusiasm, fanned by persecution and inflamed by bloodshed.' He is the St. Paul of the New Dispensation; true and sincere, he gave point, and energy, and consistency to the somewhat disjointed, turbulent, and unforeseeing fanaticism of Mr. Joseph Smith; and if he has not been able to create, he has shown himself great in controlling circumstances. Finally, there is a total absence of pretension in his manner, and he has been so long used to power that

he cares nothing for its display. The arts by which he rules the heterogeneous mass of conflicting elements are indomitable will, profound secrecy, and uncommon astuteness."—pp. 239-40.

We have marked in *Italics* certain peculiarities of expression, which, to say the least, are not worthy of imitation; and there is scarcely a paragraph in the book in which similar violations of grammar and taste do not occur. But we must not be too fastidious in dealing with travellers, who, like Mr. Burton, do the best they can to entertain and instruct us. The author gives a pretty graphic account of certain scenes occasionally witnessed in crossing the plains:

"Many of these English emigrants have passed over the plains without knowing that they are in the United States, and look upon Mr. Brigham Young much as Roman Catholics of the last generation regarded the Pope. The Welsh, Danes, and Swedes have been seen on the transit to throw away their blankets and warm clothing, from a conviction that a gay summer reigns throughout the year in Zion. The mismanagement of the inexperienced travellers has become a matter of Joe Miller. An old but favorite illustration, told from the Mississippi to California, is this: A man rides up to a standing wagon, and seeing a wretched-looking lad nursing a starving baby, asks him what the matter may be: 'Wal, now,' responds the youth, 'guess I'm kinder streakt—ole dad's drunk, ole marm's in hy-sterics, brother Jim be playing poker with two gamblers, sister Sal's down yonder a' courtin' with an in-tire stranger, this 'ere baby's got the diarræ, the team's clean guv out, the wagon's broke down, it's twenty miles to the next water, I don't care a —— if I never see Californy.'"—p. 229.

We can only make room for one more extract. We make choice of that which describes an arrival of emigrants at the Great Salt Lake city:

"As we issued from the city, we saw the smoke-like column which announced that the emigrants were crossing the benchland; and people were hurrying from all sides to greet and to get news of friends. Presently the carts came. All the new arrivals were in clean clothes, the men washed and shaved, and the girls, who were singing hymns, habited in Sunday dresses. The company were sunburned, but looked well and thoroughly happy, and few, except the very young and the very old, who suffer most on such journeys, troubled the wains. They marched through clouds of dust over the sandy road leading up the eastern portion of the town, accompanied by crowds, some on foot, others on horseback, and a few in traps and other 'locomotive doin's,' sulkies, and buckboards. A few youths of rather a rowdyish appearance were mounted in all the tawdriness of Western trappings—Rocky Mountain hats, tall and broad, or steeple-crowned felts, covering their scalp-locks, embroidered buckskin garments, huge leggings, with caterpillar or millepede fringes, red or rainbow-colored flannel shirts, gigantic spurs, bright-hilted pistols, and queer-sheathed knives stuck in red sashes with gracefully depending ends. The *jeunesse dorée* of the Valley Tan was easily distinguished from imported goods by the perfect ease with which they sat and managed their animals. Around me were all manner of familiar faces—heavy English mechanics, discharged soldiers, clerks, and agricultural laborers, a few German students, farmers, husbandmen, and peasants from Scandinavia and Switzerland, and correspondents and editors, bishops, apostles, and other dignitaries from the Eastern States. When the train reached the public square—at Great Salt Lake City the 'squares' are hollow as in England, not solid as in the States—of the 8th ward, the wagons were ranged in line for

the final ceremony. Before the invasion of the army the First President made a point of honoring the entrance of hand-cart trains (but these only) by a greeting in person."—pp. 225-26.

It would be a great mistake to think that the volume before us is devoted exclusively to the Mormons. There is nothing of any interest to be seen in the Great West of which it does not take more or less notice. But our author is too discursive, too fond of introducing tedious episodes, too partial to obsolete statistics. We could also have excused Mr. Burton, had he withheld that long list of works published on Mormonism, with the accompanying notes. The same remark will apply to several tedious letters which he has copied, and, we think we may safely add, most of the matter contained in the "Appendices." The latter consists principally of municipal ordinances, bills, by-laws, &c., &c., of almost interminable length, but of very slight importance, alternating with extracts from newspapers, chiefly from the *Deseret News*. In short, we would not advise any indolent person to take up "The City of the Saints," especially in warm weather; it would be no use.

But it was not intended for such. Those for whom it was intended will hardly be disappointed, namely, the student of history, the ethnologist, the curious in matters religious and moral—in short, all seekers after knowledge who have the resolution and patience to separate the wheat from the chaff. In one word, it is a book that contains a large amount of information that is both useful and interesting, but also a large amount that is neither one nor the other.

Die Länder am unteren Rio Bravo del Norte. (Mexico during the last Forty Years.) Von ADOLPH ULDE. Heidelberg: Mohr.

Those of our German readers interested in the history and destiny of Mexico will find this work worthy of their attention. The author has not taken up his pen thoughtlessly. In every page of his book we have evidence of study and research. He has also had peculiar facilities for obtaining information, having for some time held the position of British consul at Matamoros; and what his sympathies are in regard to the antagonistic factions may be inferred, from the fact that he contributed greatly to the successful resistance made by that city when attacked, in 1851, by Carbajal. In his opinion, Mexico might have been a Spanish colony to this day, and much better off than she is, had it not been for the proscriptive policy of the home government in excluding the creoles from all offices of trust and emolument. While there were only about 80,000 Spaniards in the whole country, the natives, including Creoles, Indians, and half-breeds, amounted to nearly seven millions; and, out of the latter number, only 300,000 had to take up arms in their war of independence, in order to expel the Spaniards. The work of M. Ulde goes far to prove that the present interference of the European powers, especially

of France and Spain, in Mexico, should surprise nobody; that we had a right to anticipate such a state of things, whenever any internal dissensions in the United States seemed to point out the proper moment for it. The author is of opinion that, had the clergy supported Santa Anna, the country would have been in a very different condition to-day from what it is. He feels sure that a strong centralized government can alone give peace to Mexico; and yet he cannot see how such is to be established, because the country, exhausted as it is after nearly forty years of almost uninterrupted civil war, is too poor to support such a government.

Sketches of the Rise, Progress, and Decline of Secession; with a Narrative of Personal Adventures among the Rebels. By W. G. BROWNLOW, editor of the Knoxville Whig. Philadelphia: George W. Childs, 1862.

We are indebted to the courtesy of the publisher for some of the proof-sheets of this curious book—we mean, curious in style and treatment, but in matter replete with interest; at least as far as we can judge from the twenty-four pages before us, including the whole table of contents. The volume opens with an autobiographical sketch of the Parson, and we must confess that it is one of the oddest specimens of its kind we have ever read. The author evidently acts on the principle that open confession is good for the soul, for he conceals nothing. He commences by telling us that “It is a delicate task for a modest man to write out a memorial of himself, and especially when he shall undertake to give both his *private* and *public* life.” Passing over his account of where his father and mother, as well as himself, were “born and raised,” we come to where he gives us some particulars as to his age, size, politics, religion, morality, &c. “I am about six feet high,” he says, “and have weighed as heavy as one hundred and seventy-five pounds; have had as fine a constitution as any man need desire. I have had as strong a voice as any man in East Tennessee, where I have resided for the last thirty years, and have a family of seven children.” (It would seem as if the strength of his voice had some necessary connection with the number of his children.) “I have written several books, but the one which has had the largest run is the one entitled: ‘The Iron Wheel Examined and its False Spokes Examined; being a vindication of the Methodist Church against the attacks of Rev. J. R. Graves, of Nashville.’ I never was in attendance at a theatre, I never attended a horse-race, and never witnessed their running save on the fair-grounds of my own county. *I never courted but one woman, and her I married.*” But to quote all the comical confessions made by the Parson were to quote the whole autobiography. That the book will be universally read throughout the North, we have little doubt; and that it deserves to be read by all, we feel certain.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Genius of Christianity ; or, the Spirit and Beauty of the Christian Religion. By VISCOUNT DE CHATEAUBRIAND, author of "Travels in Greece and Palestine," &c., &c. A new and complete Translation from the French, with a Preface, Biographical Notice of the Author, and Critical and Explanatory Notes. By CHARLES J. WHITE, D. D. Fourth revised edition. Large 12mo, pp. 764. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. 1862.

This work did not reach us until the last sheets for the present number were going to press; but, had it been the earliest on our table, it would have been superfluous, on our part, to enter into any particulars as to the character of a book which has been translated into every language in Christendom that has any literature. The best critics of Europe are still in doubt, whether it is more valuable in a religious than in a literary point of view; for there are no finer literary disquisitions to be found anywhere than it contains, especially those in Parts II. and III., under the titles of the Poetic of Christianity, General Survey of Christian Epic Poems, of Poetry considered in its Relations to Man, the Bible and Homer, the Fine Arts and Literature, Philosophy, History, Eloquence.

Each subject is treated as none but a scholar and a man of taste could have treated it. Of the religious part it may be said, that it breathes throughout the genuine spirit of Christianity. There is no bigotry, no intolerance, but a practical illustration of the noble precept, "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." Chateaubriand makes no effort to justify wrong, let who may do it; but benevolently reminds us that to err is human, and that, before we condemn any individual or class, we ought to see whether the good they have accomplished will counter-balance the evil. It is in this spirit he speaks, for instance, of the Jesuits. "And what," he says, "can the Jesuits be accused of? A little ambition, so natural to genius. Consider what the Jesuits have done; recollect all the celebrated writers whom they have given to France, or who were educated in their schools, the entire kingdoms gained for our commerce by their skill, their toils and their blood, the miracles of their missions in China, Canada and Paraguay, and you will find that the charges against them are far from balancing the services which they have rendered to society." The whole work is complete in this volume. We are sincerely glad to see such a book coming from a Baltimore house at the present crisis; for we regard it as an agreeable evidence of returning prosperity. In times past none of our publishers issued better books than the Messrs. Murphy & Co., or got them up in better style. In common with most persons, they have suffered not a little from the war. From all these considerations, it is pleasant to see them resume the publishing business with so invaluable a work as the *Genius of Christianity*.

The Koran: translated from the Arabic, the Suras arranged in chronological order, with Notes and Index. By the Rev. J. M. RODWELL, M. A., of Caius College, Cambridge, and Rector of St. Ethelburga, London. London: Williams & Norgate.

It is somewhat remarkable, that while this new translation of the Koran was in the hands of all scholars and literary men in England, and eliciting much approbation, a Boston publisher was busily engaged in reprinting the old, confused and inaccurate edition of Sale, and taking no slight credit to himself for his enterprise, as a publisher, and skill and taste, as a caterer! It is not often that a Bostonian member of the trade is thus short-sighted; and, probably, Mr. Burnham has learned before this that old translations and old port are not always equally valuable, in proportion to their antiquity. In the version of Mr. Rodwell, the suras, or chapters, are arranged in chronological order; in that of Mr. Sale, they are not arranged at all; they are often confounded with each other in such a manner as to destroy all connection, and render the finest passages utterly unintelligible. Mr. Rodwell has reduced the chaos to a system. His version is imbued with the genuine spirit of the original; his historical and grammatical notes evince research and learning, and his criticisms on Mohammedanism are discriminating and just, without being bigoted. In short, the Koran, as it comes from the hand of Mr. Rodwell, is a work which we should like to see reprinted by some American house that has the taste and spirit to do it justice.

The Union Bible Dictionary, for the use of Schools, Bible Classes and Families. Prepared for the American Sunday School Union. By the author of "The Teacher Taught." 16mo, pp. 691. Philadelphia: American Sunday School Union. 1862.

An examination of this work has agreeably surprised us. Inferring from the title that it was intended only for children, we did not expect to find anything in it more than simple definitions. Simplicity is, indeed, a prominent characteristic of the book; but every word is fully explained according as it requires it; and the explanations are historical, geographical and chronological, as well as Scriptural. The volume is illustrated with well executed and accurate colored maps and numerous engravings. The illustrations form a valuable feature in the book; for they include animals, birds, reptiles, trees, shrubs, flowers, plants, temples, styles of architecture, costumes, tombs, as well as heathen deities, &c., in short, whatever is mentioned in the Old or New Testament, with which the reader is supposed not to be familiar. Thus, for example, when we come to the word *embalm*, we are referred to Gen., 1, 2, where the word occurs. Then we are told the probable object of embalming; then the process is described; the drugs supposed to have been used are mentioned; the probable cost is stated; finally, we are presented with engravings of mum-

mies; and for more information on the same subject we are referred to the word *bury*. Turning to *bury* and *burial*, we find the letter-press similarly illustrated with representations of various styles of Eastern tombs, &c. The importance of a work of this kind is obvious enough. Besides aiding the young reader in understanding the text, the illustrations cannot fail to interest him in the study of the Scriptures.

Prison Life in the Tobacco Warehouse at Richmond. By a Ball's Bluff Prisoner, Lieut. WM. C. HARRIS, of Col. Baker's California Regiment. 12mo. Philadelphia: George W. Childs. 1862.

We have read this little volume with a good deal of interest. It contains lively and graphic accounts of scenes and incidents which afford new proof of the adage, that truth is stranger than fiction. The author is influenced in his narrative neither by prejudice nor bad temper. His statements bear the impress of truth; and, when he gives his opinion, he does so in the language of moderation and common sense. His narrative of the weary journey of himself and his fellow prisoners, from Ball's Bluff to Richmond, possesses a painful interest; though it is relieved, here and there, by incidents which become ludicrous, in spite of all the disagreeable circumstances with which they are surrounded.

"As the morning broke," he says, "the scene was a sad one to look upon. From our position in the front we were enabled to overlook the entire line of prisoners, who, jaded and worn out, were making the strongest efforts to keep their position in line. Occasionally a poor fellow would stagger up to the commanding officer, piteously exclaiming, 'I can go no farther!' Some were without shoes and stockings, having lost them in attempting to swim the Potomac; others were without overcoats—now doubly needed, as the rain commenced to fall. All were smeared with mud, and as they marched over the slippery road the scene was dreary in the extreme."—p. 16.

The author's description of the Tobacco Warehouse at Richmond, in which he was imprisoned with his comrades, is upon the whole rather favorable—very different indeed from other descriptions of the same building which we have seen; and there is every reason to believe that he is right. Nor is he less willing to do justice to his jailors than to his jail. Of the room set apart for the Federal officers he speaks as follows:

"The room is lighted by gas, the use of which is either kindly or unwittingly given at all hours of the day: we use it for cooking as well as illuminating purposes, and the odor of hot coffee and occasional stews may be scented daily throughout the room. At nine o'clock we have breakfast, consisting of fresh beef—occasionally liver—with five ounces of bread; at one o'clock dinner—boiled or roast beef, with five ounces of bread; at six o'clock supper—five ounces of bread."—p. 23.

This, it will be admitted, was not so bad, all things considered. Some need "extras," however; but they have to pay fabulous prices for them:

"The Confederate government furnishes the rations of bread and beef, with

salt and brown soap. All other articles of food are provided by the prisoners, at the following prices : Tea, \$4 per pound ; coffee, \$1 per pound ; brown sugar, 20 cents ; butter, 60 cents ; potatoes, \$2 per bushel ; molasses, \$1.25 per gallon. The cost of extra rations, which are confined to the foregoing articles, averages \$2.50 per week for each officer."—p. 23.

The unfortunate persons who still remain in the same building have nearly twice these rates to pay ; but they cannot do it ; their money has long since been exhausted ; and it seems they are not allowed to receive more from their friends. At least so it is stated ; but the report conflicts in no slight degree with the statements of Lieut. Harris. The accommodations for the first month were of the worst description—suitable only for savages :

"For weeks," he says, "they slept upon the floor, without blankets or overcoats, with blocks of wood—and not enough even of those—for pillows. It was not until three months had elapsed that the Confederate authorities furnished straw and cotton coverlets. Without servants, mess-tables, benches, or even knives and forks, they ate their meals cross-legged upon the floor, and off the window-sills, in a primitive, yet (owing to the quantity furnished), ravenous, style. Without water facilities, except a well in the yard, which was used not only by the officers, but also by five hundred men confined in the upper stories of the warehouse, one of whom only was allowed to use it at a time, hours would pass each morning before an officer was able to wash."—p. 31.

This, however, was not the worst. The abuse they received from visitors was more intolerable to sensitive minds than blocks of wood for pillows—nay, than hunger itself :

"Visitors of all grades," says Lieut. Harris, "were allowed to enter the building, and often subjected them, in the presence of Confederate officers of the prison, to the vilest abuse. Outside of the warehouse, the square was for weeks packed with rebels, who, whenever they caught a glimpse of a Federal officer, hooted at and insulted him. Richmond had, apparently, given up her rabble and filth to centre around the 'Yankee' prisons—as men, women, and even little children scarcely old enough to walk, united in heaping scurrilous abuse upon them."—p. 32.

The chapters entitled *Prison Incidents*, *Our Jailors*, *a Day in the Privates' Prison*, &c., should be read by all ; they are evidently faithful pictures—not caricatures. The book is interspersed with humorous anecdotes, extracts from private letters, ironical speeches, burlesque bills of fare, reminiscences of eccentric rebels, &c., &c.

Letter of the President of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad Company to the Secretary of War, in Reference to Improved Facilities of Transportation between New York and Washington, together with other Documents relating to the same subject, and Letters and Papers showing the nature of the services rendered the Government by the aforesaid Railroad at the breaking out of the Rebellion. Washington : 1862.

We have copied the title-page in full, because it gives a correct idea of the contents of the pamphlet ; and that we think it is due to the author of the "Letter" that his vindication of the course he pursued at the breaking out of the war should be appreciated as such by the public at large.

True, indeed, none doubt any longer that Mr. Felton was actuated from the beginning by patriotic motives. Indeed, it was only in times of great excitement that the most censorious and evil-disposed could hope to excite prejudice against a man whose untiring care and attention to the comfort and convenience of the travelling public had for years rendered him so popular with all classes. Nor does his vindication rest solely on his own arguments, sustained as they are by the statements of other railroad functionaries; although, in our opinion, if they did they would be amply sufficient. We need only allude to one of the letters from distinguished United States officers, which appears in the pamphlet before us—that of S. F. Dupont, U. S. N., dated, Flagship Wabash, Jan. 25, 1862, in which the following paragraphs occur:

"It is not only my duty to reply fully to the inquiry, but I am pleased at the opportunity of bearing my testimony to the patriotic zeal and energy which governed the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore Railroad Company under your Presidency, during one of the darkest hours of our national struggle, when Baltimore had risen and Washington was in peril.

"My official station at that time, as commandant of the Philadelphia Navy Yard, brought me much in relation with you, thus affording me the opportunity of acquiring personal knowledge of your operations. As to the opening of the Annapolis route, it was entirely of your own planning, and I remember all the circumstances which led to it.

"In short, I have never seen more energy and zeal in a public officer than marked your whole conduct, and that of the agents employed under you, during the dark hours I have alluded to, and it gives me pleasure to say so."

The Cross-Bearer. A Vision. Boston: American Tract Society.

It would be impossible to exaggerate the value of this little volume for family use, imbued, as it is, throughout with the genuine spirit of Christianity. The contents consist of selections in prose and verse from the best writers, who, by their piety, learning and talents, have shed a lustre on the Church; including Thomas à Kempis, Fénelon, Bushnell, Owen and Bunyan. The progress of the Christian, bearing the cross, from one stage to another, is finely illustrated. The vision is certainly a beautiful one; or may it not rather be called a series of visions? The style in which the book is got up is superb; the typography, paper and binding are each tasteful and elegant; and that the artist has done his part may be seen by a glance at the pictorial representations of the cross-bearer.

Tracts for Priests and People. By Various Writers. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co. 1862.

We should like well to review this volume, for there is a good deal in it that is singular, if not remarkable or striking; but it did not reach us in time. The writers steer a sort of middle course between that of the writers of "Essays and Reviews" and those who have assailed the latter

as if they had pulled down about their ears the whole fabric of "the religion by law established." The "Tracts" are intended to show that there is error on both sides; that the Essayists and Reviewers are not quite orthodox; neither are the people; and yet those who tell us so are not prepared to inform us what the error on either side exactly is. Though very clever men, they argue somewhat after the manner of Mr. Toodles. It is only their modesty, however, that prevents them from making the authors of "Essays and Reviews" ashamed of themselves; but they will do it yet, if the latter do not renounce their vagaries, and think as directed by the Thirty-nine Articles. It is somewhat curious to find the author of "Tom Brown's School Days" among the tractarians; but the Church of England is worth defending; no other establishment can better afford to reward her champions. Nothing would be easier than to make a divine of Mr. Thomas Hughes, and give him two or three parishes as a benefice. Another of the tractarians is also a layman, but he is pious enough to be a bishop—at least a dean. We mean Mr. J. M. Ludlow, whose "Dialogue on Doubt" is certainly a capital thing in its way. If anybody "doubts" after reading it, let the sin be upon his own head; it is not Mr. Ludlow's fault if rash people will think differently from the manner prescribed by the "Articles" referred to. "The Signs of the Kingdom of Heaven" is the title of the tract contributed by the Rev. Llewelyn Davies; and it is one that will amply repay perusal; though what those "signs" are is not very clearly shown, except they be the "wars and rumors of wars" which are to be the forerunners of the earth's dissolution, and which the Essayists and Reviewers may perhaps be regarded as having commenced.

Encyclopædia Americana. A Popular Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, Literature, History, Politics, and Biography. A new edition, including a copious collection of Original Articles in American Biography, on the basis of the seventh edition of the German Conversations-Lexicon. Edited by FRANCIS LIEBER, assisted by E. WIGGLESWORTH. In 14 vols., 8vo. Boston: Brown & Taggard.

We are glad to perceive that there is a reaction in favor of this work. All capable of forming an opinion are growing weary of those voluminous works bearing a similar title, the publication of which has been going forward for some time in this country, but whose contents consist chiefly of biographies of living persons, whose claim to occupy the space of one line rests generally on the slenderest foundation. In nine cases out of ten they are thus immortalized because they happen to possess a goodly amount of money or its equivalent. There are many instances in which the candidates for a niche in the new Walhalla pay for the distinction "in trade;" that is, they write eulogies on the work in the papers or other periodicals, and furnish contributions besides.

The latter, too, may consist of eulogies. Thus, A. praises B., and B.

praises A., through all the moods and tenses; or, perhaps, A. and B. will both occupy themselves in proving how much the world is indebted to some mining or manufacturing company, some quack doctor, or some merchant who has become a millionaire. If, upon the other hand, any living person is noticed in the *Encyclopædia Americana*, he must be one whose genius the world has recognized. Even then he is spoken of not as a model of perfection; not as a Homer, Thucydides, Virgil, Tacitus, or Shakespeare, &c., &c., but according to his merits, and in the language of moderation and common sense. The question is, whether a duodecimo written in this style is not more valuable than a quarto written in the opposite style. The former we can use as a work of reference and quote as an authority; whereas, were we guided by the latter, we should believe that there are more geniuses in one State of the Republic, nay, in one city, than the whole ancient world could boast.

It is too often forgotten that a book must not be valued like a diamond, in proportion to its size. The Essay of Longinus, on the Sublime, is contained in a dozen octavo pages; but it is worth folios on the same subject. Sappho has left us but a small fragment or two of her poetry; but these are the delight of all ages. Upon the other hand, Wickliffe, for example, has written works enough to make quite a library by themselves. We are told that Lubinio Lepus, Bishop of Prague, burned about two hundred. There are still a large number left; but who reads one of them? "Invention," says D'Israeli, "depends on patience. Contemplate your subject long; it will gradually unfold, till a sort of electric spark convulses, for a moment, the brain, and spreads down to the very heart a glow of irritation. Then come the luxuries of genius—the true hour for production and composition; hours so delightful, that I have spent twelve and fourteen hours, successively, at my writing desk, and still been in a state of pleasure." The compilers of the work before us had, evidently, these facts in their minds; they evidently understood, too, that it is not always the best authors that are most praised; but, indeed, on the contrary, they are the most likely to be abused. The most careful and devoted student of Shakespeare can find but few encomiums on the author of *Hamlet* in the writings of his contemporaries—scarcely any but those of his personal friend, Ben Jonson. Molière, too, was much more abused than praised; and Socrates was so much hated because he gave his honest opinions freely, of all shams, that he was put to death. "On my entering into life," says the witty and amiable Montesquieu, "I was spoken of as a man of talents; and people of condition gave me a favorable reception; but when the success of my Persian Letters proved, perhaps, that I was not unworthy of my reputation, and the public began to esteem me, my reception with the great was discouraging, and I experienced innumerable mortifications." We have made these observations in reference to the *Encyclopædia Americana* be-

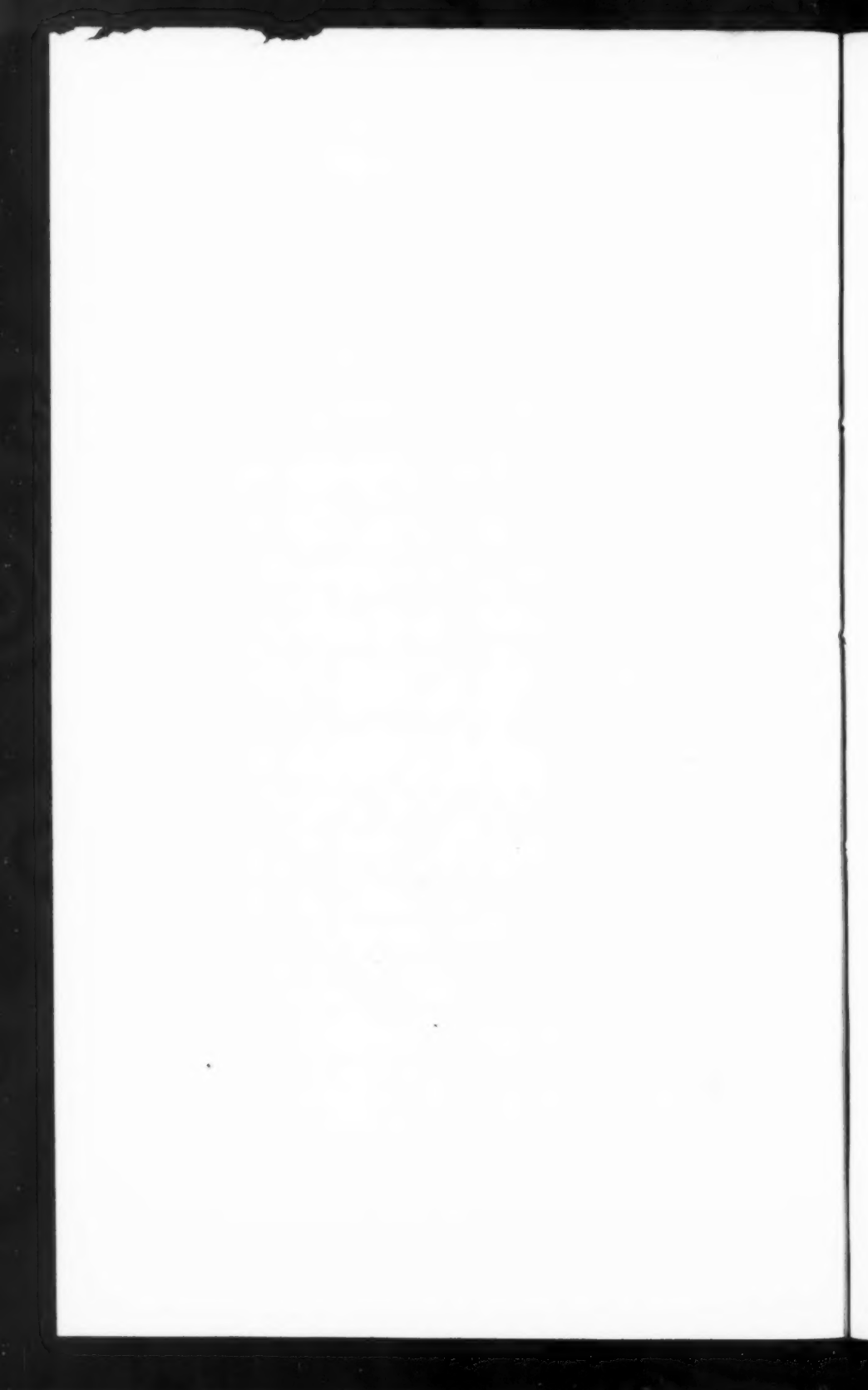
cause, satisfied that it is a reliable work, we think we consult the interests of literature by calling attention to its intrinsic merits, as contrasted with the noisy and vulgar pretentiousness of shams. The Supplemental Volume, edited by Henry Vethake, LL. D., contains several elaborate and valuable articles. Those on France, Germany, the United States, Great Britain, China, Magnetism, &c., &c., would be worthy of a place in the best similar works of Europe.

NEW PUBLICATIONS,

NOT NOTICED IN THE REVIEW, WHICH MAY BE RECOMMENDED FOR PERUSAL AND STUDY.

- The Works of the late Horace Hayman Wilson, M. A., F. R. S., &c. Vol. 1. London: Trübner & Co. 1862.
- Zur Geschichte des Eigenthums in den Deutschen Städten. Von Dr. W. Arnold, Ord. Professor der Rechte zu Basel. Basel: H. Georg. 1861.
- The Wild Sports of India. By Major Henry Shakspear, late Commandant of Nagpore Irregular Force. London: Smith, Elder & Co.
- Reise der Oesterreichischen Fregatte Novara um die Erde in den Jahren 1857-8-9, unter Befehlen des Commodore B. Von Wüllerstorff Urbair. Wien.
- Histoire des Mussulmans d'Espagne jusqu'à la conquête de l'Andalousie par par les Almorairdes 711-1110. Par R. Dozy. 4 vols. London: Williams & Norgate.
- Beauties selected from the Writings of Thomas De Quincey, author of Confessions of an English Opium Eater, &c. 12mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1862.
- Two Lectures on Trades Unions, delivered to the University of Oxford, in the year 1861. By Charles Neale, A. M., Fellow of Oriel College, &c. London: Parker. 1862.
- Études sur les Infusoires et les Rhizopodes. Par Edouard Claparède et Johannes Lachmann.
- The Laws which Regulate the Deposition of Lead Ore in Veins, illustrated by an Examination of the Geological Structure of the Mining Districts of Alston Moor. By William Wallace. 8vo. London, 1862.
- Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott. Illustrated edition. Vols. 5, 6. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1862.
- The Turkish Empire in its Relations with Christianity and Civilization. By Richard Robert Madden. London: Newby. 1861.
- Considerations on Representative Government. By John Stuart Mill, author of "A System of Logic," &c. New York: Harper & Brothers.
- Cortez and Pizarro, &c. By William Dalton. With illustrations. London: Griffin, Bohn & Co. 1862.
- Coppet et Weiner, Madame de Staël et la Grande Duchesse Louise. Par l'auteur des Souvenirs de Mme. Récamier. London: Williams & Norgate.

- A Manual of Psychological Medicine, containing the History, Nosology, Description, Statistics, Diagnosis, Pathology, and Treatment of Insanity, with an Appendix of Cases. By John Charles Bucknill, M. D., and Daniel Hack Tuke, M. D. Second Edition, revised and enlarged. 8vo. London: 1862.
- Agnes of Sorrento. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. 12mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1862.
- Memorable Women of the Puritan Times. By the Rev. James Anderson. London: Blackie. 1862.
- The Correspondence of Leigh Hunt. Edited by his Eldest Son. With a Portrait. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1862.
- School-boy Days of Eminent Men.
- Undercurrents; A Romance of Business. By Richard B. Kimball, author of "St. Leger," &c. Third edition. 12mo. New York: Putnam. 1862.
- Ten Years' Diggings in Celtic and Saxon Gravehills, in the counties of Derby, Stafford, and York, from 1848 to 1858, with notices of some former Discoveries hitherto unpublished, and Remarks on the Crania and Potteries from the Mounds. By Thomas Bateman, &c., &c. London: J. R. Smith. 1862.
- The True Story of the Barons of the South; or, The Rationale of the American Conflict. By E. W. Reynolds. 16mo. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co. 1862.
- The Iliad of Homer in English Hexameter Verse. By J. Henry Dart. London: Longman & Co. 1862.
- The Winter School; or, the Boys' Campaign against one of their worst Enemies. By Mrs. H. E. Brown. 24mo. American Tract Society, Boston.
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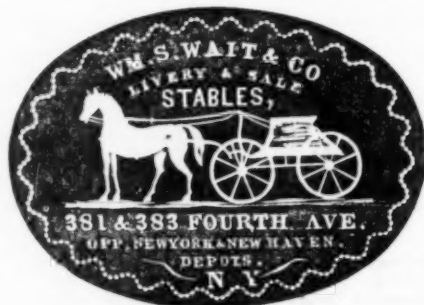
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
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
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
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# PROSPECTUS

OF THE

## NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW

FOR 1862.

The June number begins the fifth volume. It is now almost superfluous to say that the "National" is not the organ of any clique or party. The well known freedom with which the Editor criticises new publications has subjected him to the abuse and threats of a certain class of authors and publishers; but he is not one to be intimidated from exposing literary (or, rather, illiterate) imposture and charlatanism. While it affords no one more pleasure to do justice to the merits of a good book, he will fearlessly continue to strip the tinsel from brass sought to be palmed on the public as gold.

The liberal support he has obtained has enabled him to secure several new contributors—writers and scholars of the first class. Talent and culture will always be welcome to his pages, and, as much as possible, encouraged.

While aiming at being liberal and cosmopolitan in spirit, the "National" is decidedly American; unalterably attached to the Union; and in favor of maintaining it, in its integrity, at all hazards.

All subjects of public interest will be discussed in the Review; but without interfering with anybody's creed, whether religious or political. Education in every form will receive prominent and friendly attention; and whatever seems calculated to retard, or vitiate it, whether under the name of a Text-Book, a Seminary, or a College, will be subjected to fearless, but fair and temperate, criticism. In short, no pains or expense will be spared to render the work worthy of the character assigned to it by the leading organs of public opinion, at home and abroad—namely, "the best of American Quarterlies."

### EXTRACTS FROM NOTICES AND REVIEWS BY LEADING JOURNALS.

The *National Quarterly* comes in for March with a Spring-like freshness and hopefulness about it, which augurs well for its management and its support in an hour so trying to the periodical literature of the Union. Its leading article, "Vindication of the Celts," is a tribute to an ancient, mainly new, which is not only appropriate, at a moment when Celtic descendants are deserving well of the Republic, but valuable at any time, as a piece of scholarly historical research.—*New York Daily Times*.

It is fearless and vigorous, sometimes harsh in fault-finding, but hearty in commendation. \* \* \* We relish the incisive discussions, which are a prominent feature in *The Quarterly*, of the "sensational novels," and the very dirty accompanying phrases of publishers' and critics' operations, and its energetic exposure of *sundry impudent translations of French novels*. The critical department is unusually full and careful, especially upon educational books. \* \* \* Its critical estimates of moral and literary merits and demerits are honest, clear, almost always trustworthy, often acute and original.—*N. Y. Independent*.

It contains several articles of great merit and interest, foremost among which we would place a learned and chivalrous "Vindication of the Celts," a biographical notice of Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, and a powerful protest against the too prevalent mistake, in this country, of over-educating females.—*Philadelphia Press*.

This list is sufficient to show the great variety, no less than the intellectual interest, of the subjects discussed; and we feel bound to acknowledge that not one of these papers is of a second-rate order. They are all of the style and standard with which we have long been familiar in the best Quarterlies of London and Edinburgh. In this respect the *National Quarterly* now unquestionably stands at the head of the Periodical Literature of America.—*Boston Post*.

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We have before spoken commendingly of this critical journal, and we feel well assured that its elevated literary character will commend it to public favor. In the present number there is scarcely an article which does not possess more than ordinary interest to the generality of readers, and we think the wide dissemination of a literary work of so much ability will prove of great public advantage.—*Baltimore American*.

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This would account for the little favor shown by us hitherto to the highest class of periodical literature, and the reason is so derogatory to us that we hail the success of the "*National*" with something akin to the pride and pleasure we would feel in the refutation of a disgraceful calumny.—*Metropolitan Record*.

"The *National Quarterly Review*" is edited and published by Edward I. Sears, of New York, a frequent contributor to the "*Westminster Review*" in times past, and now the successful conductor of this periodical of his own. The "*National*" is in its fourth volume. Having received nearly every number, we are prepared to commend it as an able, candid, and conservative—not retrogressive—organ. It is bold without being abusive, courteous without timidity, and the great majority of its articles have given evidence of thorough investigation, elevated taste, and, best of all, rigid honesty.—*Cincinnati Gazette*.

It is altogether a valuable journal, breathing a cosmopolitan spirit, and should receive encouragement in this province.—*Toronto Leader*.

This array of topics indicates the same excellent judgment as does the treatment, the varied scholarship and familiarized learning which have characterized all of the previous issues and made the "*National*" the great popular Quarterly of the world.—*New Yorker*.

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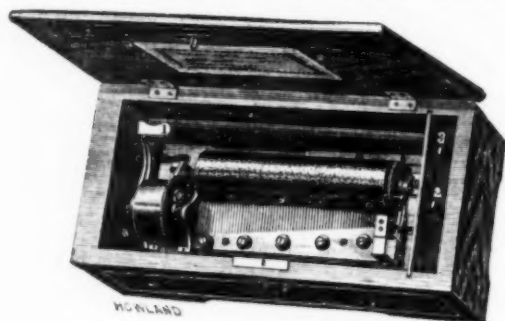




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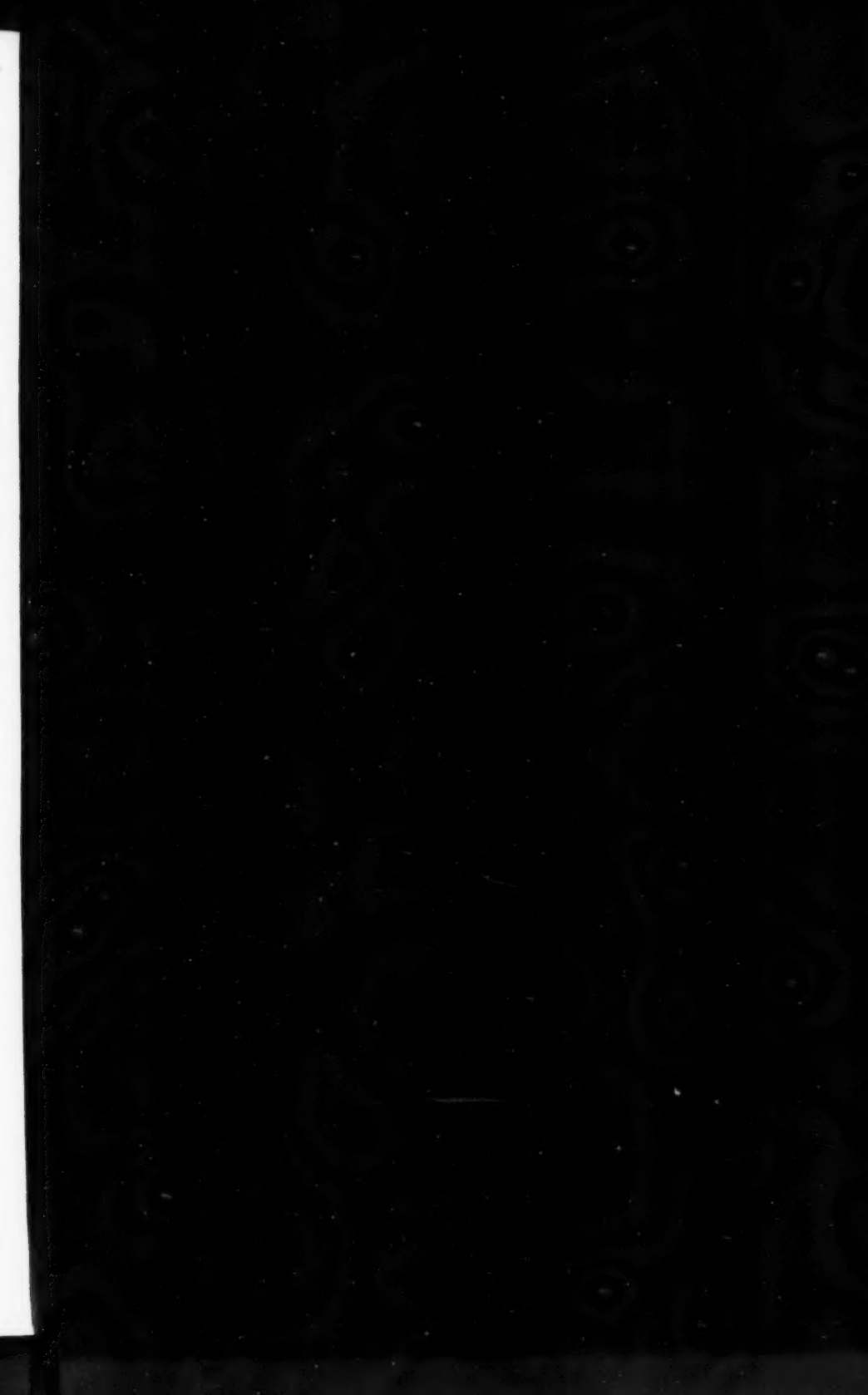
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16 Beekman Street, N.Y.

Editor and Proprietor.

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